

Recollections and Impressions



H. M. SELLAR.

Recollections and Impressions

BY

E. M. SELLAR

SECOND IMPRESSION

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
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TO
MY CHILDREN,
MY GRANDCHILDREN,
AND GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN.

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NOTE.

IN giving these Recollections and Impressions to the public, I feel some sort of explanation is due,—and the explanation is, that they were written at long intervals during the last four or five years, *entirely* for my grandchildren, and are therefore of a more domestic character than if a larger audience had been anticipated. I have never kept a diary, and am conscious that what I have written is often very desultory, and at all times it is difficult to keep reminiscences from being a dry catalogue of names. Had I even suppressed the personal note, the sketches of well-known people who came into our life might appear too like detached portraits, lacking a frame. Such as they are, I shall feel grateful and pleased if my readers find some little interest in any of them. If they fail to attract,

the liberty of skipping always remains. Since writing the above, I have received the following post-card from a dear and witty old friend,—“If Mr Blackwood wants a second title for your book, how would ‘Cobwebs from an old *Cellar*’ do?” The name is too funny and appropriate to be lost, though I can scarcely ask Mr Blackwood to give it a more prominent place!

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
My birth—My father, mother, and brothers—My uncle's election in Glasgow—Life at Golfhill and Lagarie	1

CHAPTER II.

1850.

W. Y. Sellar's birth—Early education—Academy and Glasgow University—Balliol scholar—Fellow of Oriel—Takes Professor Ramsay's work in Glasgow for sessions of 1851-1852—Our engagement	21
---	----

CHAPTER III.

1851.

Mr Jowett's letter to W. Y. S.—Mr Binning Monro's letter—Marriage 1st June 1852—Visit Selkirk—Go abroad—Homburg—Meet Mr and Mrs Theodore Martin and Professor Aytoun—Ardtornish—Mr W. Smith, M.P.—Florence Nightingale—Norman Macleod—Glasgow College	30
---	----

CHAPTER IV.

1853.

Tennyson's visit to Ardtornish with Mr Francis Palgrave—Original rhymes	52
---	----

CHAPTER V.

1853 (*continued*).

Early days in St Andrews—Professor Ferrier and family— Sir Hugh Playfair—Sir David Brewster—Mr de Quincey and daughters—Mr Jowett—Herbert Spencer	58
---	----

CHAPTER VI.

1854.

A. C. Sellar and his brothers — Mr Lancaster and Sheriff Gordon—Dr John Brown—Ardtornish	84
---	----

CHAPTER VII.

1855-1857.

Principal Tulloch—Mrs Oliphant—Mr and Mrs Lushington— Family visits to Ardtornish	99
--	----

CHAPTER VIII.

1859.

Sir John Skelton and Principal Story—Life at The Hermitage —Mr Froude and Mr Huxley—Harehead—Mr Lancaster— Professor Fraser	117
---	-----

CHAPTER IX.

1859-1861.

Principal Shairp	133
----------------------------	-----

CHAPTER X.

1877.

Mr T. C. Sandars—Barrister—'Institutes of Justinian'	142
--	-----

CHAPTER XI.

1880.

Matthew Arnold and William Arnold	151
---	-----

CHAPTER XII.

1861.

Harehead—Yarrow—Return to St Andrews . . . 159

CHAPTER XIII.

1863.

Settle in Edinburgh—The University—Some of the Professors
—Distinguished students . . . 170

CHAPTER XIV.

1864.

Social Edinburgh—Graham Murray—Mrs Tod and daughters—
Mr Davidson—Noël Paton—R. L. Stevenson—Professor
and Mrs Fleeming Jenkin—Lake country—Tullymet—
Mr T. H. Green . . . 186

CHAPTER XV.

1868.

Bonn—Rome—Horace's villa—Wayside poet—Chateau d'Oex—
Mr Benn—Death of Mrs Hall—Henry Hall—Lord Bowen . 207

CHAPTER XVI.

1870-1875.

Germany and Switzerland—Franco-Prussian War—Mull—
Dunvegan—Family bereavements . . . 224

CHAPTER XVII.

1872.

Galloway—Kenmure Castle—Gordon family—Robert Burns's
day at New Galloway—Craigenputtock—Knocknalling—
Glenlee—The Holme—Dalry—Kenbank . . . 237

CHAPTER XVIII.

1873-1889.

Kenbank—Lochinvar—Visitors to Kenbank—Entertainments in village	252
--	-----

CHAPTER XIX.

1874-1879.

Some Balliol memories—The Master—Professor Henry Smith— M. Tourguénief—Lord Sherbrooke—Mr and Mrs Fawcett— Mr Cumin—Lord Sandford—Mr Strachan-Davidson—Mr Evelyn Abbott	272
--	-----

CHAPTER XX.

1870.

The Crosses and George Eliot—Carlyle Lord Rector in Edin- burgh—Mrs Carlyle's death—Last visit to Carlyle shortly before his own death	290
--	-----

CHAPTER XXI.

1884.

Celebration of the Tercentenary of Edinburgh University—Mr and Mrs Max Müller—Mr Munro—Sir Robert Morier—The Master of Balliol—Browning—Sir A. Grant's death—Sir William Muir's appointment as Principal	299
---	-----

CHAPTER XXII.

1885-1886.

Lucerne — Axenfels — Seelisberg — Mr Mackail's visit — Sir Edward Burne-Jones — His daughter, Mrs Mackail, and family	314
---	-----

CHAPTER XXIII.

1890.

Perugia — Assisi — Propertius's birthplace—Wildbad — Paris— Dublin—Kenbank—Sir L. Grant's marriage—Finis	322
---	-----

LIST OF PORTRAITS.

	PAGE
E. M. SELLAR	<i>Frontispiece</i>
<i>From a photograph by W. Crooke, Edinburgh, 1907.</i>	
MRS DENNISTOUN AND HER CHILDREN—JAMES, ROBERT, ALEXANDER, AND ELEANOR	10
<i>From an oil-painting by a French artist at Havre, 1832.</i>	
ALEXANDER DENNISTOUN OF GOLFHILL	16
<i>From a photograph by Rodger, St Andrews, 1854.</i>	
ELEANOR M. DENNISTOUN	34
<i>From an oil-painting by Thomas Faed, 1851.</i>	
PATRICK SELLAR OF ARDTORNISH	44
<i>From an oil-painting by Sir Daniel Macnee, 1851.</i>	
WILLIAM Y. SELLAR	86
<i>From a photograph by Rodger, St Andrews, 1854.</i>	
MRS SELLAR	232
<i>From a photograph by Rodger, St Andrews, 1856.</i>	
WILLIAM YOUNG SELLAR, PROFESSOR OF HUMANITY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH, 1863 TO 1890	322
<i>From an engraving by James Faed, 1890.</i>	
ST JOHN'S OF DALRY, GALLOWAY, 1900	334

Recollections and Impressions.

CHAPTER I.

“Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation’s help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o’er again.”

—COWPER.

“I wish that aged persons would write down some recollections of people whom they have known.”—B. JOWETT.

OF what was best and deepest in one’s own life
I cannot speak.

“’Tis human fortune’s happiest height to be
A spirit, melodious, lucid, poised and whole ;
Second in order of felicity
I hold it to have walked with such a soul.”

And this was my happy fate.

But before entering on the experiences of my married life, my grandchildren may care to hear a little of my childhood and youth, and of my parents and relations who had passed away before

they appeared on the stage. Like Tennyson's "Eleanora,"

"My dark eyes opened not to English air,"

for I was born on September 19, 1829, at Havre de Grâce, in Normandy, where there was, for a time, a branch of my father's business, and where the family remained for nearly four years.

My brother Walter was also born there. I had three brothers older than myself,—James, Robert, and Alexander, and one younger, Walter. No doubt I was a good deal spoilt. I was called Eleanor Mary, after my two grandmothers. When I was nine months old I was taken to Paris with my parents and grandmother, and thus came in for the "three glorious days of July 1830"; and I remember my grandmother telling me of the consternation they were in when the bullets were raining down the streets, and how she clung on to my father's coat-tails to prevent him exposing himself to danger. When we left France we went to Germiston, a place not far from Golfhill, near Glasgow, belonging to Mr Lockhart, the father of Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law, and of Violet Lockhart, who was called the "Pocket Venus," and was much admired by one of my uncles.

It was here my sister Elizabeth was born in 1833. I have often wished to revisit the place

and see if it is at all like my shadowy recollection of it,—the most distinct remembrance being a broad staircase, down which I used to fly whenever I heard my father's footsteps, knowing he would release me from the hated task of hemming pocket-handkerchiefs, daily demanded of me by my grandmother, Mrs Thomson, a pretty little old lady who lived with us, and who thought that a woman's natural weapon was the needle, and that education in its proper use was of more importance than the reading of many books. My grandfather, Mr Dennistoun, was alive then, and living at Golfhill, but I can only remember one day spent there, when the kind old gentleman took his little granddaughter over the garden and greenhouses. He was a remarkable man in his way, full of vigour, energy, and common-sense. He had made a large fortune, and was most liberal and generous to all who needed a helping hand. More than thirty years after this, when I met Carlyle at Professor Masson's, he said to me, "I used to hear much about your grandfather. He was a 'captain of industry,' and did more good and helped more people to rise to the eminence they attained than will ever be known." My grandfather was born in 1752, and in 1786 married Miss Mary Finlay of The Moss, Stirlingshire. I believe she was very handsome, with

beautiful blue eyes and black hair, but, beyond being gentle and amiable, I do not remember hearing of her personal qualities, except of the strong vein of laziness which often made her work a hole in her finger, to save her the trouble of picking up her thimble! This trait I recognise in myself, though from some one else I must have inherited the vitality which in me runs parallel with the laziness.

My grandfather had a large family,—my father, Alexander, being the eldest son; then came Elizabeth, Mrs Wood, the mother of Mrs Cross, the cousin seventeen years older than myself, with whom some of my happiest days were spent;¹ Mary, the wife of Mr Walter Wood; William, who distinguished himself at college, and died young; James, who was so handsome that when he travelled in America he was called “the destroying angel.” He married a Miss Gordon of Milrig, and died when his little boy was born. His widow soon married again, and the boy lived with our aunt, Mrs Walter Wood, who had no children of her own, and adored this one; but he died when he was three, and I remember (as children) we were never tired of hearing of this wonderful child, and looking at the

¹ Mrs Cross was the mother of Mr J. W. Cross, who married, in 1880, George Eliot.

little curl of his golden hair, set with brilliants, which my aunt wore till her dying day. There were two girls, Margaret and Agnes, who died young; and my Uncle John, the youngest of the family. My grandfather, some years after his wife's death, married again and had three daughters: Maria, married to Mr Royds; Isabella, married to Mr Macdowall of Garthland; and Anna, who died when she was twenty-six.

My grandfather, in conjunction with Lord Kinnaird, Mr Walter Fergus, and Mr Henry Monteith of Carstairs, and other influential merchants, founded the latest of the private banks of issue in Scotland. This and other banks were later absorbed into what is now called the "Union Bank of Scotland." On my grandfather retiring from business a magnificent banquet was given to him, and his picture, by Graham Gilbert, was presented to the Union Bank of Scotland, and it now hangs in the head office of the Bank at Glasgow. He died in 1835. In a book published by MacLehose, 'Memoirs and Portraits of 100 Glasgow Men, who in their Lives did much to make the City what it now is,' I quote the following: "Many will remember James Dennistoun as the very best type of a British merchant of the old time—high-minded and honourable in all his dealings, prudent, yet

enterprising and successful.' He enjoyed intimate friendship with Irving and Dr Chalmers, whose work in the east end of Glasgow he warmly backed. 'Mr Dennistoun,' Dr Chalmers used to say, 'is the best *natural* man I ever knew,'—a dictum which satisfied his heart and saved his orthodoxy. He was on terms of intimacy, also, with the leading Whigs of the day,—Brougham, Cockburn, and Jeffrey; and he was a keen politician, and spent his money freely in promoting the Reform Bill of 1832—a cause which he had much at heart. For his services in that way Earl Grey offered him a baronetcy, but to his credit he declined it, lest it might be thought he had been working for selfish ends."

After my grandfather's death we went to live at Golfhill, which was very different then from the ramshackle doleful "shoot for rubbish" it has become now, when the house alone is unchanged. But the Molendinar burn still ran clear at the foot of "The Knowes," which was indeed a fairy playground for us children, with its broom and gorse, and caves in the sand-hills, all becoming the scenes of Sir Walter's poems or romances, as one after the other they took possession of our minds, and we must needs try to make them living realities. The high park, now a veritable

slough of despond, was edged by the "Wood Walk," and with two enchanting round plantations, tenanted by knights and ladies, stretched up, green and cheerful, to where the steeple of the Cathedral and the tall monument to John Knox looked down upon it.

My father, who was born in 1789, married, in 1823, Eleanor Jane, daughter of Mr Robert Thomson, of Nassau, New Providence. Mr Thomson then lived in Liverpool, having left his place in Nassau to his eldest son John, the father of Seton Thomson, who married my sister Elizabeth. My mother was only eighteen, and was married in a riding-habit, which seems to have been the fashion in those days, as my mother-in-law wore the same dress on a similar occasion; and the unsuitability of it, wanting any connection with its natural complement the horse, never seems to have struck them.

My mother was "slim, *petite*," with beautiful dark eyes, and altogether very pretty, I believe. My cousin, Mrs Cross, used often to tell me that she was the most radiant creature she had ever seen. She seemed to sing rather than talk, to run rather than walk, and came like a sunbeam into the life of her much older sisters-in-law, and was the idol of her nieces and the pride of her silent grave husband, who delighted in her sallies

of fun and pretty playful ways. But, alas! my memory of her is of a time when sorrow had nearly, if not quite, broken her heart, and when her eyes were fuller of tears than smiles. Far the finest of her children was James, her first-born; and not only was he singularly handsome, but his mental gifts were quite as remarkable, and he was the very pride of his father's and mother's heart. Only one vivid remembrance I have of him, and that was when my Uncle John was elected Liberal M.P. for Glasgow in 1837, when the three boys on their ponies, two cream-coloured and one brown, rode, attended by their groom, through Glasgow, with blue silk banners bearing appropriate mottoes in gold letters. This almost sounds mediæval, so unlike is it to the vote-by-ballot elections of the present time; but in those days an election was a much more picturesque affair: each party wore their own colours, and bands played, and canvassing went on more barefacedly, but perhaps not more potently, than at present.

It is strange the foolish things that stick to one's memory, while so much that is valuable slips away. At this election my uncle was opposed by Mr Robert Monteith of Carstairs, a Catholic, and a chamberlain of the Pope. Whether that was against him or not I do not know, but at any

rate he was beaten, and I still remember the doggerel we all chanted in our nursery:—

“Now poor Monteith he may sit down,
And mourn his loss sincerely;
He'll never set up for Glasgow town,
For Dennistoun beat him fairly.”

But to return to my brother James. Just before he was thirteen he caught scarlet fever. It spread to Robert and Alexander, and to my mother. She and James were far the most seriously ill, and he died while she was too ill and too delirious to be told, and he was in the grave several days before she knew that the light of her eyes had been taken from her, and all her bright hopes for him quenched. It was a cruel blow, and they feared it would kill her: it did not do that. I daresay she wished it had, but it killed the spring of life in her, and I do not think she ever smiled again. And other sorrows were to follow. The year after her youngest little girl, Euphemia, died; and in three months more a dear little black-eyed boy, John Murray. These losses, coming after her overwhelming grief, were almost too much for this sensitive tender-hearted woman; but she struggled on—though one felt, in a dim childish way, that life had lost all colour and enjoyment for her—till 1847, when my brother

Walter, a lovable, unselfish boy of fifteen, died at Lagarie, on the Gareloch, Dumbartonshire, of consumption. She nursed him night and day, scarcely allowing any one to do anything for him; and the consequence was that her poor overstrained body sickened of the same complaint. She was taken up to Golfhill, and there, after lingering for two or three months, she joined those whom she had loved and lost awhile, and found the rest and peace her heart and soul craved for, and could never find in this world of death and partings.

In 1834 my father had been returned to Parliament for the county of Dumbarton, defeating Alexander Smollett of Bonhill. Though always a keen and thoughtful politician, he did not take kindly to parliamentary life, and gave it up when this Parliament was dissolved, never again trying for a seat. My father was very silent, and Sir J. Colquhoun, who succeeded him, was still more so, and I believe they were described thus: "Mr Dennistoun always speaks when you ask him anything; Sir James never does."

Our life as children at Golfhill was an extremely quiet one. We were thrown entirely on ourselves and our own resources; but they seemed sufficient, and I don't think we craved for more society and excitement. My brother Robert had



From an oil painting.

By the artist at 11.

MRS DENNISTOUN AND HER CHILDREN,
JAMES, ROBERT, ALEXANDER, AND ELEANOR.

a good deal of mechanical skill, and I remember a delightful carriage he made out of a large old box, duly christened the "Earl of Mar"; and when we came to the top of a hill the human horse was withdrawn, and the guiding it, on its own impetus, was as exciting to us as tobogganing is now to our children and our children's children. He also constructed a little mill, in which he ground real corn, which we baked into probably most indigestible cakes. The boys had a tutor, and we girls an English governess; but my great delight was the dancing class, taught by a Signor Sartorio, and in this my brother Alexander and I greatly distinguished ourselves, and became the prize dancers: and as this is the only thing I ever excelled in, I may be permitted to record the interesting fact! We used to spend the summers at Lagarie on the Gairloch, Dumbartonshire, for several years with my aunt, Mrs Walter Wood, and when she died it was left to my father. We always drove down from Glasgow, resting the horses at Bowling, then a pretty little quiet place, now a howling — not wilderness, but — junction of railways, harbour, building-yards, &c.

We loved Lagarie, which was not then surrounded, as it is now, by villas of all kinds and sizes, but was really country, and very pretty.

Flowers grew beautifully there, and my aunt was devoted to her garden. My father was very punctual. The meals were on the table when the clock struck the hour, and there was no waiting for any one. And the same rule held with the carriage,—if we were not ready it went off without us. For the practical training we got in this way I am very grateful,—more grateful still for the way he indoctrinated us in the best English poetry. He had a very thorough knowledge of Shakespeare, but I daresay he thought that was above our powers of reading aloud, so we went through a course of Pope, Goldsmith, Dryden, Johnson, Burns, and Scott, besides selections from the more modern poetry, of which we learnt for him a great deal by heart.

I remember, when I was ten years old, I committed to memory “The Vanity of Human Wishes,” for which he gave me £5! and though I may never have learnt the subject, the words remain in my memory, and are so deeply associated with him that I love repeating them to myself. And vividly with my mind’s eye I see his dear grey head resting on the pillow of the sofa,—for ever after the late hours in Parliament he suffered from a pain in his back, and except at meals he rarely sat up; so it is on the sofa that I always recall his image. He generally had a

little pocket-book, with an inch of a pencil, and with this he was always writing down what seemed to us mystic figures. He had a wonderful memory and very clear head, and I think there was no political or financial movement of the last fifty years of his life of which he could not have given a distinct account. He had never had a regular business training, and I don't suppose ever wrote a business letter in his life; but he had a genius for finance, and it used to be said of him that whatever he touched turned to gold. He was very fond of pictures, of which he had a very good collection, ancient and modern, and they were a perpetual joy to him as he lay, still and silent, on his sofa gazing at them. But it must not be thought from this he was at all an invalid, for this was far from the case: it was only the pain in his back that made him lie down and take his exercise in a very leisurely manner, or, as he used to say himself, "with solemn steps and slow"; but he drove every day, and it was characteristic of his dear peaceful nature that it was generally the same drive—up the Gairloch as far as Faslane. Later, it was his pleasure to have his grandchildren as his companions on these daily drives,—the long old-fashioned phaeton, allowing of two talkative schoolgirls on the rumble, and two little

ones on the seat at his feet. He was too silent a man to have much to say to children; but he liked their company, and they felt his silence to be friendly and cheerful, and never knew a moment's constraint in his presence. I like to think that through all their later lives the name Faslane called up to all of them memories of the dear old face, with its fresh complexion and contented look, and the hands clasped on the ivory head of his stick. "Grandpapa, are you never tired of seeing the same view?" and the laconic answer, "I have never seen the same view."

When croquet came in he was quite interested in playing it. It was a great pang to me leaving him in 1852, but my place was well supplied by my sister Elizabeth; and a few years after, when she married her cousin, Seton Thomson, they all lived together till my father died in 1874: and in Seton he found the best and kindest of sons-in-law. Their little Seton, too, was an immense pleasure to him. "The boy," he always called him.

The only check to my father's prosperity was in the terrible panic of 1857, when, partly through the failure of the Borough Bank in Liverpool, in which the Dennistouns were large shareholders, partly through the crisis in America, the great firm had to suspend payment, with liabilities exceeding three millions. But the concern was

sound at bottom, and asked only for a few years' grace from its creditors, which was at once cheerfully granted. Their balance-sheet was one of the first things to begin the restoration of confidence, and as the result, before the year had expired every creditor had been paid in full, with five per cent interest for the delay: and in a few years the firm itself had regained all it had lost by the stoppage. These facts I quote from Mr MacLehose's book, mentioned before. But I remember going from St Andrews that winter to see my father, and I found he had put down all the men-servants and carriages, and was living in the most simple way; and I heard that he had said, "The creditors shall have every penny due to them, and 5 per cent added, if I have never another shirt to my back!" There are some defeats as good as victories, and this I have always counted one; and devoted to and proud of my father as I always was, I never felt so proud of him as at this time.

In 1861 my father began founding the suburb of Dennistoun, buying for this purpose six or seven of the neighbouring properties adjacent to Golfhill: the whole was surveyed and laid out in streets, terraces, and drives, and watching the growth of this suburb was an inexhaustible source of interest to him.

On my saying one day I had seen in the papers the notice of two births in Dennistoun—"Yes, he said, you will see births and marriages, but no deaths, it is so healthy!"

He died in 1874 at the ripe age of eighty-four, with mental faculties absolutely undiminished, and with the calm submission of an ancient Stoic. We were in Galloway that summer as usual, but hearing he was not well I hurried off to Lagarie, arriving there just after they had sat down to dinner. He was in his old place at the foot of the table, and for a moment I thought I had been unnecessarily alarmed, but then I noticed the difficulty in breathing, and I could have fallen on his neck and wept, knowing soon I should see his dear face no more. But such an exhibition would have been so contrary to his nature that I had to try to emulate his own calmness. For a week he was up and dressed as usual; was interested in all that was going on; sat outside silently gazing on the beauties of nature, which he loved with a passion I have rarely seen equalled, knowing it was for the last time, but making no reference to this, and by an intangible something in his look repressing any emotional affection or allusion to the future. For three days he was confined to bed, mostly silent and always uncomplaining, but no doubt he was very wearied; and I remember well



From a photograph

J. Ruger, St. Andrews, 1754.

ALEXANDER DENNISTOUN OF GOFFHILL.

the pathetic look in his clear blue eyes as he said to Dr Cowan who attended him, "Difficult to kill, doctor." But the end came quietly and peacefully, and we felt, as Dr John Brown said of one of his patients, that he "died of death," and knew little of the meaning of failing faculties or long illness. I laid on his breast moss-roses — his favourite flowers, perhaps because of the name taking him back to the Moss where he had spent happy days of boyhood; and he often said that if he were ill, the sight of Dumgoyne, a spur of the Campsie range near the Moss, would cheer and comfort him.

To quote again from the book already mentioned: "Of the late Alexander Dennistoun, it may be safely said those who knew him best loved him most. Affable and courteous to all, he was endeared to his intimate friends by his high-toned honour, his kindness, his clear head, and his capacity and intelligence to give sound advice to all who asked for it. Well read and well informed, he had cultivated a taste for art and surrounded himself with valuable and beautiful pictures of both old and modern masters, forming one of the finest galleries in the west of Scotland. In politics he was a Liberal, and though after leaving Parliament he took little public part, he was always ready to assist the cause with his influence and with his purse; and equally in Glasgow and Dumbartonshire

he was looked up to as a good adviser of the Liberal Party."

But no record of my girlhood would be complete without mention of my Uncle John, my father's youngest brother. In nearly every respect he was a contrast to my father. A thorough man of the world, with good social gifts, witty, and very quick at repartee, and with a strong sarcastic vein which made him rather feared by those who did not know him well—a marked man in any society,—he had travelled much and seen much of men and cities.

In 1838 he married Frances, the youngest daughter of Sir Henry Onslow, Bart. She was only seventeen, and I believe he fell in love with her at first sight, and proposed to her within a week! She was very handsome, and I think had a wonderful fascination and charm. She was so radiant, so impulsive, so unlike any one I had ever seen, that I, a child of eleven when she came first to Golfhill, became her abject slave. Three years later her picture with her baby girl in her arms was in the 'Book of Beauty' for that year, and was immensely admired. They lived in London, in 3 Grosvenor Place Houses,—three houses which then stood out from the rest of Grosvenor Place, but now that the whole place has been enlarged and changed it is difficult to recognise them.

My uncle was fifteen years younger than my father, but this difference of age only drew them, I think, nearer to each other, and the last years of his life he spent at Armadale, the place next to Lagarie, and there in 1870 he died at the age of sixty-six.

Before closing this family record I must again quote Mr MacLehose upon my uncle: "Speaking of him now as his friends remember him, he was a man scrupulous to extreme on points of honour and integrity, of good abilities, expressing himself tersely and clearly, a cultured and polished gentleman, who had read and travelled and mixed much in the best society where his geniality made him a great favourite."

My Uncle John left three children, James, Constance, and John, and these children were the delight of my girlhood, and became the dear companions of later days. Constance especially was so closely connected with all my married life, from the day she was my little bridesmaid till she died, two months after my husband's death in December 1890, that it is difficult for me to speak of her but in terms that might seem exaggerated to those who knew her less well. She was impulsive, warm-hearted, and very original, with a strong sense of humour and a great charm of manner: this, added to her elegant and striking appearance,

made her very attractive. She married when she was twenty-two Mr Hamilton of North Park, but he only lived three years, leaving her with two little girls, Eva and Beryl. She continued to live at Armadale, but for several winters she took a house in London, and there we always went to stay with her, and delightful visits they were, for she had surrounded herself with a charming circle of friends, — among these the Sandfords, Matthew Arnolds, Walronds, and Fawcetts, &c. Near in kin and near in spirit, I have never received more sympathy nor kindness than from this dear cousin. She was so vivid in her enjoyment of the things she cared for, so charitable and unconventional in her judgments, that her society was always a delight to us, and when she died in 1890—when I needed her sympathy most—her death made a great blank in my life.

CHAPTER II.

“The human-hearted man, I loved.”—TENNYSON.

1850.

AND now, having given my grandchildren what I feel to be a very inadequate account of those who were dear to me, I must go on to tell them something of their grandfather's youth and achievements before our lives were united.

He was born at Morvich, in Sutherlandshire, on the 22nd February 1825, and was the third son of Patrick Sellar of Westfield and his wife, Anne Craig. His two elder brothers were Tom and Patrick: a sister, Jeanie, was eventually married to Mr John Lang, and was the mother of Andrew Lang, now so well known in the literary world. Another sister, Helen, the idol of her mother's heart, and the dearly loved one of all the family, married the Rev. Mr Wishaw in 1850, and died at Chipping Norton, on the birth of her first child, Bernhard. After Helen came in order

Robert, John, David, and Alexander. In these days of constant moving about it seems almost strange that all these nine children were born in the same house. Stranger still that only on one day, as my mother-in-law has often told me, were they *all* under the same roof. William was called after his great-uncle, William Young,—a very clever man, and very plain-looking, if one can judge from a portrait the “old lady” had.

This William Young was factor on the Sutherland estate, and in his anxiety for the prosperity of the property was apt to be critical of any extravagance on the part of the Duchess-Countess and her husband, the Marquis of Stafford. In the year succeeding Waterloo, when the various potentates were in London, a magnificent ball was given at Stafford House to the Prince-Regent and the other royalties. The Prince was leaning in the shadow of a pillar in a recess at the end of the room, when Lord and Lady Stafford happened to meet for a moment in front of him—but not noticing his presence. They mutually congratulated each other on the brilliant success of the entertainment. “But,” said the Countess archly, “what would Willie Young say?” When the Prince-Regent was bidding good-bye to his hostess she expressed the hope that he had been pleased with his entertainment. “Yes, yes,” replied the

Prince, "but"—dropping his voice—"I am only concerned about one thing: What would Willie Young say?"¹

William Young was a man of considerable means, but left his fortune to relations on the Young side, and to William he only left "£20 to buy books." Mr Young's sister, Miss Anne Young, was a remarkable woman. Mrs Sellar had been very much with her when she was a child, and, till the day of her death, held her aunt's memory in deepest love and veneration. This veneration or power of "looking up" was one of the many beautiful qualities of Mrs Sellar's character,—a quality now become so rare that one almost despairs of its reappearing in her descendants. So great was her respect for this aunt that it showed itself in a very funny way, as she insisted on her children calling the venerable lady "Aunt, Miss Young," which inevitably degenerated into Aunt M'Shung, and so rather defeated the pious purpose! Miss Young was quite a woman of the world, and had rather the ways and manners of a "grande dame." She rouged, and was very particular about the style of her dresses and caps,—though, no doubt, to our more modern eyes they would seem very

¹ Taken from an article on the Seaforth family, in an old number of 'The North British Review,' written by Mr Carruthers, editor of 'The Inverness Courier.'

dowdy. She was clever, had a remarkable memory, and was very well read, her chief interest being in literature. Mrs Sellar used often to tell of her aunt's horror when William, after his first term at Oxford, puffed up, no doubt, with the new learning and the new school of poetry, gave utterance in her presence to the heresy that Pope was no poet! "No poet, William," said the irate old lady; "why, I know every card in Belinda's hand!"—alluding to the heroine in the "Rape of the Lock." Later in life William was more appreciative of the wit, brilliancy, and wisdom that have so woven themselves into the language that, as the man said of Hamlet, Pope's writings are "full of quotations," though he would probably have still denied him the highest rank as a "singer."

William, I think, must have recalled his aunt's protest when, staying with us in Mull in 1871, his nephew, Andrew Lang, being then under the influence of Rossetti and Morris, — whose "Two Red Roses across the Moon" conveyed more meaning to him than it did to an older generation, — declared that Clough's poems were poetry about the Thirty-nine Articles. "Then what subjects would *you* select as suitable for poetry?" was his uncle's somewhat indignant question, for Clough was a man for whom he had a great love and

admiration, fully echoing Principal Shairp's words, "One of the noblest men of his time, so true, so deep, yet gentle-hearted too, and tender: and then, what a battle! What a sore spiritual struggle his had been!" To his uncle's question his nephew's somewhat ambiguous reply was "Apple-blossom," which made us all laugh and realise then, as advancing age has made one do over and over again since, that each generation has its own prophets and heroes. These may often seem to speak in alien accents to the elders, who may, however, console themselves with the thought that "age cannot wither nor custom stale" what the greatest geniuses have said and sung, and to this noble heritage *they* are equal heirs.

But to return. When William was six he was sent to the Elgin Academy with his two brothers, Tom and Pat. They all boarded with a very clever clergyman, the Rev. Mr Canaan, whose grandsons are now well-known men at Oxford, and were very happy; and such progress had William made with his *studies*!—poor little mite!—that a year after, when he was only seven, he entered the Edinburgh Academy with his brothers. Mr Sellar, *père*, was a man of iron will, and was determined not only that his sons should have the best education, but that they should excel, and be

at the head of their classes. This they were, and at the end of seven years, when he was fourteen, William was Gold Medallist and head of the school. But he never looked back to this time with pleasure; and his father felt afterwards that he had made a great mistake in spurring the willing horse, and that the full participation in the games which was denied him would have been a better preparation for the battle of life than the over-stimulating so young and fine a brain. No boy now, I believe, is head of the Academy under seventeen years of age, and he is certainly not denied the privilege of belonging to the noble army of "flannelled fools," as Rudyard Kipling calls cricketers, to the intense indignation of some of the present generation! From Edinburgh he went to Glasgow University, boarding with a Frenchman, M. Brard, in the vain hope of his learning to speak the French language: as far as fluent conversation went, it was a failure, but he always took a great interest in French literature, which he read easily,—and in after years some of the most interesting reviews of his works on the Roman poets came from distinguished Frenchmen. He greatly enjoyed the lectures of the Latin and Greek professors—Ramsay and Lushington,—both of whom and their families became our life-long friends, and

I believe few mourned his loss more sincerely than the genial warm-hearted successor to his uncle, Professor George Ramsay. After two years at Glasgow College he left it, the successful candidate for a Snell Exhibition, which sent him to Balliol College, where, when he went up to Oxford, he got a scholarship. He was seventeen when he left Glasgow College, and spent some months with the Rev. Mr Dobson, rector of Tuxford, not far from Doncaster. Mr Dobson was an intimate friend of Mr Lushington, who had recommended William to read with him before entering on his Oxford career. He was a first-rate scholar, and belonged at Cambridge to that remarkable set of men who, as there were twelve of them, were called "the Apostles," and numbered among them such names as Lushington, Spedding, Archbishop Trench, and Tennyson. Here William found himself in most congenial society and surroundings. While at Tuxford Mr Dobson's eldest child, Kate, was born,—the Kate who was so much connected with our future life, and was to become so intimate and trusted a friend of ourselves and our children.

His time at Oxford seemed to be one of the Augustan ages at Balliol, so many of his fellow graduates became distinguished afterwards in their different lines of life, and among these

he found like-minded friends, all perhaps bound together, more or less, by the magic influence of Mr Jowett, then a college tutor, and only about five years older than himself. After leaving Balliol he became a Fellow of Oriel—one of the few open fellowships at that time, and consequently considered the “blue ribbon” of the place. For some little time he could not decide on his future life, but accepted an offer to take for a term the work of the Latin professor, Mr Melville, at Durham University. Here he spent a pleasant time, and as usual made many friends; for, indeed, I think he had a genius for friendship, and could with truth have said with Tom Moore that what he prized most in life was

“that freedom of the mind
Which has been more than wealth to me,
Those friendships in my boyhood twined,
And kept till now unchangingly.”

When, some time afterwards, he was staying at Rugby with Mr Walrond, his old friend Mr Shairp told him that Professor Ramsay of Glasgow was obliged, from ill-health, to spend the coming winter of 1851 on the Continent, and was on the look-out for some one to take his work, and he strongly urged him to apply. This he eventually did, and so returned as a teacher to the old university he had left as a distinguished student.

His eldest brother Tom had been for many years an active partner in my father's house, looked up to and respected by all who knew him. He was a man of great abilities and cultivation, with a chivalrous sense of honour and justice, and showed a striking instance of this when, on his father telling him he had left Ard-tornish, a property he had bought in Argyleshire, and Westfield in Morayshire, to him, he begged him to reconsider his decision, and to let all the brothers share and share alike — adding, "If you do not do this, I shall as soon as it is mine." His father did do as Tom wished: and as he had six other sons, it must have made a considerable difference to Tom's fortune, and I have always thought it one of those deeds that make one think highly of human nature. Owing to this intimacy with his eldest brother, when William came to Glasgow he soon paid us a visit at Lagarie, followed by many to Golfhill. We had met once, years before, when I was staying with the Crosses in Liverpool, who were devoted to him, and in a spirit of contradiction I would not bow down to their intellectual paragon, and he thought me an "uninteresting little black-haired girl"! But all was different when we met again, and at Christmas time 1851 we became engaged.

CHAPTER III.

“ I know that this was Life,—the track
 Whereon with equal feet we fared ;
 And then, as now, the day prepared
 The daily burden for the back.”

—TENNYSON.

1851.

THE old college in which my husband taught Professor Ramsay's classes this winter of 1851 was perilously near Golfhill,—I use the word in reference to the warning note in a letter he received from Mr Jowett, which I shall shortly quote. We met nearly every day, and though it is possible a philosopher might think the time might have been better spent, yet, “ Ah, its hopes, its joys were golden too ! ” and have shed a radiance over all the past which will only die with myself. The letter of Mr Jowett to which I have alluded was written early in 1852, in answer to one Willie had written to him announcing his engagement.

“ Well, old fellow, though later than it should have been, I rejoice very heartily in your good news.

It was very kind of you to write and tell me. I hear a very high character of the lady from impartial persons. 'High character'! What a way of talking! I don't mean that there are not excellences to which no poetry or thought or language can do justice as well.

"Walrond and I and all your great friends agree in thinking you happy, not only in the potential, but also in the most real sense. Shall I give you advice once more? For the future it shall flash from Miss Dennistoun's eyes. I want you to get some good place, and get married as soon as possible. So far you agree. But you won't get a good place unless you throw your whole mind into your professorship. Do you agree to this? But you can't throw your whole mind into anything if you stay half the day talking with Miss Dennistoun! Get out of that chain of reasons if you can, and don't be a 'delicious lotus-eater.' Remember that all her future happiness depends upon your immediate exertions. This is the only way in which you can escape the Nemesis of your good fortune. You are unworthy of it if you don't use it well. Remember it is the weakest and most wrong thing you can do to her to neglect your work. No doubt she would sooner have you stay and talk with her than let you bother yourself with these lectures! But under the circumstances you are a 'greater

fool' than you ought to be if you don't know that some day she will look on this differently, and will remember with far more pride and satisfaction that, even in the time of your courtship, you worked for her sake. Neither would I, were I in your place, allow her to be married, 'however she may protest,' without getting some permanent appointment. Everybody feels a change of circumstances such as that. They lament when they see their husbands with nothing to do, and their family not in the place where they were themselves. I have known two such marriages, both of them miserable for that reason only. May God bless you! All your friends desire your happiness.—Ever your affectionate

B. JOWETT."

I have given this letter in its entirety, because it is so characteristic of the extraordinary interest and affection with which Mr Jowett followed the lives of all the young men whom he had influenced at Oxford, and also for its admirable worldly wisdom. And perhaps we may be forgiven if we did not follow his advice to the letter—as we did not put off our marriage,—and, as things turned out, we were justified in our seeming imprudence, and certainly we never regretted having disobeyed the master! Of one thing I am certain,—the work at college did not suffer from the time spent

with me, for of this I had many proofs at the time and also years after; and here I should like to quote, in confirmation of this, a letter I had from Mr Binning Monro, the Provost of Oriel, Oxford, written in 1891, acknowledging an engraving of my husband which I had sent him to hang in the Common Room at Oriel:—

“It will be a great pleasure and satisfaction to have his portrait to add to the collection, which you will remember seeing in the Common Room, and which is our chief glory. I ought long ago to have written to say how much I felt his loss. My recollection of him goes almost as far back, I suppose, as your own, for I remember when I was in his Latin class at Glasgow that he was then known to be engaged. I have always thought it a special piece of good fortune that he took that class then, with all the broad literary and intellectual interest which he brought from the Oxford of that time. It was my first contact with anything of the kind, and the stimulus was very great and had a very decisive influence on my whole life, — greater than any which I found later.”

I think even Mr Jowett was satisfied in the end that we had not done anything very foolish!

It was during our engagement—I think in the

month of March—that William brought out his brother John to luncheon and to spend the day; but before three o'clock he impressed upon him the necessity of his returning to Glasgow to dress for dinner, which was not till 7.30! This was my first acquaintance with one who was to be the dearest friend and brother, and was to become to two generations of nephews and nieces the beloved “Uncle Johnnie,” the one to whom all turned in any difficulty or happiness, as sure of help in the one case as of sympathy in the other. He was then a beautiful boy of twenty; and at the time I write, 1898, years have but added to his charms, the inevitable lines having fallen in pleasant places, and the eyes that never looked unkindness still delighting and comforting all who look on them. Alas! he died a few months after.

We were married at Lagarie on the 1st of June 1852, by the Reverend Henry Gordon, an old Balliol friend of my husband's. After going to Loch Lomond, Loch Tay, and Loch Katrine, we went to Moffat, and drove from there to Selkirk that I might see the Yarrow, of which I had thought and heard so much. It was so different from the wilder, “more romantic beauty” of the scenery we had left, that at first it seemed tame and flat; but soon its quiet grace and “pastoral melancholy” appealed to one's heart in a way that, years



From an oil painting,

by Thomas Patch, 1851.

ELLEANOR M. DENNISTOUN.

after when we lived at Harehead, was deepened into something like a passion.

At Selkirk we stayed with the Langs at Viewfield—Mrs Lang was my husband's eldest sister—and I made the acquaintance of my nephews,—the eldest, a handsome dark-eyed boy, shy and somewhat *farouche*, evading his new aunt's affectionate advances, and fearing her kisses as much as the hero of the lyric feared those of the gentle maiden! I little thought then of the strong friendship that would exist between us in after years, and that to him I should owe, besides many kind things written of myself, the best record of his uncle's life and works.

On our way south we stopped at Rugby, and picked up my husband's youngest brother, Alexander, who was there at school, and took him with us to London for a couple of nights. I had never seen him before, and was much taken with him, he was so bright and intelligent, and took such a humorous view of things,—a quality among many others that made him such a delightful companion in after years, and endeared him to so large a circle of friends. I began to think I was singularly well off in my "in-laws,"—not always the feeling of a young woman plunging into the unknown, and leaving a devoted father.

We went abroad that summer, going first to Homburg to try if the waters there would do anything for my headaches, which then, and for many years after, were rather the torment of my life, so often interfering to mar pleasant arrangements. The place we found pretty, and at first amusing, from the number and variety of people the tables attracted; but it was not the kind of place either of us cared for, and we soon left, not, however, before making the acquaintance of Mr and Mrs Theodore Martin, and their great friend, Professor Aytoun. Aytoun was a very plain-looking man, and I appreciated the story I heard afterwards from Mrs Ferrier, that when her sister, Miss Jane Wilson, was engaged to him, she begged that henceforth his looks would cease to be the family joke! He was very agreeable and amusing, and a most admirable mimic, and his accounts of some of the lectures of his father-in-law (Professor Wilson) were very funny. This was the first time I had seen Mrs Martin—Miss Helen Faucit—off the stage; but often and often had I made up bouquets for my brother Alexander to throw to her,—he having the stage-fever from which so many suffered under her magnetic influence. I remember hearing then how Mr Martin followed her from place to place with the worship in his heart which never faltered, indeed was only strengthened, through the long happy

years they spent together, — “the idol of his youth, the darling of his manhood, and now the most blessed memory of his age.”

Mrs Martin had irregular features, and was not strictly beautiful, but the rich full sweetness of her voice, and the exquisite grace of her movements, combined with the intellectual grasp of her characters, not always found in their interpreters, made one understand the spell she cast over her audience. Probably in these days of so-called “realism” her acting would be considered too much in the “grand style” and wanting in nature; but “she nothing common did or mean,” and Shakespeare’s heroines were always ladies, portrayed by a lady. From this time till within two years of her death, which took place in 1897, we often saw her in London, when she had become Lady Martin, and always received the kindest welcome from her and Sir Theodore.

After leaving Homburg we went for a few weeks to Switzerland, going as far south as Mont Blanc; and on our return, after a few days at Lagarie, went to Ardtornish to stay with the dear “old lady,” — the first of many happy visits, and the beginning of a long friendship which strengthened with the years, and had its earthly close in 1875. She had lost her husband in 1851, and a few months after, in Febru-

ary 1852,—before we were married,—the very light of her eyes was taken from her—her youngest daughter, Helen Whishaw. This grief was almost too much for her frail body, and never, to the end of her life, could she speak of Helen without tears.

After her death I found among her things a little almanac with a very touching account of all she suffered at that sad time, which I think well worth transcribing :—

Autumn 1851 and the following year a time of great affliction. On June 6th, my dear husband became ill: in July consulted the doctor in Edinburgh, but without any benefit. On 28th, Tom and his dear, dear sister arrived at Elgin. On September 2nd we all set out again for Edinburgh. Jeanie joined us there, and Tom and Helen left on the 13th, the anniversary of her marriage.

We returned to Elgin the end of the month, and settled there. On the 28th October my dearest Mr Sellar died calmly. I saw his last breath, and he passed away without a struggle.

On the 29th my dear child and Mr Whishaw made a rapid journey to see him, but they were too late. On the 1st November his remains were laid in the silent tomb in the Cathedral burying-ground. On 2nd December my dear Helen and I set out for England, reaching Chipping Norton on the 4th. How rejoiced she was to get to her own home again!

I was taken ill on the 7th January, and was never downstairs again till the 5th of February, the last night she

was downstairs, when we all took tea together. Next day she went to church four times and received the sacrament; complained of headache, and was easily fatigued. On Monday she felt ill, her eyes heavy, and her head aching; but she had a large tea-party. On Tuesday she got up early and put her papers in order; felt very ill; kept her bed by the doctor's orders. On Wednesday her baby, Bernhard, was born, after great suffering. She never looked well nor happy; but they thought her doing well till night, when she did not sleep, and took no nourishment. Thursday, symptoms of puerperal fever; was bled and blistered; inflammatory symptoms subdued. Dr Acland from Oxford called in, and approved of treatment. Friday, complained of ringing in the ears; asked to have her hair cut off; wandered a little—very ill. Saturday, collected; received the sacrament, prayed with great fervency, looked heavenly.

Sunday, died at 6.30 quite calmly. "Oh, my darling, whose last breath I witnessed, and could not follow it."

How piercingly sad this cry from the anguished mother's heart reads, even now after an interval of many years! And twenty-seven years after it was written mother and child, whose love was stronger than death, have been, one may trust, reunited, "where beyond these voices there is peace" and no more cruel inexplicable partings.

This was the crushing sorrow of her life, but so strong was the habit of unselfishness in her that she never allowed her own sorrow to darken the

lives of others, and the "old lady's" house was the happy meeting-place of her sons and their families, and all their friends. Unlike most old people, she had no "ways" of her own, her ways being to fall into other people's "ways." She was one of the first in Edinburgh who went in for afternoon tea,—an extra means of hospitality being hailed by her as a boon ! It was told of her brother, who lived in Sutherland, that in the afternoon he used to go down to the public road, hoping to meet some chance acquaintance, and if he did, they were haled in to dinner. This was very much the "old lady's" attitude. She was never so happy as when dispensing hospitality, and never felt satisfied if any one came into the house and did not *eat* something ; and many a young man remembered afterwards how he left the house with his pockets bulging with apples or oranges in a somewhat unseemly manner, but suffered gladly for the sake of the genial kindness and hospitality of the old lady.

It is difficult to make my grandchildren, who never saw her, realise how delightful she, the original "Grannie," was, and what a happy and loving part she played in the lives of their mothers and all who knew her.

She was a pretty, dainty-looking old lady, as may be seen from her picture, had a great love

of literature and a delightfully old-fashioned respect for "learning," — the only distinction she cared in the least about. The honours gained by her sons at school and college were a continual source of pride and pleasure, and she quoted with great delight a saying of Mr Jowett's, — "Seven sons, and not a black sheep among them." For many years after, the house was filled with representatives of her married sons, three having been married that same year, 1852, — Tom, her eldest son, to Léonide Byrne in New Orleans; and Patrick, her second son, to Agnes Macpherson in Sutherland.

Ardtornish is beautifully situated on the Sound of Mull, — the Gaelic name means the "promontory of the waterfalls," and exactly describes the line of cliffs that stretches to Guerelas on Loch Linnhe, and down the sides of which fall innumerable small streams from the tableland above. In a strong south-west wind the water is blown back in spray, and a stranger would think the cliffs were crowned with small bonfires. I have never seen the same effect elsewhere. The property of the then Ardtornish consisted of the house and some 30,000 acres of land, and Acharn, a sheep-farm up the valley, on the river Aline. Between the two, at the head of the loch, was Achranich, belonging to Mr Octavius Smith. Mr

Octavius Smith was the eighth child of Mr William Smith, who was member of Parliament for Norwich for forty years. A friend of Wilberforce and Clarkson, he threw himself keenly into the Slave emancipation crusade and all the reforms of the day. Mr Smith refused a peerage, and was the only Unitarian in the House of Commons at that time. He had a very fine collection of pictures, among them Mrs Siddons as the "Tragic Muse,"¹ bought afterwards by the Marquis of Westminster for a few hundred pounds, and Rembrandt's "Mill," bought by Lord Lansdowne, probably for a similar sum. The latter picture now belongs to the King's collection at Windsor, and at the Rembrandt Exhibition in 1899 was valued at £20,000!

A granddaughter of Mr Smith is the celebrated Florence Nightingale, who may almost be said to have created a new profession for educated women, superseding the "Mrs Gamps," who were more amusing and humorous in literature than "com-

¹ While these pictures were still in Mr Smith's possession, any one on a specified day of the week could go and see them: the house-keeper—a worthy woman, but with no respect for the letter *h*—acted as a cicerone. Mrs Smith, on coming home on the evening of one of those days, asked if any one had come to see the pictures. "Yes, ma'am; one rather grand-looking lady looked long at the Tragic Muse, and then in a deep voice exclaimed, 'Myself be'olds myself!'" This, of course, was Mrs Siddons. About this picture, I have heard that Sir Joshua signed his name on the dress, saying he would like to go down to posterity on the hem of her garment.

forting and grateful" to their patients! Miss Nightingale still survives to see the good fruits of her labours in the splendid nursing and hospital arrangements in South Africa.

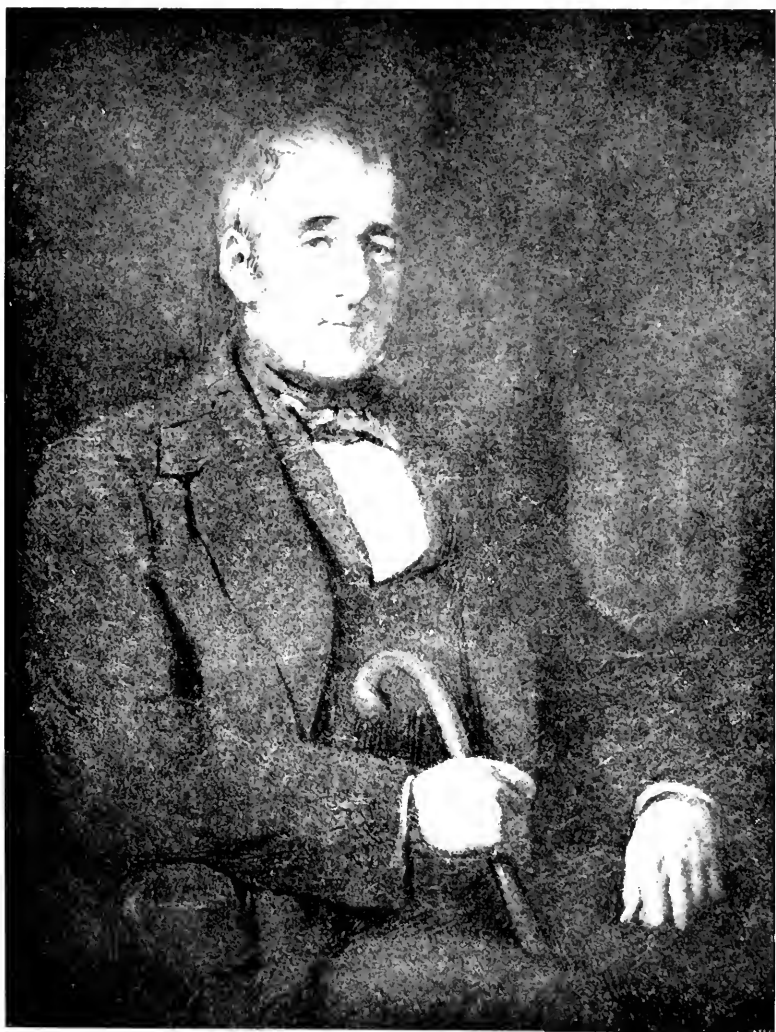
Some years after (in 1859), Mr Octavius Smith bought from Mr Sellar's heirs Ardtornish and Acharn, and built on the site of Achranich the modern house now called Ardtornish Tower.

Two years before I was married a dispute had arisen about the right of fishing in the river Aline between Mr Sellar and Mr Smith,—both men accustomed to have their own way, and very much disliking to be thwarted; so, for a time, a modern Montague and Capulet drama was enacted. Fortunately, before Mr Sellar's death an arrangement had been made, by the advice of a distinguished lawyer, which smoothed away all difficulties; and I remember Gertrude, Mr Smith's youngest daughter, telling me how the new peace was inaugurated by her mother, her three sisters, and herself, then a child of eight, lunching at Ardtornish. Mr Sellar set her beside himself and called her his little lady. He little then imagined that this "little lady" would become the wife of his youngest son, Alexander Craig Sellar, M.P., whose promising political career was cut short by his death in 1890, before he had attained the full measure of success which all his

friends felt must eventually have fallen to him. Nor could old Mr Sellar have conceived that on the death of her brother, Mr Valentine Smith, the whole property of Ardtornish would revert to Mrs Craig Sellar.

I wish I could make live over again the charm of that life at Ardtornish and Achranich, so simple, so unconventional, so full of activity and enjoyment.

A road had lately been made from the Ferry up to Achranich, joining the old road across the hills from Acharn to Strontian; and the goings to and fro between the two places were as perpetual as they had been strictly forbidden the year before! Mr Octavius Smith was a very clever original man, overflowing with energy, and could scarcely believe in anything being well done unless he saw it done or did it himself. Dearly did he pay for this characteristic, for when the new house was building, of which he watched every detail, a charge of gunpowder used for blasting not having gone off as quickly as he expected, he went too near, and it exploded, damaging his eye. It was equally characteristic that when he was taken into the house,—and by this time it was dusk,—he blew out the candle that his wife might not see his wounded face. When I saw him, a glass eye had restored



from an oil-painting

1840. R. 1. 1. 1.

PATRICK SELLAR OF ARDLOVENISH.

his appearance and scarcely marred his good looks, and his one eye saw more than most people's two. It would be difficult to do justice to Mrs Smith. A sweeter, more gracious woman I have never known,—self had no part in her: she had a pretty playful humour that seemed to harmonise with her youthful figure, and that lightened up a face on which sorrow had laid its undoubted marks, for she had suffered greatly. Her eldest boy, a fine adventurous youth, had been starved to death in the bush on an exploring party with Sir George Grey, in Australia; and other sad sorrows were to follow. Gerard, full of life and ability, was run over by a railway engine; and two bright beautiful girls, Rosalind and Edith, died, one in 1853 and the other two years later. But at the time of which I write the little band of sisters was still unbroken. In those days schoolroom life in a London home was necessarily constrained and colourless, and the change to the freedom of their Highland home was pure joy to creatures so simple and active. They scoured the hills and valleys on their ponies, attended by Kitty Carson, the manager's daughter, as a sort of female groom,—a quaint arrangement, but characteristic of their father's unconventional ways. The boys cleaned their own guns, and did a hundred things for

themselves which would now be done for them; but how happy they were, and the days never seemed to be long enough for all the delightful things that had to be done in them,—days on the loch, days on the river, and expeditions to Mull.

One day, I remember, they had decided to go to Mull, and though it was so stormy that any one else would have given up the expedition, Mr Smith would not be beaten, but made all his party wear life-belts! Another day—but as I went, it may be believed it was a very calm one—we sailed over to Mull, taking our luncheon with us; and because there was a notice, “Trespassers will be prosecuted,” Mr Smith insisted on our taking our picnic in a nasty marshy field, as a protest against what he considered “over-legislation”! It was a curious comment on this, when Valentine, his son and successor, told me in 1901 that all trespassing on Ardtornish was strictly prohibited: *tempora mutantur!*

Flora, the eldest girl, was then eighteen. She was delicate and very fragile-looking, but full of spirit, and had a most exquisite voice; indeed she seemed of music all compact, and held her listeners spellbound. It was as if a spirit were singing, and one wondered how such a full rich voice could come out of such a delicate body,

and the exertion did often seem too much for her, her hands becoming icy cold. Altogether they were a most delightful and uncommon family to find in the wild West.

The only other neighbours we had were the Macleods of the Manse of Morvern. The minister was familiarly and proudly called the "High Priest of Morvern," was the uncle of Dr Norman, and would have been a notable man in any society, not only from his great height, 6 feet 7 inches, but from the dignity and simplicity of his character and manner. Mrs Macleod was a sister of General and Dr Maclean, two most chivalrous and delightful specimens of an old type of simple high-souled Highland gentlemen, now I fear nearly passed away. Dr Maclean became head of Haslar Hospital, and there your Uncle Johnnie, when he lived at Fernlea, renewed his acquaintanceship, and many a talk they had over the old Morvern days.

The year before I went to Ardtornish the Macleods had lost two beautiful little girls from scarlet fever, and only two boys were left. These afterwards greatly distinguished themselves at college and went into the Church.¹ John, the

¹ Norman, the eldest son, became minister of St Stephen's, in Edinburgh, and afterwards went to Inverness, but has now retired from the ministry.

younger, a remarkable preacher, was minister of the church at Govan, near Glasgow, and a man of great distinction, and when he died in 1898, in the prime of life, men felt a prince in Israel had fallen.

After a very happy six weeks we returned to Glasgow, as my husband was again to undertake Professor Ramsay's work. We went first to Golfhill, as my father and sister were still at Lagarie, and on their return we moved to a very nice house in St Vincent Street, which my father took for me. In this same house, Frank's birth-place, was born, the next winter, my brother Alexander's eldest little girl: he had married in the previous November, Georgina, youngest daughter of Sir Charles Oakeley, Bart., a beautiful girl, whom my Uncle John had brought to see me on our marriage tour, when we were passing through London. I was much struck by her appearance and the elegance and simplicity of her dress of shot-green and black silk, and a bonnet of coarse Dunstable straw, with one large red poppy in it. Of these two children born in the same house, both are gone, — Frank, when he was eighteen, far from home, in Australia; and Nina, in London, in 1892, having been for seventeen years the happy wife of my dear cousin, John Dennistoun.

The college hours seem strange now to this more luxurious age, for the first class was 'at 7.30 A.M., and as we lived nearly two miles from college, this implied a very early start for my husband; but we were young and happy, and nothing seemed much of a trouble. People were very kind, but we went out very little, and did not see much of any one, except Mr Lushington, who had been devoted to my husband from the time he was a student under him. Mr Lushington became a lifelong friend of the family, our children growing up together, and his wife, a sister of Tennyson, was a constant source of astonishment, interest, and amusement; but she was not in Glasgow that winter, and it was later that we became so intimate with her, her daughter, and her sister.

Mr Lushington's character could not fail to impress one: as Tennyson once said of him, "Edmund Lushington is pure and beautiful as the moon." He was wise with the wisdom of the ancients, and like the ideal Christian kept himself unspotted from the world. He was without ambition, which my husband sometimes regretted, for he thought the man who wrote the 'Introductory Lecture on Greek Literature' should have done more of the same kind, so perfectly admirable did he think it. But Mr Lushington

was content to have sown the good seed in so many minds, and awakened much interest in all that was best and highest in ancient and modern literature in many young souls, and loyally did they repay him in love and reverence. It is of him that Tennyson writes in the ode at the end of "In Memoriam"—

"And thou art worthy ; full of power ;
As gentle ; liberal-minded, great,
Consistent ; wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly like a flower."

On the 24th of April 1853 our dear little Frank was born. Frank was a very handsome child, with very little hair, but most beautiful large grey eyes and black eyelashes. My dear father was very proud of his first grandchild ; indeed I think there was nothing he so much admired and liked to look at as a mother and young child. When Frank was a little more than five weeks old we drove down to Lagarie, and there, on the 1st of June, the anniversary of our wedding, and in the same room, he was christened Patrick Francis Alexander by Dr Norman Macleod, who ever after insisted on calling him Patrick.

After resting a couple of weeks at Lagarie, we went for the summer to Ardtornish, where, shortly after, Tom and Léonide brought their pretty little baby-girl, born a few days before Frank, and

called Azemia Helen, the latter name giving her at once a very warm place in her grannie's heart. In September Dr Norman Macleod and his wife came over from Morvern to stay a couple of nights with us, which would have been altogether delightful but for Frank being sharply ill. Old Dr M'Coll, the quaintest and slowest and wisest of Highland doctors, was sent for from Mull. His remedies proving effectual, we were able the next day to enjoy Dr Norman Macleod's brilliant conversation as he ranged from grave to gay, equally at home in both,—able, too, to listen to his wife's charming music as she played Beethoven, or the wild wail of her own "M'Intosh Lament." And here began the friendship which increased in the too rare opportunities of meeting in Glasgow, but was to grow into extreme intimacy when the glory of her life had left her, and she came in 1873 to live in Edinburgh with her children, who henceforth were to be almost like my own. This friendship was cemented still more closely when, in 1902, our daughter Eppie, then a widow, married Dr Norman Macleod's youngest son, William—an ideally happy marriage.

CHAPTER IV.¹

“Till the future dare
 Forget the past, his fate and fame shall be
 An echo and a light unto eternity.”
 —SHELLEY.

1853.

WE were living in the summer of 1853 at Ard-tornish, on the Sound of Mull, the scene of the opening canto of “The Lord of the Isles,” when my husband heard from his friend Mr Palgrave that he and Mr Tennyson were travelling in Scotland on their way to Skye, and would, if convenient, stop with us for two or three days. A cousin of mine, Miss Cross, one of the most charming and brilliant women I have ever known, was staying with us at the time, and to her, as well as to us, the thought of “Tennyson,” “the man we held as half divine,” being our guest, was the realisation of a dream, and we felt that, for us, earth could confer no higher honour: and I don’t think anything has happened

¹ This chapter was written at Hallam, Lord Tennyson’s request, and published by him in the second edition of his father’s Life, and it is by his kind permission I am enabled to give it here.

in after life that has left a more lasting or delightful impression.

Mr Tennyson and Mr Palgrave arrived on a Saturday (in August) and stayed till the following Wednesday afternoon. No one could have been more easy, simple, and delightful; and as we had at that season no neighbours, once he had faced us there was no further social trial awaiting him, and he blossomed out in the most genial manner, making us all feel as if he were an old friend. He went to church at Morvern with us next day,—a poor little church on a windy hill, overlooking the Sound of Mull—having for its “minister” the well-known Dr John Macleod, and its one distinction a beautiful Iona cross, brought from the island of Inchcolm centuries ago. Mr Tennyson was much struck by Dr Macleod (“such a well-borne head!” he exclaimed), and asked us if we did not have our clergyman to dinner on Sundays. We did not, as a rule—the distance was too great; but we felt sure he would be delighted to meet Mr Tennyson. And accordingly he came, and they sat up far into the night,—the one recounting the legends and tales of the country, and his hair-breadth escapes by flood and field; and the other, to the delight of his audience, sometimes reading his own poems or recalling his own experiences. The weather was fine, and the next day we started soon after break-

fast for a long walk on the moors, ending at a waterfall that fell over a cliff, hollowed out, under which we were able to creep; and we sat with the water falling before us like a silver veil. Mr Tennyson said it was a great pity we had not brought food with us, and so need not have hurried home; and then, almost immediately, he chanted—

“We had smoke, but we hadna wine,
And we had nothing whereon to dine;
But there was Dennistoun’s daughter;
And Crosskin sang a song of mine
Behind the falling water.”

All the way going home he was making the most absurd nonsense-ballad verses, generally in Scotch, but so rapidly uttered and so inconsecutive were they, that it was impossible to remember much of them, even at the time, and now only two verses remain in my memory:—

“They found her buried in the moor,
Shut out from every hope;
And her bonny little noseling
Was as brown as Windsor soap!

There came a cobbler to the toun,
And he was ane o’ the clippers;
And he took the skin of her brown bodie,
And made it into slippers.”

In the evening he read to us, and no one who heard him could ever forget his reading of the

"Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington"; to this day I never read it without hearing his voice. "In Memoriam" was on the table, and he said, "I shan't read this." It happened to be open at "Calm is the morn," and on my remarking that it was an especial favourite of mine, he turned round quickly and demanded "*Why?*" Rather a staggering question for one not apt at giving a reason for the faith in her! With trembling lips I replied that for one thing the words followed the sense in so marvellous a manner; and with this feeble reply he was kind enough to seem content. The next day we drove and walked up the glen; and I can see him, as distinctly as if it were yesterday, sitting by the clear brown river, beside a beautiful avenue of lime-trees, planted by a cousin of Flora Macdonald's, and repeating "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," saying no more simple or beautiful love-song had ever been written. He also repeated, *à propos* of a branch he was leaning against breaking—

"I leant my back against an aik,
And thocht it was a trusty tree;
But syne it bent, and then it brak,
And sae did my fause love wi' me."

Both these poems were, naturally, well known to us, but it seemed as if we heard them for the first time, so wonderfully did his voice bring out the

melody, the meaning, and, above all, the pathos. He had given up the idea of going to Skye, and this gained for us another day's visit, which he embodied in the following verse:—

“If he did not see Loch Coruisk,
He ought to be forgiven;
For though he miss'd a day in Skye,
He spent a day in Heaven!”

To my husband he repeated several verses of, then, unpublished poems, but begged him never to repeat them, enforcing this later in a letter from Farringford: “Don't quote any lines you may remember of mine. F. P. has been doing so, and they have travelled down to Pau, and might as well have gone to pot, for I have before this seen lines of mine printed with a little alteration in verse books of others, not, I daresay, dishonestly,—an author may not know when a verse buzzes in his head, whether it is a bee from his own hive or no.”

He spoke much of Hallam, his eldest son, a baby then nearly a year old. Our eldest child, who died when he was eighteen in Australia, where he had gone for his health, was then about six months old. Mr Tennyson took very kindly notice of him, but one day said to me, “Do you know what I am thinking?” “That your own baby is much finer?” “That is exactly what I *was* thinking!”

It was to this dear child of ours that he alluded in a very characteristic manner in a letter my husband had from him in St Andrews, dated Farringford, June 16, 1856: “I suppose it is not of much use sending love to your bairn, who had scarcely come to his memory when I saw him, but I send him a shadowy kiss across the Firth of Forth.”

He left us to go to Edinburgh, “the grey metropolis of the North,” for it was on that visit he wrote “The Daisy,” and gave to Edinburgh the name that will for ever be connected with it. He and Mr Palgrave went by boat to Oban,—a long row of fifteen miles; and on my husband saying to the old Gaelic boatman, “Robert, you are taking over one of the greatest men in England,” he replied, “That black-a-vise Mr Tinsmith that came with Mr Pancake! well, well!” And so ended this eagerly looked forward to, heartily enjoyed, and to us ever memorable visit!

Of those assembled then in that happy Highland home, young and old have all passed away save myself. Mr Palgrave lived to see, and contribute to, his friend’s ‘Memoirs,’ and I alone sit lingering here—

“Remembering all the golden hours
Now silent, and so many dead,
And him the last!”

CHAPTER V.

"I talk of our youth,
 How 'twas gladsome, but often
 Foolish forsooth,
 But gladsome, gladsome."

—E. FITZGERALD.

1853—(*continued*).

IN October, when we were wondering if Mr Ramsay would want my husband's assistance again, he had a letter from Mr Shairp, the dear friend who had insisted on his going to Glasgow, telling him he had spent a day in St Andrews, and found that the Greek professor had become so deaf that he must give up his work and have an assistant, the said assistant to have all the work but very little of the pay! Still, it might lead to his eventually getting the professorship, and might therefore be worth thinking of. My husband said he knew there was one very distinguished professor there—Ferrier! and I liked the idea of exchanging the smoke of Glasgow for the sea at St Andrews. So he went off to inspect the place and interview the necessary people, and after a satisfactory

meeting with the Greek professor and the college authorities, he agreed to accept the post of assistant; and he made arrangements to go to St Andrews before the 1st of November, on which date he was to enter upon his duties. On our way we stayed with the Ferguses at Kirkcaldy: they were old friends of my father, and had been extremely kind to me when I was a girl. Mr Fergus was M.P. for the county, and a remarkably handsome man, and his sisters were highly educated, accomplished women,—altogether it was a pleasant house to visit, though perhaps a little bracing! They were intimate with Carlyle, and had taken me some years before in London one day to his house, but I am sorry to say my memory of that night is very hazy, and I cannot recall anything of the Jane Carlyle whose wonderful and witty letters have so delighted me long years after.

St Andrews was not then the “city of the scarlet gown,”—that was an admirable restoration that came later; indeed I think I was the first person that wore a scarlet cloak, which I thought highly becoming, but found out afterwards I had only pointed a moral,—an old well-known shopkeeper saying to my friend Mrs Purvis, “Ye see folk canna help their taste: see poor Mrs Sellar in yon scarlet cloak!” So much for *not* seeing ourselves as others see us! But this is a digression.

We went over one day from the Ferguses to look for a house, and my steps led me at once as near the sea as houses could be found, but then only Gillespie Terrace existed in that position, and the houses were on such a small scale, so different from what they are now, that reluctantly we went landwards and fixed upon Abbey Park. The original house still remains, but so surrounded and enlarged, becoming part of the ubiquitous school of St Leonard's, that it is difficult to trace the rooms we lived in, though they still exist. We were very much struck by the beautiful old-world place, so unique in character and situation, and at that time full of "blessed conditions" in the way of society. "Oh, the dalliance and the wit!" the life and fun of those days!—days which few, besides myself, live to remember, but which can never be forgotten, though the attempting to recall them to others is what the dried botanical specimen is to the beautiful living flower. The place itself is so changed that it is difficult sometimes to remember what is new and what old. There were no houses on the Scores then, and building them was surely a Philistine proceeding, though one cannot but allow that they make most charming dwellings. All to the west, except what was called "Buddo Castle," is also new, and the whole style of living is far less simple and far more like any other fashionable

watering-place than the life of the little university town as we first knew it, and as I still love to think of it. But even then the "oldest resident" thought the place sadly changed from the days when the one cab slowly delivered in rotation the guests of a dinner-party, unless they preferred "Mattie wi' the lantern." Surely the most confirmed *laudator temporis acti* must pity the poor hostess when he considers the long-drawn-out reception and entertainment of her guests, arriving as they did singly and at intervals!

Sir Hugh Playfair as provost reigned at St Leonard's, and one might also say over St Andrews, and though under his paternal government many useful improvements were made, such as paving the streets, still he must be held guilty of some vandalism which would not now be permitted. Round his large garden at St Leonard's he had a sort of balustrade, on the top flat rail of which he had inscribed the principal events in the world's history since the Creation, ending abruptly in 1832, when the Reform Bill was passed, and according to this old Conservative "the sun of England set for ever"! How often has the glory of the world been said to have perished, and yet it has arisen with renewed life and vigour!

A very different stamp of man, Sir David Brewster, lived in the next house, with the beauti-

ful little ruined chapel of St Leonard opposite ; it again abutting on the old garden of the quaint and charming old house, Queen Mary's, where at that time Professor Alexander lived. This later fell into the most appreciative hands of Mr Oliphant, who has restored it to its ancient glory.

Sir David Brewster was the kindest and simplest of philosophers. A favourite of Prince Albert, he had seen much of Court life and most of the best known people ; and he declared that among them all the three handsomest women he had seen were Sir Charles Oakeley's three daughters,—Mrs Clayton, Mrs Woodhouse, and Mrs Dennistoun, my brother Alexander's wife.

Utterly unspoilt, he was always ready in the most courteous way to explain any scientific difficulty or experiment to the ignorant, and he had quite a peculiar gift of coming down to their level and making things clear and lucid. It was strange that with this gift he was so nervous in public that he said he was prevented from becoming a clergyman because he could not be sure of saying correctly the Lord's Prayer !

I remember once asking him very hurriedly to fill a vacant place at dinner, and apologising for doing so, and he replied, " My dear lady, give me time to put on my dress coat and I am at your service at all times."

In 1857 he was abroad, and when he returned it was with a young and handsome bride, who not only made him very happy, but added much to the charm and hospitality of St Leonard's. He was at this time seventy-seven and she was twenty-seven, and when his daughter Constance was born he was eighty.

A funny incident occurred one day when they had a dinner-party. Lady Brewster observed that when the tea was brought in each guest, after tasting it, laid down the spoon and drank no more. She took an opportunity of leaving the room, and asked the butler to bring her a cup of the tea.

"Good heavens! it is salt," she exclaimed.

"Oh, Lord! mem, they must have boiled the salt water brought up for Miss Brewster's bath."

Another day the Brewsters and several other people were dining with us at Abbey Park, and after dinner Lady Brewster begged me to dress up and take in Sir David.

"But what will account for my absence?"

"Oh, you have been obliged to go to bed with one of your headaches; and I'll introduce the stranger."

So I went upstairs, put on a false front, and was announced as Miss Craig. On the gentlemen coming in I was specially introduced to Sir David, but not being at all attractive-looking he soon left me for

younger and fairer friends ! Determined he should take some notice of me, I said I would not play the piano unless Sir David asked me ; and on this being told him, he muttered—"God help the woman ! what does she mean ? I don't know her." However, he gave me his arm and led me to the piano, where I played a very primitive waltz, but with all the airs of a Rubinstein—Sir David whispering to his neighbour, "After all the pressing and fuss, is *this* all we are to get ?" I then left the piano and came to where he was sitting, and holding out my skirts, said I would be happy to dance a *pas seul* for him. He, seemingly thinking this strange guest had gone off her head, thought it best to humour her, and began to dance opposite me, when the uncontrolled laughter of all around betrayed the trick. Mr Lloyd of Christchurch was among the guests, and his boast was that he had an exhaustive acquaintance with Greek and Scotch literature. My husband said to him—

"Miss Craig has written some Scotch poems ; but I daresay you have never heard of them ?"

"Yes," he said, "I have the book at Oxford" !

Sir David left in 1861, and became Principal of the Edinburgh University.

The first friends we made at St Andrews were the Ferriers, a friendship which has gone on with

unabated affection to the third generation, and has ever been a source of the greatest happiness, and now, alas! of dearest memory."

Mrs Ferrier was the eldest daughter of Professor Wilson, a woman of the Roman matron type,—fine features, piercing eyes, and most beautiful auburn hair. Rudyard Kipling has dedicated one of his books "to the wittiest woman in India"; and with the substitution of Scotland for India, the dedication would well apply to Mrs Ferrier. Hers was a constant flow of wit that knew no pause,—so continuous that her listener, panting after her in vain, could only carry away a tenth part of the good things he had heard. She had a wonderful power of mimicry, and not only said the things people would have said, but actually looked like them. Of course, so striking a personality could not but have enemies, and I was duly warned that she was "dangerous," "too sharp-tongued," &c.; but during the long years of most intimate friendship, both at St Andrews and later in Edinburgh, I can remember nothing I should wish altered, and much that I wish I could remember better. On the very first time I saw her, when she called at Abbey Park and kindly put me up to the ways of the place, she told me that part of the Professor's salary was paid by the farmers in *kain*—that is, they were bound to supply so many fowls, or their equivalent in

money ; but she said, “ If you are giving a party, don’t trust to this supply, for the answer to your application may very likely be, ‘ We hae nae fools the day, but we can gie you a cart o’ manure ’ ! ”

From this visit we felt at once what a boundless source of interest, amusement, and pleasure was opening up for us, and were very glad our lines had fallen to us in such pleasant places ; and for the next ten years a very happy home we had in St Andrews.

West Park and its remarkable inhabitants struck me then, and remain in my memory still, as the most picturesque original household I have ever met. Browning says, somewhere—

“ If you get beauty, and naught else,
You get about the best thing God invents.”

And when to this gift, which existed in almost every member of the family, were added brains and wit in no ordinary measure, the result was as rare as it was delightful.

Mr Ferrier, then in the prime of life, lived his life quite unlike any one else,—a student, and, in a way, a recluse, but with no far-away touch of a pedant. His days and most of his nights were spent in his charming library, the largest room in the house, with books from floor to ceiling ; but at any hour his friends could invade this sanctum, always sure

of a warm welcome, and they would come away not knowing which to admire most,—the wit and humour of his sallies, his devotion to philosophy, or his keen sympathy with all imaginative literature. He loved to tell of his meeting with Scott, Lockhart, and Wordsworth at Elleray; and again of his being in the ship on that sad voyage when it brought Sir Walter from London to Leith to die at his own loved home. There was something of graceful courtesy and high chivalry in his nature that was most attractive: once seen he could never be forgotten; and now, after a lapse of more than forty years, with my mind's eye I can vividly see his beautifully-cut face and his measured meditative step as he walked slowly home from the college, where the students had hung upon his words,—for it was no common devotion they had for their professor. In 1899 one of his cleverest pupils, Professor Stuart of Cambridge, was made Lord Rector, and in his address, speaking of the stimulus of professorial teaching, he said—

“I can never forget the magic influence of Ferrier. It was the opening of a whole new world to me. I remember, as if it were yesterday, his chiselled face, full of suffering and full of fire, while in accents of balanced eloquence he carried us, by masterly sketches, through the philosophy of ancient times, so that we were each in succes-

sion ardent Ionics and Eleatics. We laughed with Democritus, we mourned with Heraclitus, and we were carried in the veritable chariots of the gods themselves, in the sweep of Plato's philosophy."

To have left such vivid impressions and have kindled such enthusiasm, is surely not to have lived in vain. I know nothing has gratified me more than the many testimonies, written and spoken, which I have had since my own husband's death, telling of all he did to awaken intellectual life and interest in the minds of his students, and most of all impressing them with a sense of the lofty simplicity and single-mindedness of his own character. As Louis Stevenson so well says *à propos* of Wordsworth—

"Such are the best teachers. A dogma learned is only a new error,—the old one was perhaps as good: but a spirit communicated is a perpetual possession. These best teachers climb beyond teaching to the plane of art: it is themselves, and what is best in themselves, that they communicate."

But to return to St Andrews. The Ferrier girls became such close and dear companions, that when I think of their being only thirteen and fourteen, it seems almost absurd that such a friendship could have existed; but they were utterly unlike girls of their age, and were en-

dowed by nature with many gifts. These had been fostered by constant intercourse with remarkable minds, and with their quick wits and feminine susceptibility and sympathy, one never for a moment felt any disparity of years, only the charm of a younger intelligence, and a brilliant spirit of fun that turned everything into favour and prettiness. "The ideas of youth, though they may be mixed with much folly and sentimentality, are perhaps the best part of us, and happy those who do not lose them when advancing years give the power of realising them."

Some years after, in a book of "likes and dislikes," such as was the fashion then to have, Susan Ferrier wrote as her ideal—"Never to lose the halo round life": and this was granted to her, and gave her that wonderful power of transforming the light of common day and commonplace people into something rare and strange.

Janie was a very lovely girl in those days, with masses of pale, satin-smooth, golden hair, and the softest of blue eyes, that looked up into your face in the most confiding and bewitching manner, and I think she was generally more admired than the beloved Susan, whose very name now breeds in me a perpetual benediction, but who, even then, was my especial favourite. I loved her graceful

ways and slow languorous movements, contrasting with the swift sympathetic way her mind grasped all noble imaginative thoughts in life and literature. We used to read a great deal together, and these two girls constantly spent the evenings with us: indeed I think scarcely a day passed without our meeting either at Abbey or West Park. Coggie was then a very grave little girl, certainly not the characteristic of her later years!

The Christmas holidays that year we spent with old Mrs Sellar in Edinburgh. She had a house in Queen Street: and one much-to-be-remembered day we drove out to Lasswade to see the de Quinceys. Two years before, at Mrs Alan Stevenson's, Louis' aunt, I had met Florence and Emily de Quincey, and on this second interview my first impressions were only deepened. The de Quinceys lived in a cottage at Lasswade. I knew they were not rich, but there was a grace and simplicity about their life and surroundings that I have rarely seen equalled. Mr de Quincey, small in stature, with dreamy eyes that seemed looking into the unseen, received us with the utmost courtesy and hospitality, and discoursed, with great eloquence, to my husband, on all subjects in heaven and earth, dwelling, I remember, with amusing invective on the "gloomy malignity" of the Scottish creditor. His talk was very like his

books,—the same felicity of expression, with the same diffuseness and constant parenthesis. He was wonderfully vigorous in body, often, as he told us, walking into Edinburgh and out again,—no small feat for a man of his age, whose constitution had been so much tried. It happened to be his birthday, and he told me he was seventy, and did not feel a day older than when he was seventeen. And years after his daughter Florence told me these words were such a comfort to her, in the near prospect of going to India and leaving him,—an augury for meeting again; but this she never did, for on her return with her children in 1860, the first news she heard at Aden was a notice in the paper of his death.

Two years after our visit, Florence de Quincey went out to India to marry Colonel Baird Smith, a man in every way worthy of her, and one who was later to leave a mark on his country's history. He was in command of the Engineers at Delhi in the Mutiny of 1857,—a long-drawn-out siege, never to be forgotten for the bravery and for the sufferings of the defenders. The Baird Smiths' eldest little girl, May, was born in the fortified workshops at Roorkee, and the tortures of anxiety her mother endured at that time are known only to herself. The severe strain

she had gone through told on her health, and in 1860 she and her babies were ordered home, and after recruiting there for eighteen months, she sailed for Calcutta, to join her husband, who had been made Master of the Mint there. She had expected her husband to meet her on the pilot-boat in the Hooghly, and had that morning put on a particularly becoming hat, that he might not see how much anxiety had worn her beautiful face. He was not among the passengers on the pilot-boat, and while she wondered at his absence a lady, opening the newspapers, cried, "Why, they seem to be all about your husband!" and handed one to her. Her eye lit on the paragraph headed "Death of Colonel Baird Smith."

She had not even known that he was ill, though his death was caused by the old wound received at Delhi. This tragic sorrow, falling with such awful suddenness on this loving fragile woman, was enough to kill her, but it was characteristic of her unfaltering sense of duty that her first care was given to a young lady who had come out in her charge to be married. This sense of obligation, this instinct of "mothering,"—a favourite word with her,—brought its own comfort. Her two little daughters engrossed, but did not absorb, her motherliness; even her carefully chosen maids were like young

daughters. Her father has said somewhere that there is no better literature than what is conveyed in the daily post-bag, especially in the letters of women. Certainly his own daughter's letters, written from her quiet homes first at St Leonard's and then at Bath, were among the most delightful I have ever received. The life and fortunes of her neighbours, the growth of her children, the books she read, were touched on with tender grace and humour, while public questions roused an eager and almost passionate interest. In conversation this gentle delicate woman had an intensity of conviction and clearness of expression that made my husband—whose occasional difference of view only increased his admiration of her—liken her once to a "beautiful bird of prey."

The winter of 1853 was a very happy one, but with no particular event to record except the visit of Mr Grant,¹—my first acquaintance with one I had heard so much of, and who came up to all I expected. He was full of literary interests and enthusiasm, and had the rare capacity of imparting something of the glow of his own feelings to those about him. Genial and natural himself, he was much taken with the old-world place and its simple friendly hospitality, and in Mr Ferrier he found a foeman worthy of his steel; and deep into the

¹ Afterwards Sir Alexander Grant.

night the two younger scholars would sit up with the elder man, discussing the problems which are for ever interesting, and for ever eluding solution by the human mind.

Janie and Susan Ferrier were in Edinburgh, so Mr Grant did not then see her who was to be the lady of his love—only Coggie was at home, and proudly boasted to her sisters on their return of *her* friend Mr Grant of Oxford. At the end of the session, before going to Ardtornish for the summer, we went up to Liverpool to our dear friends, and my cousins, the Crosses, who then lived at St Michael's Mount, Aigburth,—the garden sloping down to the river, which, crowded with sails of many sizes and colours, gave one a feeling of life and stir that redeemed the “smoky brick houses” and dull prosaic level of most of the town. But the surroundings seemed of little consequence compared with the bright, vivid, social charm of the home circle: the wise, gracious benignity of the father, whose judgment was final and sympathy boundless; the handsome, lively, humorous mother; and the peerless Zibbie, the eldest daughter, who united the parental qualities with a charm all her own, and whom it seems impossible to describe, but “to know her was to love her,” and to feel there was no one exactly like her.

We left our little boy with my kind cousin

Mrs Cross ; and Zibbie went with us to Oxford, where we had a royal time, worthy of a first visit to a place which held so large a part in my husband's memory and in my imagination. I loved to see the place where "of old he wore the gown," and the buildings, and the river, all so full, to him, of happy memories, and where he had so many friendships, — friendships that lasted while life endured. Mr Jowett was there, still college tutor, living in the rooms opposite the Martyrs' Memorial, long after occupied by Mr Strachan Davidson. His kindness and hospitality, then and ever, were wonderful. I was, of course, prepared to like him from my husband's extreme admiration for him, but I had no difficulty in doing so, for though his silence was felt to be alarming by many it did not frighten me so much, as I was accustomed to my own father's silence, and had got into the way of not expecting much response unless the spirit moved him to speak. I early found out that it was the same with Mr Jowett ; when response came it was always worth waiting for. And different as the two men were in education and occupation, I was often struck by the similarity of their opinion on many subjects, political and otherwise, the result of two vigorous minds arriving at the same conclusion by very different routes. We lived in lodgings in High Street, and Zibbie soon became the centre of

attraction at all the many fêtes to which we were invited. I remember a luncheon at Magdalen, and then going to the top of the tower, and a poem being written on her little white parasol, which became transformed into a "dove," and the natural rhyme occurred very often! She was beautifully graceful and fair and attractive, and we felt very proud of introducing her to the Oxford world.

Mr T. C. Sandars, who had run exactly the same career at Oxford as my husband, and who became so dear a friend in after years to myself and our children, was there with his wife, a quiet and gentle woman (a contrast, indeed, to the brilliant delightful companion of his later years), but such was his vigour, originality, and humour, that it seemed enough for two. Mr Walrond, too, and Mr Max Müller, still bachelors, but soon to marry the two beautiful and gifted Miss Grenfells, did much to make our stay delightful; and the glow and glamour of that first visit to Oxford never left it, and still illumines the place in my imagination. Our visits there were so often repeated that at last they became "yearly visits to the temple," much looked forward to, and never disappointing. And now, after many years have passed since the Master has gone to his rest, and left a blank in the life and heart of his friends which can never be filled, I should like, however inadequately, to say a few

words in most grateful memory of the staunchest and most loyal of friends.

The influence he exerted over the undergraduates when my husband went to Balliol was something quite peculiar, and difficult to put in words that do not sound exaggerated. When Sir Alexander Grant, long years after, dedicated his 'Ethics of Aristotle' to him in these words—"To the Master of Balliol, the Socrates of my youth, my unfailing friend during nearly forty years,—the best and wisest man I have ever known,"—he but put into eloquent words the feeling of all his contemporaries. It is rare that the tie between teacher and taught lasts through long years of separation and different pursuits and opinions, but the three or four years spent at Balliol were a bond of union never to be forgotten, and the charm never passed away. It is not uncommon for young men at that impressionable age to be influenced by any remarkable person they are thrown into contact with, but with the Master of Balliol the influence continued long after they were separated, and I do not believe any of his pupils—I speak of those I knew,—a goodly band—ever took an important step in life without consulting him. Not only did he never lose touch of or interest in his early friends, but he added on their wives and children, as I can most gratefully testify. He

did, indeed, to use an expression of his own, "keep his friendships in repair" by constant letters and frequent meetings, either in their own homes or in his hospitable lodge at Balliol; and to the end of his life he added new friends, inspiring them with something of the same pride and pleasure in his acquaintance that so peculiarly stirred his earlier ones. He was shy himself, which kept him often silent, or made him give utterance to short sentences, pregnant frequently of wit and wisdom, but which sometimes "froze the genial current of the soul" of his listener, and made him feel that on *him* lay the onus of finding another subject which might possibly be discussed more fluently by the Master! I remember once telling him that Mr Sidney Colvin had told me much about Ruskin, and ended by saying, "His parents could never apparently believe in his being grown up, and even at forty treated him as if he were a child!" "I think his parents were quite right," was his retort.

He was interested in all my children and their tastes and pursuits, but he made an especial pet of Eppie from the day when he used to tell of his arrival late in the evening at Tullymet, in 1866, when a little night-gowned child ran across the hall and leapt into his arms. In later years he used often to say, "Come and amuse me, Eppie,"—a rather staggering request, but she always rose to

the occasion. I must here quote what Mr Strachan Davidson has reminded me of, that when we were staying at Balliol in 1877, and Eppie was with us,—she being then eighteen,—a gentleman who had sat next her said to the Master, after the ladies had left the dining-room, “It is an extraordinary thing, but I have quite fallen in love with my neighbour.” “Not at all extraordinary,” retorted the Master; “I have been in love with her since she was four years old!” And her mantle fell on her daughter Norna, who twice—when she was six and eight—was asked to Balliol; and one day when she was sitting prattling on the Master’s knee Lady Ilbert said to me, “I think Norna is the one person in Europe absolutely and entirely at her ease with the Master!”

His own shyness made him resent any one feeling shy with him, and, like most clever men, he preferred fluent nonsense of a kind to awestruck silence; and any one who could tell him a new good story was hailed with delight.

“I hope you are never dull,—that seems to me one of the greatest faults,” he once wrote to a friend. Dulness and shyness were the almost unforgivable sins to this tolerant philosopher! Success in life, too, he prized highly—some thought too highly; but one felt it was not so much for the end attained, but because so much energy and

ability had gone to the attainment, that he valued it. "I have, as you know, a general prejudice against all persons who do not succeed in the world!" His friend Browning saw the other side when he said—

"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a Heaven for?"

It is well, perhaps, there should be apostles of both views, the one to stir up to exertion, the other to keep from despondency hearts who have not found in love or effort their "earthly close," but who may find in another world "higher, nobler work to do."

From Oxford we returned to St Michael's Mount, Liverpool, and went to Scotland by sea,—a most unpleasant experience, for there was a regular summer storm, and I remember how not even the sight of the white face of my beautiful little boy could prevent my wishing each toss and roll would be the last! So much for being one of those

"base luxurious slaves,
Whose souls would sicken o'er the heaving waves."

We stopped with my father at Lagarie for a week or two, and then went on to Ardtornish, where a happy summer was spent—many friends coming to visit us there. Though the house was small, it was wonderfully elastic; and as the old boatman, Robert M'Lachlan, said, when a party

of people quite unexpectedly arrived, "Ardtornish was never beat yet!"

A constant visitor at Mr Smith's, Achranich, was Mr Herbert Spencer. At that time, as he said himself, "he was not 'caviare to the general,' but cod-liver oil! for he was quite sure that ninety-nine people out of a hundred would, if asked, prefer taking the cod-liver oil to reading a chapter of any of his books!" He was full of fads and theories about his health; was afraid to get into an argument lest it disturbed his "somniferous faculties"; and once when Mr Jowett was staying with us and we were going to spend the afternoon at Achranich, Mr Smith's place, so great was his fear of an encounter of wits that he lay down with india-rubber balls on his ears,—an invention of his own, which proved so successful that he fell asleep, and when he awoke, like a giant refreshed, Mr Jowett had come and gone! He was devoted to fishing; but here, too, he must carry out his theories: and because he considered fish were very scantily developed in brain power, he made his own flies, which no doubt were but little calculated to excite the imagination, but I never heard they were more successful in capturing the dull fish than the "fancy flies" of the ordinary unphilosophic fisherman!

Mr Spencer was of quite a different type of intel-

lect from the men one had been thrown amongst, who held that "Natural science has had a great effect on the world, but the ideas of men have had much more." But this did not prevent one from admiring his high, though somewhat barren, moral nature. No worldly motive ever determined his action: he was as retiring and impecunious as a mediæval monk: he lived wholly for what he believed to be true, and set a bright example of a career devoted to universal ends, unblemished by any thirst for popular applause. And he has lived to see his reward in universal recognition at home and abroad, both of sympathy and antagonism. On the Continent and in America Mr Spencer is especially well known; and it was interesting to learn that among the books found on nearly all the Russian political offenders sent to Siberia, Mr Spencer's works formed an important part.

No two minds of the century could possibly differ more than his and Louis Stevenson's, who thus writes of him: "No more persuasive Rabbi exists, and few better. How much of his vast structure will bear the touch of Time, how much is clay and how much brass, it were too curious to inquire. But his words, if dry, are always manly and honest: there dwells in his pages a spirit of highly abstract joy, plucked naked, like an algebraic symbol, but still joyful, and the

reader will find there a *caput mortuum* of piety, with little indeed of its loveliness, but with most of its essentials: and these two qualities make him a wholesome, as his intellectual vigour makes him a bracing, writer. I should be much of a hound if I lost my gratitude to Herbert Spencer."

In those happy Ardtornish days we became great friends, though certainly more from contrast than affinity, and he was never tired of correcting what he called the absurd exaggeration of my language. An example of this amused me when, on the occasion of Alexander Craig Sellar and Gertrude Smith's marriage in 1870, he sat next me and recalled the many years we had met in the Highlands. "Yes, Mr Spencer," I said, "we have lived and loved together through many a changing year!"

"We have *lived*," he corrected, with decision.

"Ah," I said, "you can't answer for my feelings!" upon which he grimly smiled.

I was amused to hear many years after, from "George Eliot," that he had told her I had the most "rapid cerebration" of any one he had known,—which "brave words" only meant, I fancy, what an old Scotch tutor said, when asked how my brother Alexander and I were doing in Latin—"Oh, Mr Alexander learns his lessons far better, but Miss is so awfully quick at the uptak'!"

CHAPTER VI.

“There are kind hearts still for friends to fill,
 And fools to take and break them ;
 But the nearest friends are the auldest friends,
 And the grave's the place to seek them.”
 —R. L. STEVENSON.

“Your e'e wis gleg, your fingers dink,
 Ye didna fash yourself to think,
 But wove as fast as puss can link
 Your denty wab.
 Ye stapped your pen into the ink,
 An' there was 'Rab.' ”
 —R. L. STEVENSON.

1854.

WE returned to St Andrews in October and took up our usual life there, and on the 6th of December our second child and first daughter was born, and was christened by Mr Skinner Eleanor Charlotte. The old lady came over at this time and paid us a long visit, her dear sons, John and Alexander, often joining her. Alexander had just gone to Balliol, where his progress was watched with the keenest interest by my husband ; and when, four years later, he took a first-class degree, he felt far more pride and delight than when he himself had taken the same degree. Indeed, from first to last, the career

of this brother, nearly ten years younger than himself,—a distance in time that gave an added charm to their friendship,—was a source of the deepest interest to him. Later on, when a distinguished and strenuous Parliamentary career opened out for the younger brother, the elder followed it with an ambition he never felt about his own success. When that career was prematurely cut short much of the savour went out, both of politics and of life, for my husband. Politics were at all times the staple of conversation among the seven Sellar brothers. After months of separation they would greet each other with, “Well, Pro., how about the Government?” “Well, Alexander, what do you say about the bill?” Starting from the same Liberal opinions, the brothers remained substantially in agreement, and the discussions owed none of their keenness to controversy. Once, indeed, when both were men over fifty, relations were strained for half an hour between my husband and Tom, his eldest brother,—a man we none of us ever lost the habit of looking up to. Both were the guests of their brother John on his yacht the *Fenella* in the harbour of St Héliers in Jersey. Even before the Home Rule Bill my husband’s attitude towards Mr Gladstone was very critical, while Tom regarded him with the enthusiasm with which he inspired so many Liberals at that time.

Lying on the sofa in the cabin, my husband indulged in a humorous and irresponsible diatribe against the Prime Minister, and was so much amused with his own eloquence that he did not notice that his elder brother's answers were growing short and grim. Even when he got up and left the cabin abruptly, my husband absorbed himself contentedly in Marryat's 'Snarlyyow, the Dog Fiend,' quite unwitting of the feelings he had roused, till his brother John came down the companion, with real concern on his kind handsome face, and said, "Pro., would you mind apologising to the old Prior?"—a name they had given to their eldest brother. "I'm afraid you've really hurt him about Mr Gladstone." Two minutes later the brothers were laughing over the occurrence like schoolboys.

Strange that these two brothers, William and Alexander, alike in tastes and in many ways, though different in others, should both have been taken in one year; for Alexander died at Parham in January 1890, and my husband followed in October. One of the last things he said was, "No one knows how I have missed Alexander, and I have not been long in following him." But at the time I write of there was

"No sorrow in our song,
No winter in our year."

All were young and strong and happy—not wealthy,



Wm. A. Sillar.

WILLIAM A. SILLAR.

but rich "in that content surpassing wealth" which the sage found in meditation, and which we found in "books and work and healthful play," and in stimulating and charming society. My father came to see us that winter,—a very rare occurrence, for he hated leaving home; but he was very happy, and I loved his visits. Old Mr Tennant of St Rollox also came to visit us that winter, and on his return reported to my father, "I found them uncommon comfortable, Aleck!" expecting, I fancy, to find us living on the "handful of oatmeal" supposed to be sufficient nourishment for academic men.

Certainly millionaires did not abound in St Andrews; but for native gaiety, exuberant fun, and freedom and friendship, mingled with the best talk on all subjects, I think it could well hold its own, and it had far more of a university atmosphere and aspect than any other town in Scotland. Historical associations, and the beautiful old ruins, the charm of situation, the sweep and breadth of sky, and the sunsets that flamed over the long level of the Links, made a fair setting for the modern spirit that even then was beginning to invade the place, but not with the rapidity of the last two decades. Life was not then so hurried, and I think people had far more animal spirits than they have now.

“Laughter, holding both his sides,” was a reality, not a figure of speech. People liked being amused, and were not ashamed of showing their interest, instead of the bored superciliousness I have so often seen in later years when any one was kind enough, or, as it seemed, foolish enough, to try to amuse the company! I remember once at West Park that winter, Sheriff Gordon and a friend of his, Mr Peter Fraser, going through a whole opera in the Italian style, improvising in the wittiest manner, and weaving into the story all that was going on at the time, and then ending with a ballet! and as the Sheriff was a man of 6 ft. 3 in., the effect was very funny. Another day the Sheriff and Mr Lancaster acted as waiters at Abbey Park, fulfilling the *rôle* admirably, but, soon wearying of well-doing, they subsided into vacant chairs, to the astonishment of the other guests, each announcing the other as political characters of the day; and anything funnier than their conversation throughout dinner-time I never heard. This was Mr Lancaster’s first visit to St Andrews; but I had known him before I was married, and he at once became a great friend of my husband’s. And none mourned him more deeply when, in 1875, he was suddenly and prematurely taken away,—taken when he had made himself felt as a political and legal power,

and when his friends had hoped to have seen him eventually made Lord Advocate. The expression that rises to one's mind in thinking of him is "inexhaustible vitality." Eye, voice, all spoke of the brilliant wit and humour that possessed him. He required no audience, and was as amusing among the dullest as among the brightest: and how rare is this quality! No company could be dull where he was, and his abundance of life seemed infectious.

Two or three years later I remember an evening—we were all staying with my father at Lagarie—when my Uncle John at Armadale had a dinner-party, and Mr Lancaster and I went as Professor and Mrs Crombie from Aberdeen. We were a strange and somewhat *outré*-looking couple, for Mr Lancaster wore an old waistcoat my uncle had worn about fifty years before, white satin embroidered with forget-me-nots and very short-waisted, and my own attire was equally *rococo*.

There were some rather stiff people at dinner who could not understand why Mr Dennistoun should pay such marked attention to *such* people! and this only fired Mr Lancaster to make himself more conspicuous. In a pause of conversation he drew all eyes upon him by putting on his

spectacles, fixing his eyes on my husband, and exclaiming in a loud voice, as if uttering a prophecy, "What a remarkable man Dr Johnson was, Professor Sellar," and then the oracle became mute. I, meanwhile, was driving the poor man who took me down nearly desperate by talking of nothing but geology. In vain did he protest he knew nothing of the subject, but that did not in the least deter me who, save for a few geological terms, was equally ignorant; and I stuck like a limpet to my "scratched rocks," till a happy diversion was made by Mr Lancaster calling down to me from the top of the table, "Camilla, my love, I have just been telling Miss Dennistoun that my waistcoat, which she has been admiring, was embroidered by you!" And all eyes being turned to the garment in question, my uncle exclaimed, "And such a remarkably good fit too!" This was too much for me, and the *dénoûment* came.

Mr Lancaster was a most brilliant talker, and far into the night my husband and he used to sit up discussing all questions, generally beginning and always ending with "the war."

And indeed the war that year was a very serious and engrossing topic, when the life-blood of the flower of England was so freely shed, and terrible sufferings and privations were so nobly

borne on the bleak frozen shores of the Crimea.
It is not for me to

“ discuss the Northern sin
Which made a selfish war begin.”

Indeed my position then, and it remains much
the same now, was that of little Wilhelmine,—

“ And what they killed each other for
I could not well make out ! ”

The siege of Sevastopol was severe and arduous, but after terrible loss of life to the besiegers it ended in victory. I remember hearing that when Dr Kane, the Arctic explorer,—whose brother was married to a cousin of mine in America, Bessie Wood,—landed in America after eighteen months' absence, and asked what news there was, he was told Sevastopol had fallen, upon which he exclaimed, “ Who and what is Sevastopol ? ” The whole war had begun and ended in the absence of this Arctic Rip van Winkle !

To Mr Lancaster we owed one of the greatest happinesses of our lives, for it was he who this winter introduced to us Dr John Brown. We were passing through Edinburgh, when he brought him to see us at the hotel where we were staying, and they both returned to dinner. This was the beginning of a friendship which grew ever warmer and closer. Next day Dr Brown sent me the MS.

of "Rab," and said I might take it with me to Selkirk, where we were going; and I know I got little sleep that night after reading it, so haunted was I by its beauty and simplicity. It is one of those stories that make one love the author, and it would be curious to know how many thousands of friends it made for him in every part of the world. He wrote much that was charming afterwards, and what he wrote, though unequal, had always a unique flavour, but he never wrote anything so perfect as 'Rab'; and as "Rab" he was known to many a loving friend. Whatever he wrote, whatever he said, one might add whatever he looked, had the same exquisite personal quality,—what he himself used to call "the juice of the whole man." It was this essential excellence that he sought, with a fine fastidiousness, in music, in literature, in art: this that he found, with an even surer touch, in the men, women, children, and dogs whom he met and loved and understood in his daily life. No one I have known had such delight in such a variety of human qualities as he, provided only that they were genuine. The rugged humour of a carter, the grace of a delicate high-bred woman, the wit of a man of the world, the innocence of a child,—all were "dear to this man who was dear to God." For nothing in my life am I more thankful than for the years in which

he came in and out of our house after we settled in Edinburgh, with the doctor's privilege of knowing and comforting all our sorrows and anxieties, and his special gift of sharing all joys and interests.

To me, who was always profoundly *uninterested* in "symptoms," his respect for the healing power of Nature made him particularly sympathetic as a doctor. More than once, when I was prostrate in the dark with headache, I have sent the message, "Mrs Sellar's love, and she is too ill to see a doctor." I am glad to think that I wasted little of his visits on professional talk: we were far more interested in discussing some new book or poem, some new aspect of thought, some fresh experience.

Of his humour what shall I say? It interpenetrated all his speech, and played — a soft lambent light — over his saddest thought. At times, too, like Charles Lamb's, it had an elfin freakishness.

When my grandchildren read and love his 'Minchmoor,' it will be a proud surprise to them to recognise the "young voices from the haugh" at Harehead, especially the "pauvre petite, the animosa infans, the wilful, rich-eyed, delicious Eppie." When she was grown up this daughter, Eppie, had an album in which she wrote appropriate mottoes under the various portraits: under

his she wrote these lines from one of the elegies on Sir Philip Sidney :—

“ A sweet attractive kind of grace ;
The full assurance given by looks ;
Perpetual comfort in a face :
The lineaments of Gospel books.”

What “ perpetual comfort ” I found in him as the years went on, bringing with them the inevitable cares and troubles, joys and sorrows, is known only to my own heart. Only one dreaded to draw too deeply on his sympathy, so real was the shadow cast on his sensitive spirit by the sorrows of others. Nor was it only his friend's sorrows that he shared : firmly and tenderly he could face their failures, their defeats, even their sin. To be worthy of Dr Brown's friendship was an incentive, to more than he knew, to make the best of themselves.

Years after, in a delightful article Andrew Lang wrote on “ Rab's Friend,” he expresses the same feeling. “ What Dr Brown might have done, had he given himself to literature only, it is impossible to guess. But he caused so much happiness and did so much good in that gentler profession of healing which he chose, and which brought him near to many who needed consolation more than physic, that we need not regret his deliberate choice.”

Like Cowper and many other gifted beings, Dr Brown was subject to seasons of gloom and sadness, when his pure beautiful soul was clouded over, and he could not even see the light of God, whom he loved and served so well ; but when the clouds passed his mind was as clear as ever, only it seemed as if his spirit had gained a deeper depth, as of one who had trod the wine-press alone, had gauged the extreme of suffering, and therefore was strong to comfort the brethren. As I write of this dear friend, and of all the others who added so much to the happiness of our life, I am oppressed with the sadness of the feeling that I only am left feebly to record what they were to us ; and the lines that Sir Walter Scott quotes in a letter to Lady Louisa Stuart seem exactly to suit one's own case :—

“ For many a lad I loved is dead,
And many a lass grown old ;
And when I think on those are fled,
My very heart grows cold.”

In a letter to Mr Erskine of Linlathen, Carlyle, old and lonely, gives eloquent utterance to these feelings :—

“ It is the saddest fortune of old age that the old have to see themselves daily grown more lonely—reduced to commune with the inarticulate eternities, and the loved ones, now irresponsive,

who have preceded them thither. Well, well, there is blessedness in this too, if we take it well,—nor is hope quite wanting, nor the clear conviction that those whom we would most screen from pain and misery are now at rest. Shakespeare says pathetically—

‘Fear no more the heat of the sun,
Nor the furious winter rages;
Thou thine earthly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta’en thy wages.’

These tones go tinkling through us sometimes like the pious chime of far-off church bells.”

Of course it was after we came to Edinburgh in 1863 that we saw so much of Dr Brown, but it was this first visit which made an impression which time deepened but never altered.

Again, with an “iteration” that was delightful, not “damnable,” we spent a happy summer at Ardtornish, its hospitality and elasticity alike inexhaustible. I think it was in this summer that my father and my sister Elizabeth, and my Uncle John and his daughter, came up with the yacht *Talisman* and induced us to go with them to Skye: but yachting was not altogether to my taste, and we returned home from Portree in the more prosaic but more certain steamboat,—not before, however, the glamour of those Western Isles had possessed one, for in fine weather they are indeed

the Islands of the Blessed. Years after, rowing along the coast to Amalfi, we were strongly reminded of this time, so curiously alike were scenery and atmosphere. Mr Ferrier, his two girls, and his son John paid us a delightful visit in August. We had expected them in the evening, but no steamer arrived, and in the early dawn of the following morning, hearing a crunching on the gravel, I jumped up and looked out, and there was the whole party slowly approaching the sleeping household! But such arrivals were common events. To leave the place in the short days of autumn with young children in an open boat—for in those days that was the only way we could board the steamer—was sometimes no small difficulty. That very season the steamer was due about 2 o'clock, and a scout was sent to the hill about 12, whence he could see her approach, and so give us warning before her arrival. But on this occasion she did not come up till 12 at night! when, with our lanterns dimly burning, we, our babies, and our luggage had to row out on the Sound and wait her coming up, and were hoisted up the towering black sides. In the cabin I remember we found all the Blackburns from Roshven; and so much in the world did we seem, compared with them, that Mrs Blackburn declared she could smell Glasgow smoke at Ardtornish!

At that time, and for some years after, the post only came three times a-week; and though that made the day of the arrival of letters one of excitement, and necessitated considerable activity in answering them before evening, there was a "sweet security" from interruption on the off days, and it is wonderful how soon one adapts oneself to existing circumstances, though, perhaps, not wholly endorsing the axiom that "Whatever is, is best." At the present time Loch Aline boasts a daily post, a telegraph office, and a steamer passing up the Sound every day. But all these changes remind one how quickly time is passing, and I must make haste, while it is called to-day, with my reminiscences.

CHAPTER VII.

"Far may we search before we find
A heart so manly and so kind."

—SCOTT.

"I see thee what thou art, and know
Thy likeness to the wise below,
Thy kindred with the great of old."

—TENNYSON.

1855-1857.

PRINCIPAL TULLOCH came to St Andrews in 1855. I believe it had been intended to make him the Professor of Biblical Criticism, and Professor Brown Principal, but by a most happy chance the positions were reversed, and as Principal of St Mary's he soon became known far and wide, adding to the happiness of colleagues and friends in the old city, and bringing innumerable strangers to his beautiful and hospitable house at St Mary's,—the only collegiate residence in the place,—which for thirty years was to be his home and the centre of intellectual life to his friends and neighbours. Young and handsome, he made quite a sensation on his arrival, crowned as he was that year by the great prize of the Scottish Church, the

Burnett Prize, which carried with it the substantial sum of £600. Genial and humorous, he was a delightful companion, copious in talk, but never monopolising it, and with the heartiest, most infectious laugh I have almost ever heard. He at once became a leading member of the happy, friendly society of the place, and soon seemed to dominate it, as the tall cross under which he now lies in the beautiful Cathedral cemetery, looking out to sea, dominates the surrounding graves. The change from a quiet country manse to a university town must have been agreeable to a man so eminently fitted for intellectual society, and the gain to ourselves was great. At that time he was full of life, and though no man was farther from wearing his heart on his sleeve, in his conversation he raised one's mind above the dull routine of ordinary social intercourse, and put a living interest into questions of the day. Talking to him, you got beyond platitudes and party cries; and you could not but admire the great catholic sympathy he showed in goodness wherever found, from Newman and Keble to the unknown fervid Highland preacher.

By nature one of the happiest and most humorous of men, he was occasionally overshadowed by a mysterious cloud that darkened the horizon of his life, and made him profoundly miserable while it lasted, even though sustained by a most real faith in the

divine goodness, and by the unwearied sympathy of one of the sweetest of women—a wife who has been done justice to in Mrs Oliphant's *Life of the Principal*,—for only those who knew her intimately were aware of the strength as well as the sweetness of her character. It can easily be believed how the advent of such a couple should have added to the gaiety of the little nation of St Andrews. Our social meetings were so simple that they were frequent, and “the feast of reason” was possibly more admirable than the material feast! The “professed cook,” named Bell Toddy, who became necessary when a “state party” was to be given, was a veritable Mrs Meg Dods in her way, though entirely ignorant of French kickshaws, as she called them, and was quite a character, so that interviewing her preparatory to a dinner-party was a great amusement. Mrs Ferrier once declared that my husband, being in a *blasé* mood one day, said, “The only people I care for here are Bell Tulloch and Principal Toddy!” I think the mixing of names was her own device! I remember Bell telling me once, what I thought was so characteristic of her class in Scotland, that she had a small boy who, in consequence of an accident, was obliged to have his leg cut off. This was done in another room, she remaining in the kitchen in an agony of suspense,

when a neighbour rushed in with the leg in her hand, exclaiming, "It's a' weel ower," and was surprised that this well-meant consolation caused the poor mother to faint.

Long years after I was struck by the same directness in facing facts and contempt of masking them in sentiment, in a story which a dear old Galloway woman, Ann Johnston, the aunt of our gardener there, told me. She herself was full of sentiment, and said that when a lassie she used to walk behind her mother on the moor and put her small feet into the mother's footprints, "I liked her that weel!" When Ann Johnston was old she was bent quite double; and she told me how a boy came into her cottage, looked at her steadfastly for some minutes, and then said with a perplexed look, "Eh! but the joiner will hae a job to make y'r coffin, it'll be such a queer shape." But this is a digression.

Mrs Oliphant, already well known as an authoress, though I fancy she had not then written a quarter of the voluminous works she was to give to the world, was a great friend of the Tullochs, and she and her friend, Mrs Macpherson from Rome, a niece of Mrs Jameson, the writer on Mediæval art, spent some weeks of this winter at St Andrews, and added much to our enjoyment. Mrs Oliphant was bright and vivacious, absolutely unaffected and simple, but

with no very striking personality, at least to the casual observer. She was rather a plain woman, with very bright intelligent eyes, but her front teeth were prominent and spoilt her appearance a good deal. Later in life this defect was remedied, and she looked quite different. When I think how lively and happy she then was, I am pained to read in her autobiography of all the sadness and sorrow she was to suffer, as one after another of her children was taken and she was left quite alone. She was in Edinburgh for a day the year she died, and on my writing to her to say how sorry I was not to have seen her, I had a touching little note from her which I copy here :—

“ WINDSOR, 15th February.

“ DEAR MRS SELLAR,—I received your kind note only on arriving here, where it had followed me. I am sorry, therefore, that I had not the chance of seeing you, which I should have been so glad to do. I know that you too have known evil days since the old hopeful happy time when we used to meet, and those who have lost so much should understand each other. I am but a poor wreck left on the shore, everything gone from me, and always hoping that each morn I wake may be the last. But if you are ever in London and would come down here, I should be glad to see you.—Very truly yours,

“ M. O. W. OLIPHANT.”

In the winter of 1863 Mrs Oliphant and Principal Tulloch and his wife spent some months in Rome, he having to seek a holiday and rest from overwork. Mrs Oliphant lost her only little girl there, a child of great promise, and this overwhelming sorrow bound the two families together in such close ties that when the Principal died in 1886, she was at once felt to be the proper person for writing his biography. The Principal died at Torquay, where he had gone in the hope of recovering from a long and painful illness; but it was not to be, and the end came quickly, but not before his faithful wife, who had been too ill herself to accompany him, had, at the risk of her own life, joined him. Weak and shattered after his death, she went to her daughter, Mrs Tarver, at Eton. The Queen, who for years had been intimate with the Principal, and had a great admiration for him, sent to say she would like to call on Mrs Tulloch. She was lying on her sofa when the Queen arrived, and she struggled to get up, but the Queen, bending down, kissed her and said, "Lie still, lie still: I do not come to you as the Queen, but as one sorrowing woman to another." Mrs Tulloch survived her husband a year.

"He first deceased; she for a little tried
To live without him, liked it not—and died."

Two families, not living in St Andrews but only a few miles from it, came much into our lives in these years,—Mr and Mrs Purves of Kinaldy, and Mr and Mrs Cheape of Lathockar and Strathtyrum. The Purveses were a happy, well-conditioned couple, full of originality and vigour. Of all the people we knew then, I should have predicted the longest, healthiest life to Mrs Purves; but many years later, after we left St Andrews, when recovering from influenza, she fell from some steps in the greenhouse, and this accident paralysed some of the nerves and affected her speech, though it left her vigorous mind untouched. Henceforth, however, she led quite an invalid's life, and died in 1904. Mr Purves I have constantly met since we left St Andrews; and now, when he is well over eighty, I am more than ever struck by his vigorous memory and the extent and accuracy of the miscellaneous knowledge he possesses. Nowhere have I met more loyalty or undiminished interest in all our affairs than in this kind friend of fifty years' standing, with whom Time has dealt so gently that, except for deafness,—a defect he shares with many excellent people!—I see little or no change in him. I hear he too is writing his reminiscences, which are sure to be interesting, and more instructive than some I wot of!

Mrs Cheape was a most charming-looking woman, with a complexion of milk and roses, nearly white hair, and a bewitching smile. This smile did not bewray her, as no one could know her without loving her, and I had reason to be very grateful to her; for one summer when we left Frank at school at St Andrews, she had him constantly out to spend Saturday and Sunday at Lathockar with her son Jim, who was the same age, and no words can say how kind she was to him. I always loved her, but when I saw her last, in 1902, I was filled with admiration at the beautiful picture of old age she presented,—powers of mind and memory undiminished, affections unchilled, and though suffering from that saddest of all deprivations, blindness, her cheerful interest in everything was as keen as ever, and no shadow was cast on the dear face that still retained so much of its early beauty.

In 1857 we had a visit from Mr and Mrs Lushington at Abbey Park. She was Cecilia Tennyson, the sister of whom Tennyson writes in the beautiful *Epithalamium* at the end of the “*In Memoriam*,” bending on him “her blissful eyes.” She inherited to the full the peculiarities and eccentricities of her family, every member of which had the temperament of Genius, which only blossomed into the perfect flower of fulfil-

ment in Alfred, though her two other brothers, Frederick and Charles Turner, were not inconsiderable poets: upon them Nature had tried her 'prentice hand, and then she made Alfred! But all, men and women alike, had the same simplicity and unworldliness. I remember Mr Palgrave telling of Septimus Tennyson calling on him in London. He had never seen him before, and was puzzled as to who he could be, struck by his strange resemblance to his great friend the poet, when his visitor put an end to his doubts by exclaiming in a sepulchral voice, "I am Septimus, the most morbid of all the Tennysons"! Mrs Lushington had something of this morbidness, which showed itself principally in undue anxiety about her health,—good enough, if she would only have let it alone. Once, years after, to get off the wearisome subject of health, or rather want of it, I said, "What a pretty bonnet you've got,—most becoming!" She replied, "It's last year's bonnet. Poor old Bella, the cook, is past work, and I have to support her and spend less on myself. We must bear each other's burdens. You are a very unselfish woman." I tried to blush at my real character having been at last discovered, when she added, "I often see you in very old clothes"!

She was dark, tall, and striking-looking, of

the Meg Merrilies type, and this was particularly accentuated when she stood at the open door, where she fancied she got more air, as indeed she did, and chanted to mystic numbers of her own composing some of her brother's poems, and a very striking lyric written by Mr Lushington's brother, Henry, on an incident in the Crimean War, with the refrain, "Down fell the snow." This was really very touching and fine, and never failed to draw tears from the eyes of her dear husband. I am afraid, too, it was sometimes the cause of irreverent, if concealed, laughter to some of the audience, who could not get over the weird appearance of an ancient sybil singing in the doorway of a modern drawing-room! In spite of all her eccentricity there was something attractive in the absolute genuineness and simplicity of her character, her sense of humour, and the originality of her expressions. She gave me, at this time, a piece of grey Japanese silk she had bought from a travelling pedlar, saying it was "like moonlight on a frozen lake." I am afraid it conveyed no such poetical associations to any one when it was on my back, but rather suggested a dowdy quakerish garment, eminently unbecoming to what a candid friend called my "black, yellow, and orange complexion"!

I think it was during this year that we had

a visit from Archie Lawrie, now Sir Archibald Lawrie. He was a frequent visitor at both my father's and my uncle's houses, and his wit and humour endeared him to both the older men. After some years at the Scottish Bar he went out to Ceylon, where he rose to the position of Senior Puisne Judge. He has now retired, and lives at his own place, The Moss, in Stirlingshire. In Ceylon he achieved a wonderful popularity, not only among Europeans, but also with the natives, with whom he was in perfect sympathy. His bungalow was ever open, and a scene of constant hospitality. Any kindness he may have received from my people in the past he has more than repaid by his goodness to my sons, Billy and Edmund,—the latter of whom spent eight years in Ceylon, and found in the judge's bungalow a second home.

Very soon after the Lushingtons' visit Florence was born, on the 16th of April, at Gillespie Terrace,—a small house close to the sea which we had taken, as Abbey Park had been let for the summer. This little family event kept us in St Andrews till June, and as Mr Dobson and his daughter Kate were to visit us at Ardtornish in the end of that month, we delayed the baby's christening till we got there, that this old friend might perform the ceremony. Here we followed Mr Jowett's advice, for in a letter I got from him in May 1857, in answer to

one asking him to be godfather to the child, he replied: "I will gladly be godfather to your little girl (I did not know there were such superstitions in Scotland), but I fear I shall not be with you till the middle of September, and as the whole Christian world, including St Augustine, once believed, '*Durus tormentor infantum*,' what no mother believes about unbaptised children (for my ideas on these subjects I would refer you to Hamlet at Ophelia's grave), I seriously think you had better get some one else to baptise the 'wee thing.' I had an epistle from 'Tornie,'¹ who really is a famous child." I remember how taken up Grannie was in having the little drawing-room decorated with white flowers; and as the baby was a pretty and very fair one, and the "officiating priest" was very dark and handsome, the picture was rather a pleasant one. The child was called Florence Anne, after Miss de Quincey and her own grandmother, the dear old lady being quite willing that her name should only have a secondary place, though she herself had most religiously carried out the Scotch custom which enforced a strictly laid down rule of family names, leaving no room for fancy or friendships. Her son, Tom, and his wife Léonide, and

¹ "Tornie," our eldest boy Frank, a contraction of "The Ardtornish Pet."

their three little girls, Helen, Annie, and Isabel, spent most of the summer at Ardtornish; and very happy we all were together. Léonide was then only twenty-two, having married at seventeen. She had been married in New Orleans, which was their home, and where Tom had been settled for some years. Indeed, she was going back to school when Tom proposed to her, and I believe her first exclamation was, "Then I shall lose all chance of getting the prizes I felt quite sure of winning!" Her mother, too, a French lady, was quite taken by surprise, for when her eldest daughter, Mrs Byrne, went to tell her that Tom Sellar had proposed for one of her daughters she said, "Ah oui, Amélie." "No, not Amélie." "Mon Dieu! ce n'est pas Léonide?" But Léonide it was; and, in spite of her feeling at first as if she had been kidnapped (for it was their full intention to return to New Orleans in a couple of months, but, owing to new business arrangements, it was decided they should remain in Liverpool), she adapted herself to circumstances, and was the best of wives. She was very striking-looking, tall and handsome, with jet black hair and blue eyes, inherited probably from her Irish ancestry. She was full of life and spirits, and was an immense favourite wherever she went. The year after this they all set out to spend the summer in New Orleans, and this satisfied her

that England, after all, was the better place to make a home in.

This summer Mrs Sellar had a visit from her daughter, Mrs Lang, accompanied by her three handsome boys and their old and very Scotch nurse Nancy. Mrs Lang had spent the winter before at Clifton, where Nancy was always taken for a foreigner; and one of the tradesmen requested Mrs Lang to send her orders in writing, as he could not understand a word her German maid said! Nancy was a good faithful soul, whose whole interest was in her master's family, and she lived and died in their service. I remember one day the third little Lang boy, John, was sitting silently gazing at the waterfalls on the cliff, when suddenly he said, in the broadest vernacular, learnt from Nancy, "Do ye ken what I would do with thae waterfalls if they were mine?" "No," I said, wondering what utilitarian idea had entered the boy's head. "I'd let them bide," was the oracular response.

One day at this time we all drove over to Loch Ari-innes, near Acharn, joined by some of the younger members of the Smith family from Achranich. We fished on the loch, and lunched beside the burn. We put a bottle on the bough of a tree near the loch and fired at it with a small rifle,—a new possession of William Smith's. Some one broke the bottle, and Andrew Lang was

going to hang up a white handkerchief for a target when a bullet sang past his right ear and hit the water on a line from him. Somebody had been teaching a lady how to shoot: as usual in any disaster — *cherchez la femme!* In any case there was no more shooting that day, much to Andrew's disgust, as he had not had a shot! What a tragedy it would have been, and what a loss to the world of letters, had the bullet struck him! It would have lost one of the most brilliant and versatile writers of the day — from 'Songs and Ballades of Old France' to histories, biographies, poems, essays, and Gifford Lectures! And here I must quote some lines, sent to me recently by a friend, which were said at the time to be written by a Frenchman in reference to Mr Lang's Gifford Lectures on Natural Theology:—

“ De l'esprit sur les lois
 Des Superstitions,
 Les Comments et les Pourquoi
 De la tradition,
 La bonne, la mauvaise foi
 Des nos soumissions,
 Tel est ton thème à toi
 Et ses conditions.
 Oh, charmant persifleur
 Qui abordes et qui effleures
 De gaité de cœur
 Les abîmes.”

Since writing these lines I have heard a doubt

expressed as to whether they are not really written by Mr Walter Pollock. I leave my readers to solve the problem.

This year, 1857, was full of the deepest interest and anxiety, for it was the year of the great Indian Mutiny, which seemed to shake the foundations of the empire, and all our confidence in the races who, till then, seemed thoroughly subject to us. Yet, even at the worst, how loyal and faithful were many of them! and this in the face of nationality and the inexorable laws of caste,—a tyranny fortunately unknown to ourselves. The first news of rebellion and disaster filled this country with a burning desire for revenge, but this was succeeded, as usual among English-speaking nations, by the nobler determination that the rebellion must be put down at all costs save honour; and with dogged resolution, and in many cases most heroic sacrifice of life, the campaign was fought to the bitter end. And surely in no war were there ever produced more able, heroic, God-fearing men than those who then guided and saved the empire of India. It was as if Cromwell's Ironsides had come to life with "sweeter manners, purer laws," but with equal determination to do the duty that lay before them. I hope all my grandchildren will read the history of the Mutiny, for nowhere will they learn of more heroic deeds of valour or of more

chivalrous and noble men. I little thought then that long years after our daughter Eleanor would become the intimate and trusted friend of Sir Neville Chamberlain, whose character and actions were like those of some ancient paladin.

Mr Jowett was again with us this autumn, and it was then that I dressed up as a beggar and completely took him in; but the story of this is told in the first volume of the *Master's Life*.

Grannie had a visit also this summer from her son Patrick and his wife Agnes and their two children, Pat and Helen. Pat was a beautiful little boy, with curly golden hair, the very pride of his mother's heart; and Helen was also very pretty, with hair like ripe maize. I often used to tell Agnes she did not know what original sin was in her children,—certainly she had not the close acquaintance I had!—so good and law-abiding were they; full of spirit too, little Pat fearlessly riding old Greybeard, the pony to whom they afterwards gave a happy home at Morvich—for in the old home in Sutherland, where they were all born, Patrick and Agnes now lived, and there all their children were born. Their second daughter, Annie, clever and highly educated, distinguished herself at Oxford, at Lady Margaret's, where she eventually became Vice-Principal, and had the most extraordinary influence for good over all her pupils.

She only left Oxford in consequence of the sadly premature death, in 1901, of her youngest sister Eva, who lived with her mother in St Andrews, winning hearts by her sweet unselfish nature, active too in good works, but absolutely free from the "fussiness" of some of the votaries of philanthropy.

CHAPTER VIII.

“O, broken minster, looking forth
 Beyond the bay, above the town ;
 O, winter of the kindly North ;
 O, college of the scarlet gown,
 And shining sands beside the sea,
 And stretch of links beyond the sand,
 Once more I watch you, and to me
 It is as if I touched his hand !”

—ANDREW LANG.

1859.

ON the 9th of February of this year a little girl was born at Abbey Park, Constance Helen. My husband was at college at the time, and on his return was informed of the interesting fact by an old woman called Stick Bell—her profession being to sell firewood—who met him in the avenue, and ever after made this a pretext for mulcting him of money. “Ye mind I was the one that told you of your wee lassie ;” and she never appealed in vain. He was delighted with his little girl, whose sleek black head he said was so like a seal’s that he used to call her “*Phoca*” ; and very devoted friends they always were, her lively temperament and quick wits

being a source of continual amusement to him. She was called Constance after my dear cousin, and Helen after her aunt—my husband's favourite sister.

It was a cause of great regret to us that we were unable to be present at the wedding of our dear friends, Sir Alexander Grant and Susan Ferrier, which took place at St Andrews on the 2nd of June,—an anniversary always remembered, coming as it did next to our own day, 1st June. This was the commencement of one of the happiest marriages I have ever known.

“Yet tears they shed : they had their part
Of sorrow : for when time was ripe,
The still affection of the heart
Became an outward breathing type,
That into stillness passed again,
And left a want unknown before :
Although the loss had brought us pain,
That loss but made us love the more.”

They sailed for India very soon after their marriage, and Sir Alexander spent some time at Madras as secretary to Sir Robert Trevelyan, after whom he called his first child, whose birth, followed so rapidly by his death, was so similar to the experience of his friend Tennyson, whose touching lines on the subject I have quoted. Later Sir Alexander became Principal of Elphinstone College, Bombay, and he remained there till he was called

home to be Principal in Edinburgh, where his intellectual powers, his knowledge of men, and his dignity and urbanity, made him a striking figure, and one of whom the University might well be proud.

Time fled fast and happily that summer, though all felt rather sadly that it was the last that would be spent at the dear Highland home to which they had all become so attached, and nowhere else could they hope to meet *en masse* as they had done since 1852; but the place had been sold to Mr Octavius Smith, as I think I have mentioned before. We had the usual number of friends staying with us, but I cannot remember any special event except our departure that autumn. We were due in St Andrews on a certain day, and had counted on the steamer taking us to Oban in time, but their courses in those days were very erratic, and we heard that the *Clansman* would be detained in the north by sheep and wool, so we had to hire a fishing smack, and set off in it in the early morning. Till we got near Lismore we went smoothly, and so delightful and beautiful was it that I began to fancy I had become a good sailor, when a sudden rising of the wind very soon contradicted that delusion, and some hours after, wet and weary, sick and sorry, we thankfully put down our feet on the pier at Oban, and inwardly vowed

that we should *never* go to sea again. But a sick woman's, like a maiden's, vows are "lightly made and lightly broke," and many a time and oft have we crossed the Channel since then, in fair and foul weather, but never without a feeling of devout thankfulness when it was well over.

In winter Mrs Sellar came to Edinburgh for a few months, leaving, very unwillingly, John to look after Ardtornish; but she was not very strong, and her sons would not hear of her being so far from doctors, though she invoked their aid less than most people. Mrs Sellar that winter had a flat in Scotland Street,—quite a comfortable one, but rather out of the way, except, as Mrs Deane remarked, very much in the way for *us*, as it was half-way over to Fife! And so we found it, for at that time that "kingdom" was only reached by the steamers crossing to Burntisland, and many a little visit we paid her,—visits which would now be called "week-end" ones, but this elegant phrase had not then been invented. Wherever the old lady settled herself there was to be found peace, happiness, and the most genial hospitality.

I think it was this winter that we saw a good deal of two young men who were afterwards to make a mark in the world in their different ways—Mr Story and Mr Skelton. The former, after many years spent in Rosneath as minister of the parish

his father had held with much distinction, became, and is now, 1904, Principal of the University of Glasgow.¹ He was then, as now, a very striking-looking man, with a reserved, dignified manner which sat less easily on his youthful years than it does now. He came to St Andrews to attend Principal Tulloch's lectures, and this was the commencement of his warm friendship with the Tullochs and Mrs Oliphant, which was only severed by death, and I think a summer seldom passed without their meeting at Mr Story's lovely romantic home at Rosneath. I do not think Mr Skelton at this time had written much, but he was known to be one of the rising literary men of whom much was expected; and this his later years amply fulfilled as novelist, essayist, historian, and critic. He, too, was attracted to St Andrews by Principal Tulloch, but only as a friend, and he soon became intimate with the Ferriers and ourselves; but it was later, when he came to Edinburgh, and when he had married Miss Annie Laurie—and she *was* “bonnie Annie Laurie”—and settled at The Hermitage of Braid—that we saw so much of him. It was a lovely romantic spot in a narrow valley in the Braid Hills, only a mile from Morningside, and yet so far removed from every appearance of neighbourhood that it might have been a lodge in

¹ Principal Story died on January 13, 1907.

a vast wilderness,—“such boundless contiguity of shade,”—too much of the latter, in fact, in the time of the fall of the leaf, but lovely in spring and summer, and a home after the heart of one who loved nature with a passion which he extended to bird and beast. Of these creatures, indeed, his knowledge was so minute and accurate that he could have recounted their ways and habits with more ease—though not more love—than the very perplexed ways of Mary Queen of Scots, and her most difficult, not to say ruffianly, surroundings.

A walk out to The Hermitage on Sundays was, I used to declare to my husband, his invariable idea of entertaining any friends we might have with us; and they always returned agreeing with him that they could have done nothing more pleasant. Mr Skelton's books are so well known that it would be a work of supererogation in me to name them, but perhaps some of his poems are less well known, and I should like to quote one which has always been a great favourite of mine :—

THE E'EN BRINGS A' HAME.

“Upon the hills the wind is sharp and cold,
The sweet young grasses wither on the wold,
And we, O Lord, have wandered from Thy fold,
But evening brings us home.

The darkness gathers. Through the gloom no star
Rises to guide us. We have wandered far :
Without Thy lamp we know not where we are :
At evening bring us home.

The sharp thorns prick us, and our tender feet
Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat
Their pitiful complaints. Oh, rest is sweet
When evening brings us home !

We have been wounded by the hunter's darts,
Our eyes are very heavy, and our hearts
Search for Thy coming,—when the light departs
At evening bring us home.

Among the mists we stumbled, and the rocks
Where the brown lichens whiten, and the fox
Watches the straggler from the scattered flocks :
But evening brings us home.

The clouds are round us, and the snow-wreaths thicken.
O, Thou dear Shepherd, leave us not to sicken
In the waste night,—our tardy footsteps quicken :
At evening bring us home."

This "cry" will find an echo in every life rapidly
"stepping westward" !

For years after we came to Edinburgh how
many happy hours we have spent at The Hermitage
with the cultivated host and his delightful
wife, and the charming circle they gathered round
them ! Principal Tulloch was their frequent guest,
full of life and good stories, and with that ex-

plosive laughter that never failed to provoke ready chorus in his audience. Sir Noël Paton was sometimes—but too infrequently—a guest. It was difficult to lure him from his home. At The Hermitage, too, we met Mr Froude, perhaps the most loved of all Mr Skelton's intimate friends,—an unforgettable man, of singular and romantic appearance, with glowing eyes, so often described. His talk was always interesting, often eloquent; but after the lapse of years it is only the impression that is left, not the substance. It was remarkable, the singular and graceful art with which Mr Skelton set his guests talking, and controlled and suggested conversation by constant animated attention and occasional happy remarks. Conversation at The Hermitage never permitted the strain of monologue, never stiffened into argument nor degenerated into mere story-telling, though stories and laughter always lightened discussion. In the drawing-room, with its furniture, which was and is simply furniture and not *bric-à-brac*, and its background of water-colours, his wife would sit at the piano, while in turns we begged for the songs that were peculiarly hers,—“The Bells of Shandon,” “Wearin’ o’ the Green,” and especially Norman Macleod’s “Dost thou remember, Soldier old and hoary?” It was at one of these parties that Mr Froude first told me

that Carlyle had given him his 'Reminiscences' to read, and, full of the subject, I remember next morning at breakfast repeating what he had said concerning Carlyle's father, — the story that was afterwards to be so familiar to us all. Some time after, when I met him again at The Hermitage, he was equally full of the 'Letters' (about to be published) of Jane Carlyle, which he said were the most brilliant and vivid he had ever read, sometimes scathing and withering in their sarcasm, keen as steel and as cutting, and, at rare intervals, revealing a depth and pathos scarcely suspected in one who certainly never wore her heart upon her sleeve.

With a kindness for which I shall always be grateful, my daughters were often included among the guests in that charming society, and one of them writes of a party there: "I remember dining at The Hermitage one day with my father, to meet Mr Froude and Mr Huxley, who happened to be guests there. Mr Froude shook hands with me, 'Your father was just your age when I first knew him,'—'and I believe,' he added to Mr Skelton, 'Sellar's daughter has just the round, ingenuous face her father used to have.' I remember that during dinner Froude and Huxley were discussing some subject with animation across the table, and how I turned to the young man who was trying

to make talk to me, and begged that we might both listen to what we could so rarely have a chance of hearing again! Unfortunately the memory of my own elation has outlived all recollection of the subject under discussion. Huxley, of course, made a far more genial impression on a girl's mind. I remember his sitting down beside a girl who was present, Fanny Bruce, whom, I heard afterwards, he thought one of the most brilliant creatures he had ever met,—‘one who, had she been a Frenchwoman, might have had a salon.’ He insisted on hearing all the details of her balls, declaring that when he heard dance-music it was all he could do to keep his ‘old feet quiet.’ My father and I met Mr Huxley again, dining at Mr Auldjo Jamieson's, our next-door neighbour.

“I only remember one remark of Mr Huxley's. Some one was speaking of men who had been embittered from lack of appreciation. ‘Well, my experience is, that if all the undeserved appreciation one gets were weighed in a balance against all the undue depreciation, the first would so outweigh the latter that it would kick the beam.’ I suppose that this was the period of his controversies with the orthodox on Biblical subjects. The men stayed long downstairs, and when they came up Colin Mackenzie—a humourist, but also

a man of old-fashioned Scottish-Episcopal piety—sat down beside me and said, with a quizzical look, ‘Conversation downstairs reminded me of the story in “Punch”: poor Mr Huxley is like the tiger—not a Christian left to worry.’”

Years after this we again met Mr Huxley at the dear Master’s hospitable lodge at Oxford. He took me down to dinner, and was most genial and delightful—shifting his seat at table to the detriment of the social arrangements, but in order, he said, to get his good ear next me. “But I have nothing to tell,” I remonstrated, “and I can say of my ears as Dr Johnson said of his eyes, ‘both dogs are bad.’” So the symmetry of the table was restored, and we had an intimate and lively discussion of ‘The New Republic,’ by Mr Mallock, which had recently appeared. He laughed at the character which was supposed to represent himself, and nodding across the table at his wife, said, “That lady could have done a far better caricature of me than this!”

We never met again, but the simplicity of his character and his humour made a great impression on us.

To return to my narrative. In 1860, Ardtornish having passed into other hands, we thought ourselves very fortunate in getting from Mr Black-

burn a sub-lease for a couple of months of Hare-head, a small house—I will not desecrate it by the name of a “villa”—on a most lovely bend of the Yarrow, opposite Bowhill (“When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill”), and I was not at all surprised to hear it was the most loved by the Duke of Buccleuch of all his many possessions. To live beside Yarrow was to fulfil a dream of one’s youth. It is a wonderful spell that all that countryside lays on the spirit, not taking it by storm,—its charm is too subtle and quiet for that,—but holding it with a love that is as deep as it is lasting, like “music married to immortal verse,” but the music is the still sad music of humanity, which has so interpenetrated the scenery with the loves, the joys, and, above all, the sufferings that flesh is heir to, that scenery and association are inextricably interwoven and have become one. And over all broods, and for ever will brood, the spirit of the mighty dead, the great Magician who made Scotland and all Scottish hearts his own, though, indeed, that were too small a realm for one who has well been called “the whole world’s darling.”

We spent a very happy summer in this beautiful Vale of Yarrow, and had visits from many dear friends—Mrs Sellar, John and Alexander, Dr Brown, Mr Shairp, Mr Lancaster, and many others.

One day, when the Master of Balliol was with us, I dressed up and was announced as a visitor who was staying in the neighbourhood. I professed myself a follower of, and absolute believer in, Dr Cumming, who was making a considerable noise at that time, and had prophesied that the end of the world was close at hand. "Fluent nonsense trickled from my tongue," and I tried hard to engage Mr Jowett in a controversy, and might possibly have succeeded—though he looked horribly bored, but was too courteous to snub me—when, at some extremely wild statement I made, my husband burst into such uncontrollable laughter that the game was up, and I had to show my own identity. Dr John Brown, on his way to Minchmoor, came to us bearing with him a beautiful brown retriever puppy, which he presented to Eppie, putting it into her bed, and her delight was unbounded. She became perfectly devoted to this dog, Rover, and the best photograph we had of her as a child was with her arms round his neck. Mr Lancaster, too, came in the heyday of happiness and success, having just engaged himself to Margaret Graham, the second daughter of Mr Graham of Skelmorlie. We had not met her then, but of course we became intimate friends when they settled in Edinburgh, — a friendship that has gone on increasing with the years.

But how far I am wandering from Harehead ! It is a curious coincidence that as I write this I have a letter from Mrs Allan of North Cliff, St Andrews, sending me a picture of Harehead which, she said, recalled so vividly to her one of the happiest visits she had ever paid. She was then Rosie Cheape ; and I have a vivid recollection of our delight in the drives and expeditions we made, and in the games of croquet, in which she generally came off victorious, and certainly *always* so when the dear Master of Balliol was my partner. This friendship, begun at St Andrews, and with one so many years younger than myself, has known no decay : on the contrary, it has been strengthened by the kind interest Mrs Allan has always taken in my children as well as in myself ; and many happy hours have we spent in her pretty home at St Andrews, the fascinating old city which seems to have the irresistible power of recalling her children to her when the shades of evening are falling.

Professor Veitch was in Yarrow that summer as guest of Professor Fraser, who with his family were living at the Manse of Yarrow ; and the two professors driving down one day to luncheon became engrossed in philosophical discussion, in which they were more at home than in the

management of their steed, and even forgot its existence, till they were rudely awakened by finding themselves and their trap in the bottom of a ditch, and the horse luxuriating in a fresh patch of grass which had lured it to *their* doom. However, no great harm was done, and they arrived a little late and rather crestfallen, but uninjured.

Of Professor Fraser and his family we naturally saw a great deal when we came to live in Edinburgh in 1863; and I remember a delightful visit they paid us long years after, in Galloway, when the Professor gratified my heart by calling Kenbank a "poet's home." When he retired from the college in 1891 it was to a life of professional leisure but literary activity, in a charming old place, Gorton, the dower-house of classic Hawthornden. Here, surrounded by congenial friends, he and his wife dispensed much charming hospitality; and from a day spent at Gorton one returned heart-warmed and brain-stimulated. I spent one such day there this last spring; and as I write this, June 1904, I have received from the Professor his 'Biographia Philosophica,' full of the ripe wisdom of his long experience, and showing how, from youth to age, his days have been "bound each to each by natural piety." It is

a picture of one who followed divine philosophy
with a single heart, and who never found her

“harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo’s lute ;
And a perpetual feast of nectar’d sweets
Where no crude surfeit reigns.”

He has reaped his reward by a beautiful serene
old age, surrounded by “love, honour, reverence,
troops of friends.”

CHAPTER IX.

“Nor blame I Death, because he bare
 The use of virtue out of earth :
 I know transplanted human worth
 Will bloom to profit, elsewhere.”

—TENNYSON.

1859-1861.

ON our return to St Andrews a great happiness was added to our lives in the arrival of Mr Shairp, who had been elected to the Latin professorship on the death of Dr Pyper. To have as a colleague this true and tried friend was no small delight and help to my husband, who felt that now “the grandeur that was Rome” would be impressed on the minds of the students, as his ideal was to instil into them something of the “glory that was Greece.” Very happy times the two friends had together; and in a small place like St Andrews it can easily be understood what a gain such a cultivated, refined couple as Mr and Mrs Shairp were to the social life of the place. They were perhaps less socially inclined than many of their neighbours, and sometimes one a little grudged their

extreme attachment to their own fireside. Mr Shairp always brought with him a breath of fresh stimulating air from the mountain heights in which his mind habitually lived. The world was never too much with him, and his hatred of "gossip parlance" kept his talk on a higher level of thought, and yet never crushed his listeners, — indeed, rather inspired them to be at their very best.

He was so full of enthusiasm and moral fervour that he became quite forgetful of himself. Indeed he had a soul free from egotism, and was completely carried away by his subject. One could not know him without feeling he was of a deeply religious nature, — that this was the mainspring of all his actions, and coloured all his life. This, and a passionate love of Nature and a poetical imaginativeness, habitual and natural, were the characteristics that struck one most then, and remained with him to the close of his life. Living with Dr Norman Macleod's aunts in Glasgow, in 1837, for a year before going to Oxford, he was keenly alive to the charm and influence of their nephew, who was a year or two older than himself. Of him he always said, after intimate acquaintance with some of the best minds of the time, that he was the most eloquent and inspiring person he had ever met. This dear and valued friend, Dr Norman Macleod, after stren-

uous and devoted years of labour in the Church of Scotland, of which he was so conspicuous and beloved an ornament, died in 1872,—"dead in his prime," as his friends sadly felt, for they had hoped he had still many years of usefulness before him. But a visit to India, crowded with mission meetings, and all the social gatherings which, wherever he went, never failed to pursue one whom the Queen delighted to honour, and in whom the working man equally found his best friend, proved too much for his strength, and after a few days' illness he died in Glasgow, and was buried at Campsie beside his father, and close to the scenes of his youth.

It is to this Mr Shairp alludes in a poem he called "Spring, 1876":—

"And one—beneath roars factory, forge, and mart;
Above—the still green fell and boyhood's glen;
There rests o'er-wearied that large human heart,
That brother man of men."

In the happy congenial surroundings in Glasgow Mr Shairp became deeply imbued with Celtic ideas and lore, perhaps imbibing them all the more easily because Celtic blood was in his veins, his grandmother having been a Macleod of Dunvegan. This love for the Highlands and its people he never lost, as many of his poems show. But he had an equally strong love for the Border country, from

which he also drew ancestral blood, being descended from Scott of Harden, sister of the "Flower of Yarrow." And this love was only deepened in the many walks and excursions he made with Professor Veitch on Tweedside during the last twenty years of his life. Among his poems few are finer than "The Bush aboon Traquair." Of this poem Mr Palgrave, no mean critic, has written — "The lovely 'Bush aboon Traquair,' distinguished above all Shairp's early lyrics by such gracious exquisiteness of sentiment and melody, that it singly should be enough to ensure him an abiding place in that unique and delightful company—the song-writers of Scotland."

This poem was inspired by a visit he paid to Traquair, when he, Dr John Brown, and Mr Lancaster were staying with us at Harehead in the Yarrow country. They all walked across the hills to verify the scene of the old Scottish air; and my husband used to relate with great amusement their meeting a shepherd, and Mr Shairp's hailing him in the vernacular—always a mistake, and generally resented — and asking, "Whaur is the bus?" "Lord help ye, man, what sud I ken about *ae* bus! there's a gude wheen o' them here," was the answer. But if he did not find the exact "bus," he found what was far better, the very spirit of the place, not unalloyed with the sad gentle memories

that seem inseparable from the “pastoral melancholy” of that haunted country.

“ And birks, saw I three or four,
 Wi’ grey moss bearded o’er,
 The last that are left o’ the birken shaw,
 Whaur mony a simmer e’en
 Fond lovers did convene,
 Thae bonny bonny gloamings that are lang awa’.

Frae mony a but and ben,
 By muirland, holm, and glen,
 They cam yin hour to spen’ on the greenwood sward;
 But lang hae lad and lass
 Been lying ’neath the grass,
 The green green grass o’ Traquair kirkyard.

They were blest beyond compare
 When they held their trysting there,
 Among the greenest hills shone on by the sun;
 And then they won a rest,
 The lownest and the best,
 I’ Traquair kirkyard when a’ was dune.

Now the birks to dust may rot,
 Names o’ luvers be forgot,
 Nae lads and lasses there ony mair convene;
 But the blithe lilt o’ yon air
 Keeps the bush aboon Traquair,
 And the luvie that ance was there, aye fresh and green.”

Mr Shairp came to St Andrews from Rugby, where as a house master he had spent eleven years with distinction and success, though his friends felt it was not the *milieu* they would have chosen for him. Dean Bradley tells how he was asked by

Archbishop Tait, then headmaster of Rugby, how he thought Shairp would do as a master in his place (the Dean having accepted the headmastership of Marlborough). Dean Bradley was startled for a moment, and felt that Shairp's ignorance of English school life, and even his entire and delightful unconventionality, and the freedom with which he would discuss all social, philosophical, and theological questions, might prove serious drawbacks. On the other hand, he felt his high character, active intellect, and fervid enthusiasm would bring a new and valuable element into their school society. On asking the opinion of a mutual friend, Mr Matthew Arnold, he was answered in the characteristic words—"My dear Bradley, you will all take him to your bosoms!"

And this prophecy was literally fulfilled, not with the masters only, but also with the boys who were advanced enough to appreciate contact with such an original high-souled intellect. One of his pupils, Mr Shadworth Hodgson, writes thus of these old Rugby days: "His unconscious message to us schoolboys was a message from the world of life—not only outside school, but also outside that of the ordinary careers of business and pleasure, for which school is the preparation,—a spark or ray from the ideal life of man as a denizen of the planet Tellus, haunted for ever by the eternal mind. In one word, Shairp was a poet,

—a poet not so much by the accomplishments of authorship as by necessity of nature.” This last sentence conveys exactly what one always felt about him.

Long years after, when we were settled in Edinburgh, Mr Shadworth Hodgson, who had the additional interest for us of being a cousin of the de Quinceys, paid us a visit on the occasion of his receiving an LL.D. degree from the University. He had written at this time a book on ‘Time and Space’ which he called a Metaphysical Essay, and which was acceptable to the audience, fit but necessarily few, to whom it was addressed. I took him one day to call on Mrs Ferrier, then a widow and living in Edinburgh, and she asked us to come to some evening entertainment. “At what time?” asked Mr Hodgson. “Choose your own time and space,” was the ready reply. Many years after this Mr Shadworth Hodgson became well known in the philosophical world by his important book, ‘The Metaphysic of Experience.’

But to return to Mr Shairp, before he left Rugby he had married Miss Eliza Douglas, a daughter of Lord William Douglas of the house of Queensberry : the name alone, from its old-world association, must have stirred so imaginative and patriotic a heart. No marriage could possibly have been happier, and together they “walked the world yoked in all exercise of noble ends.” A beautiful little boy was

born to them sometime before they left Rugby, but in six short months he returned to the heaven he came from, leaving sad hearts where he had brought so much added happiness. When they came to St Andrews another little boy, Campbell, cheered and comforted the hearts that had suffered so keenly from the loss of his little brother, and naturally he became a dear friend of our children.

After we left St Andrews in 1863 Mr Shairp became Principal of St Andrews, and though the almost daily intercourse was naturally at an end, there were many meetings here in Edinburgh, and there in visits to the old city which had so many dear associations for us. I think the last time I saw him was when he came over to Edinburgh to be present at the funeral of Sir Alexander Grant in 1884. After the service he returned home with my husband, and I remember the tender solicitude with which he insisted on my husband lying down, for the Principal saw that he was much affected by all that he had gone through, the earthly end of a friendship of old standing and close ties. So my last remembrance of this dear friend was one of kindness,—a kindness that had never failed us.

In September 1885 he died at Ormsary in Argyleshire, the house of kind friends, where he had gone in the hope that the soft western air would do him good, as he had not been strong for some months.

Shortly before leaving St Andrews he had repeated his favourite lines :—

“And stepping westward seemed to be
A kind of heavenly destiny.”

And so it proved ; and it seemed meet for this pure soul to pass away by the shore of the western sea he loved so well.

As I write of another of the friends “gone before,” the memory of the happy days spent with them comes back vividly to me, and I feel sadly what an inadequate account I have given of what we always counted our richest possession. I think I cannot end this slight sketch of Principal Shairp better than by quoting some of his own beautiful lines entitled “Memories” :—

“While they here sojourned, their presence drew us,
By the sweetness of their human love ;
Day by day good thoughts of them renew us,
Like fresh tidings from the world above.

Not their own, ah ! not from earth was flowing
That high strain to which their souls were tuned ;
Year by year we saw them inly growing
Liker Him with whom their hearts communed.

Then to Him they passed, but still unbroken
Age to age lasts on that goodly line
Whose pure lives are, more than all words spoken,
Earth’s best witness to the life divine.

Subtlest thought shall fail and learning falter,
Churches change, forms perish, systems go,
But our human needs they will not alter ;
Christ no after ages shall e’er outgrow.”

CHAPTER X.

“A man so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind’s epitome.”

—DRYDEN.

1877.

MR T. C. SANDARS was, as I think I may have already said, of the same age as my husband. They were scholars of Balliol at the same time, and became simultaneously Fellows of Oriel. I have always thought Mr Sandars one of the most remarkable men I have known: his mind seemed to have been made on the same massive scale as his body, and there was a reserve of force about him which made you feel he had the power to do anything if he chose to exert it. He had little of that last infirmity of noble minds, ambition, and was content to do the duty that lay to his hand, and *that* he always did with all his might. He was one of the first contributors to the ‘Saturday Review’: indeed, when in the first number appeared articles by Mr Sandars, Mr Bowen (afterwards Lord Bowen), and Mr Grant

(afterwards Sir Alexander Grant), we felt the 'Review' to be quite a family magazine. He and Mr Bowen both continued to write regularly for this 'Review' for some years, but on there appearing an article which he thought very unfair to Mr Jowett, Mr Bowen withdrew, and could never be induced to write again in it. I do not remember when Mr Sandars' interest in the journal ceased.

Mr Sandars was at the Bar, but did not care to practise: at the same time, his translation of the 'Institutes of Justinian' was for many years, and may still be, a standard legal class-book. He was twice sent out by the Government—once to Egypt and once to South America—to report on the Railway Systems in both countries. This I believe he did in a most masterly manner. His judgment was so sound that he was constantly being made a referee, and I daresay saved many a case of litigation, for which the barristers would not bless him! So many-sided was he that it was difficult to know which side to like best: and the more I think of him, the more impossible it seems to describe him; but it was a privilege to know him so well as we did. A sentence in Robert Louis Stevenson's 'Christmas Sermon' recalled him vividly to me the other day—"To hear the dinner-call when he is hungry, fills him with surprising joy." For I remember one time when he was staying with us

at Kenbank, and there had been more than the usual amount of rain, his exclaiming, "What *should* we do without the daily recurrence of luncheon and dinner!"

His humour was boundless, and he had the happy temperament that made him enjoy what the Germans call "*kleine Freuden*." His wife had died about 1877, leaving him with five children, and he had married a Miss Murray, a friend of his eldest daughter. She was a bright, brilliant young woman, who accepted all his friends for her own, and made his home a very happy one for himself and them. Mrs Sandars had one boy, Edmund, who was a source of great interest to his father, and in after years he became the comfort of his mother's life. Mrs Sandars, two or three years ago, asked one of my daughters if she would write out for her any remembrance she had of Mr Sandars' fun and humour when he was staying with us in Scotland. This my daughter Florence did, and I shall add on to this what she wrote, as it gives a picture of how Mr Sandars appeared to children:—

"His visits, often repeated in ensuing summers, were as great a joy to us children as to our parents. He was quite different from the other 'grand grown-ups.' It was not that he talked

child's talk or played child's play with us, but we, as well as our elders, were swept along in the great genial stream of his kindness and his immense fun. I think we all felt that he distinguished our individual characters, looking at us in the same kind but dry light in which he saw his own family.

“It was in this year, 1866, that my father and mother and Mr Sandars met the Mark Pattisons and the Master of Balliol at Tummel Bridge. Mrs Mark Pattison had a remarkable and artistic wardrobe,—it was the early dawn of the æsthetic movement,—and, after retiring for the night, my mother and her friend, Miss Ferrier, had sat up examining her gowns till a late hour. My father, with a good deal of amusement, told Mr Sandars of this, and next morning at breakfast he turned to Mrs Pattison,—‘Do you know what Sellar and I were doing all last night? Trying on each other's shirts!’

“One delightful thing about him was that every time he came he had a new fad, and expected everybody to be interested in it, or rather made everybody interested in it. One year it was music, and I remember a small verse he wrote and taught his children:—

“‘Oh, joy to think Papa to-day
A little overture will play ;
Or, what will be a better thing,
Perhaps our dear Papa will sing.’

This advertisement would, he assured them, fill any concert-room in London, with the simple addition of two little words in the corner — *Beer gratis*.

“I remember his saying once that the best kind of woman to marry was one ‘with whom you could have a little fun in the evenings.’ It would have been impossible for any woman, or man either, to equal him as a provider of fun in the evenings. He was always inventing games that no one but himself was clever enough to play at. One time it would be we were all to make an alliterative alphabet. I am always glad that I can remember the only one that was produced, and that rapidly and aloud, with bursts of laughter, not only from his audience but from himself; for the fun of the thing seemed to take him as much by surprise as it did us.

“‘A SHOPKEEPER’S HONEYMOON.

“‘Alfred and Ada Aberdeen approach,
Bright, breezy, being beautified by brooch;
Cutting cold Caithness, courting Clova’s Crag,
Down dreary Deeside driving devious drags.
Endearments end, enthusiastic eyes
Forswear fond fancies for flea-bitten flies.
‘Gee-up!’ good gee-gees! gently goaded go,
Here’s happy, humble home! ‘Halt, horses, ho!’
Industrious inmates instant introduce
Jams, jellies, joints, Johannesberger’s juice.

Kind kinsfolk kissing, knit kind kinships' knot,
 Light-hearted lovers like Life's lowliest lot.
 Mark, morning moves, make money, mated male !
 No nestling nincompoops nice nuggets nail.
 Oblivious of obloquy obtain
 Proposing purchasers : put puddings plain,
 Queer quinces, queen-cakes, questionable quails,
 Red ribbons, razors, riding-habits, rails ;
 Such shop shall staring saunterers surprise,
 Till timely Tin thy triumph testifies.'

“But the crown of our ‘fun in the evenings’ was when he took to telling us long nonsense stories. He never failed to be amused at them himself, and would often break into bursts of laughter over some specially absurd inspiration.

“One story was the adventures of a gentleman who started in life with no stock in trade except some original views on female education. To bring these to market he determined to set up a Girls' School, but not having even a house in which to receive inquiring parents, he hangs about a station, arguing that some ladies must miss their train, and that that would give him an opportunity of introducing himself and his views. When, finally, fortune sends him a simple-minded mother of many daughters, he so impresses her that she instantly demands to be shown the school. ‘That, madam, would be difficult, but if you will come for a little walk I will show you a very striking and beautiful view which will perhaps do as well.’

“The rest of the history of this educational experiment I have unfortunately entirely forgotten.

“Of the more recently told story of the admiral's daughter, Letitia Vernon, I have only faint and broken recollections. She lived in a country town about an hour from London, and used constantly to saunter down to the station to see if anybody she knew would turn up. The London express standing in the station, she gets into a first-class carriage just to see what it feels like, and of course is carried off to London. Landed there penniless, unable to send a telegram, and having no friends to go to, she determines to turn up the first street that begins with an A. Shortly after, seeing Adam Street posted up on the wall, she exclaims, ‘Oh, great progenitor! be thou my guide,’ and turns up a quiet side street. She is attracted by a riotous noise proceeding from a long low building, and looking in at the window, sees a large schoolroom with a crowd of unruly children and a worn and distracted-looking female teacher. The thought strikes her that here she may get a little employment: acting on the impulse, she walks in and says to the lady, ‘You look very tired. Perhaps I could take the lesson for you.’ ‘Thank you,’ said the lady; ‘but do you happen to know anything?’ ‘Well,’ said Letitia, ‘thousands have been spent on my education, and I know a little.’ Satisfied

with this, the lady gratefully accepts her offer, and says, 'We were just in the middle of a Scripture lesson. You had better begin with drawing on the blackboard.' Letitia takes up the chalk and feebly draws a square, and, trusting to chance, turns to the children with, 'Now, my dears, what does this represent?' Dead silence, till a child at the back shouts out 'Temple at J'roosalem!' 'Yes,' said Letitia, joyfully seizing the inspiration. 'Yes, my dear, you are right,—*not*, indeed, the outer and inner court, *not* the minarets, *not* the doves.'

"'Dra' the birds, dra' the birds,' from all the children.

"'No,' said Letitia, when order was restored, 'this is the ground-plan of the temple. Now, let me explain, my dears, what the ground-plan is. Supposing we knocked down this school——' 'Hurrah! hurrah!' from all the children, and the riot would have known no end if the curate had not entered at this moment. To him Letitia confides her plight, and he suggests that he might take her to Guy's Hospital and introduce her to the matron. I lose sight of them here till I find them in the street passing a photographic atelier, where the curate proposes they should go in and be photographed together. The photographer, a Frenchman, insists on *le clerique* being done *en costume*, and, to make it more *vraisemblable*, proposes to

envelop him in clouds of incense, which he produces by means of two Pharaoh's serpents,—a chemical toy in vogue in the later Sixties.

“On Sunday evenings we used to repeat poetry to him, as I believe his own children did also. He liked us to choose poems we could really understand, Campbell or Scott. I remember when I was repeating that verse out of ‘The Fountain,’—

“‘And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind,’

he interrupted me with ‘Now, tell me, what *does* age take away?’ Even now, after all these years, I am hardly at one with myself as to the proper answer: then, at the age of ten, I had no word to say, and was relieved when Sir Charles Bowen—who was sitting near—answered, ‘Why, your hair, for one thing!’

“It has been a great pleasure to me to write this account, and though it sounds thin and wooden, I know, dear Mrs Sandars, that you can supply the living touch, and so I shall not apologise for the inadequacy of all I have written. How could it be otherwise? There never was any one the least like him.
F. A. M.”

CHAPTER XI.

"So full of power, yet blithe and debonair,
 Rallying his friends with pleasant banter gay,
 Or half a dream, chanting with jaunty air
 Greek words of Goethe, catches of Béranger.

We see the banter sparkling in his prose,
 But knew not then the undertone that flows
 So calmly sad through all his stately lay."

—J. C. SHAIRP.

1880.

I THINK it was somewhere about 1880 that we met Mr Matthew Arnold at dinner at the Sandars' in London. I had met him once before at Balliol, so had, in a way, got accustomed to the "grand manner" which was characteristic of him, and which—though it savoured of affectation—was really natural to him, and, unlike most seeming affectations, was neither repellent nor did it put you off your ease. I could not help, though, thinking of the effect it produced on that earnest-minded, somewhat prim, shy little genius, Miss Brontë, who thus writes of him: "Striking and prepossessing in appearance, his manner displeases from its seeming foppery. I own it caused me at

first to regard him with regretful surprise: the shade of Dr Arnold seemed to me to frown on his young representative. Ere long a real modesty appeared under his assumed conceit, and genuine intellectual aspirations, as well as high educational acquirements, displaced superficial affectations." This seems rather breaking the butterfly of a mannerism on an iron wheel of Johnsonian criticism! He was quite aware of the effect his manner had on many, and was often very humorous about it, as when he said to an old Oxford friend shortly after his marriage, "You'll like my Lucy; she has all my sweetness and none of my airs!"

Certainly there was no affectation that evening, but a great deal of humorous chaff, and an almost boyish delight in being with his old college friends again. His hair was untouched by time, while theirs was grey; and fancying Mr Sandars was looking at him, he exclaimed, "Ah, Sandars, you are jealous! You think it is a wig! But pull it, Sandars, pull it!" *À propos* of this, I heard afterwards that a friend, meeting him in Bond Street, asked where he had been. "At Douglas's, having that perpetual miracle, my hair, cut!"

The conversation turning on our respective children, he said, "All the talent in the Arnold family has gone to my brother Tom's children." At this time he could not know how more than

justified he would be in his opinion of his brother Tom's children, whose eldest daughter, Mary, the wife of Mr Humphry Ward, has become one of the most well-known and celebrated novelists of the day. It would be ridiculous for me here, in these scanty domestic annals, to say anything of her books, the almost unparalleled success of which has put her in the first rank of novelists. If it be true of books as of men, "By their fruits ye shall know them," hers, indeed, take a very high place. And here I should like to say something of her eldest brother, William Arnold, who became such a dear and valued friend. We first met him when we went to stay with the Charles Arnolds at Rugby, of which he was then head boy. He had a great look of his grandfather, and it was a pleasure to all at Rugby that an Arnold of the third generation should so distinguish himself. From Rugby he went to Oxford, and when he left it he married Henrietta Wale, a granddaughter of Archbishop Whately, and eventually settled in Manchester, on the staff of 'The Manchester Guardian,'—a paper of high reputation, but to which his articles imparted an intellectual flavour it had not before possessed. It was while he was in Manchester that they came to visit us in Edinburgh, and in spite of the disparity in years, my husband always said he

felt he was more like the type of his old friends at Oxford than any young man he knew ; and they became great friends, and had many interests and appreciations in common. This feeling was only strengthened by a visit we paid them in Manchester, in 1888, when my husband was not very well, and when their kindness and consideration could never be forgotten by either of us. For several years Mr Arnold worked with marked success on 'The Manchester Guardian,' but the night-work became too trying, and his health gave way. He had finally to give up his work in Manchester, and went to London. From henceforth he was to live an invalid's life : but no one going to see him, welcomed by his cheerful smile, and listening to the vigorous spontaneity of his talk, could have guessed the terrible suffering he almost constantly endured. His strong and well-stored mind was to him a kingdom, and one he shared with all around him ; and he was still able to write (when not hurried) on literary or political subjects. I think all his visitors felt that to listen to his talk was an intellectual privilege, and their admiration was kindled by the splendid patience and resignation he showed. Hearing I was trying to write down some reminiscences, he expressed a wish to see what I had then done ; and I cannot resist copying out what he wrote to me after he had

read them, though I know his criticism is far more than I deserve, and that his kind heart prompted his words :—

“I am ashamed of having kept your type-script so long, but I had a week of pain soon after we met, and was able to read nothing but novels. Also, there were bits of your Memoir which I wanted to *savour* at leisure. I have enjoyed it much, and so has Het. Your picture of your own father is particularly lifelike and interesting, and Andrew Lang’s answer as to the proper materials for poetry is a gem in a word. I suspect the youth had been reading Rossetti’s version of a fragment of ‘Sappho,’ and had remembered the ‘sweet apple that reddens upon the topmost bough.’ But it is all delightfully human and kindly and humorous, and has done me good to read, and made me love you better than ever—if that, indeed, be possible.—Ever your affectionate

“W. T. ARNOLD.”

The last time I saw Mr Arnold going about was when we met in July 1903, at the house of his sister, Mrs Ward, to see the King and President Loubet pass up Grosvenor Place, when I, as the eldest guest, and he, as the most delicate, had comfortable chairs in the balcony, and we had a couple of hours

of delightful talk. Once again I saw this dear friend in June of this year (1904), when Death had set his seal on him, and he lay partially unconscious. I lent over him and kissed his forehead, and he faintly smiled, but said nothing, and I left the room, feeling "he hates him That would upon the rack of this tough world Stretch him out longer." Soon after I got home I received the following note from Dorothy Ward: "Aunt Het wants me to tell you that directly you had left the room he said, 'Did Mrs Sellar really come? How lovely of her!'" Two days after he passed painlessly and quietly away, leaving a broken-hearted wife, and to his friends a most beautiful memory.

This is a digression—of which, I fear, there are too many in these desultory sketches,—but there is a sad pleasure in recalling the memory of those we have loved and lost, and though William Arnold was of the generation of our eldest children, and a dear and intimate friend of our eldest daughter, we never felt with him that years made a gulf difficult to cross.

Of Matthew Arnold's conversation that evening I can recall little but the general impression of humorous vivacity and affectionate kindness. And here I feel again, as I have often done before, in dwelling on the dear memories of so many friends, how difficult—almost impossible—it is to

convey anything like an adequate picture of them or their conversation to others. To oneself, as Mr Gilbert Murray has well said of translators, "the light of the original shines through, the music of the original echoes round," but one's presentment of it is dull, the sound toneless.

A year or two later we met at Balliol again, but as it was on the occasion of a public dinner to old Balliol men, I did not see much of him. Lord Peel, then Speaker, was also a guest of the Master's: a dark striking-looking man, with a grave charm of manner, lighted by a smile that recalled a story the Master once told me, that it was said of his father, Sir Robert Peel, that "his smile was like the silver fittings on a coffin"!

My next reminiscence connected with Mr Arnold was in April 1888, when the Bowens were staying with us, and as we were driving up from Holyrood we saw on a poster in the street, "Death of Matthew Arnold." This was a great shock to my husband and to all of us. Mr Arnold had gone on the Saturday with his wife to his sister, Mrs Cropper, at The Dingle, near Liverpool, in order to receive his married daughter, who lived in America, and was to arrive in Liverpool on Sunday. He had been to church on Sunday morning to hear Dr Watson ("Ian Maclaren") preach, and after luncheon started to go to the docks to meet his daughter.

In his joy and lightness of heart at the prospect of seeing her so soon, he leapt over a low fence, and, alas! dropped down dead. The shock to wife and daughter is too painful to dwell upon: but for him to be called away suddenly and painlessly with unabated powers was surely the end he would have desired.

CHAPTER XII.

" That region left, the vale unfolds
 Rich groves of lofty stature,
 With Yarrow winding through the pomp
 Of cultivated Nature ;
 And, rising from those lofty groves,
 Behold a ruin hoary,
 The shatter'd front of Newark's Tower,
 Renowned in Border story."

—WORDSWORTH.

1861.

THIS summer we again spent in the Vale of Yarrow at Harehead, and a second summer but deepened our affection for that lovely country, though I cannot remember many special occurrences to be noted. We saw much of the Langs, generally lunching there on the Sundays when we went to church in Selkirk. I think it was this year that Andrew came to the College Hall at St Andrews,—a new venture in the educational line evolved by Principal Forbes and Professor Shairp, who felt that something of the kind was much wanted there. They accordingly took Sir Hugh Playfair's house, St Leonard's, and Mr Rhoades—who afterwards married Janie Ferrier

—was made warden : under his wise and benignant rule the young men did well, and had a happy time. Andrew Lang has recorded in beautiful verse the spell which the city by the Northern sea laid on him,—a spell to which many hearts respond.

Professor Forbes, previously the distinguished Professor of Natural Philosophy in Edinburgh, whose work on Glaciers had made him of world-wide reputation, had succeeded Sir David Brewster as Principal of the University, and with him and his wife and family we became extremely intimate. They lived in one of the quaint old houses in South Street, with a beautiful garden at the back,—one of the surprises common to so many old houses in St Andrews which from the street entrance give no sign of possessing a garden. Principal Forbes was a man of striking appearance, tall, slight, and delicate-looking, but with power and intellect in his face ; and observing him one could not help recalling that his mother, Lady Forbes, was the beautiful Miss Stuart Belches of Invermay and Fettercairn,—Sir Walter Scott's first love, and one never forgotten by his faithful heart. Mrs Forbes was original and humorous, and delightful company when one got her alone, for in society often a curious shyness had almost a numbing effect on her. Two dear girls, Eliza and Minna, died a

year or two after we left St Andrews, but Alice, the youngest, lives at Pitlochry, where she has a charming little cottage; and her brother George has become a great authority in electrical engineering.

In August Mrs Sellar came to Harehead and very kindly took care of the children while my husband and I made a short run to the Italian lakes, returning by Ghent, Malines, and Brussels—the two first most picturesque and interesting old towns: after seeing them Brussels looked new and modern—a small and inferior edition of Paris. From Brussels I brought home for the little girls red and blue shirt-bodices and skirts,—what were then called “Garibaldis,” and would now be called “blouses”: and in this changing world, impressed with the instability of fashion, it is extraordinary how this *mode* still survives, though its development is as remarkable as is that of the beautiful rose “La France” from its original but unacknowledged ancestor the single dog-rose!

On our return to St Andrews in 1862, Abbey Park being let, we took the corner house in Pilmour Place,—not a very nice one, and we felt rather cramped in it, but it was near the sea and the links; and, after all, it was only for six months. Here in this humble abode was born a little boy, whom we named Walter

Dennistoun. He was what the French call *bien né*, having a very sweet easy nature from the beginning.

In summer we returned to Harehead, but only two events I distinctly remember,—the arrival in the autumn of Fräulein Janson, a young German lady from Karlsruhe, highly recommended to us by Mrs Charles Arnold of Rugby, as governess to the little girls. And no words of mine can say too strongly how admirably she fulfilled her duties, and with what single-hearted devotion she threw herself into what must often, for so young a creature, have been an uphill task, “training the young idea how to shoot,” and especially to shoot in the German language!—a task she accomplished so well that they have never had any difficulty in speaking or reading it since. She was many years with us, and though for some time she has retired to her native place and settled down with her dear sister among their old friends, she occasionally comes over to England. Recently, when I went to Karlsruhe, and was there for a few weeks, we saw much of them both, and enjoyed their most kind hospitality. The other event was our taking and furnishing a house in Playfair Terrace,—a short-lived enjoyment, for soon after taking possession there was a rumour that Professor Pillans was going to resign the Latin Chair in Edinburgh, and as the professor-

ship offered a larger and more important sphere, my husband thought he ought to stand for it, though the idea of giving up Greek for Latin was not without a pang to him. "I feel," he said once in reference to the change, "as if I had been jilted by a beautiful and exquisite woman and had married an admirable matron and grown really fond of her!" Still for the last two or three years his thoughts had been much turned to Latin literature, and he was writing on the early Latin poets. He therefore put on a double spurt of work in order that his book might be completed and published before the election came on, so that the electors might have something more to judge his capacities by than the report of his teaching at St Andrews. He was much urged to this by his most faithful and loyal friend Mr Jowett, who followed every turn in the affairs of his many friends' lives: and when one thinks of the ever-increasing number of men who from first to last looked up to him as guide, philosopher, and friend, this minute and unfailing interest seems little short of marvellous. Mr Jowett wrote: "I fear you will not succeed unless you get a part of your book out. Indeed, you must sacrifice everything to it."

The book *was* out in time, and probably helped to gain the election; and here I should like to

quote a letter Mr Matthew Arnold wrote to Mr Shairp about it.

“*August 11, 1863.*

“MY DEAR SHAIRP,—It is long since I had your note and Sellar’s book; but I have been very busy, and I would not write to you till I had fairly read the book. I have now read every word of it, some of it more than once, and with extreme satisfaction. It is more like a book written by a foreigner on a matter of ancient literature than a book written by an Englishman, and would honourably support translation into French or German as a handbook for the history of Roman poetry during a certain period: and this is high praise, for it implies that the book has what so few English books on learned matters have—thorough information, clear method, and, above all, some principles of criticism. This is the book’s greatest merit in my eyes: Sellar has tried to look at his poets as they are, and not through the coloured and distorted glasses of some extraordinary British crotchet. This will become, as time goes on, a less rare merit in English criticism; but at present he and Sandars are about the only English critics I know who really exhibit it. The style—about which you ask my opinion—has a systematic character and connectedness which are the first requisites in treating a subject

like Sellar's: perhaps I could have wished it a little less *academic*, with a little more play of the writer's individuality in it, a little more of unexpected turns and vivacity. It returns, too, a little too often to certain points—such as the Roman majesty and *caractère*,—good points as these were to indicate and fix clearly. Then, for a standard work (which it deserves to be) on its subject, Lucretius is treated with somewhat disproportionate fulness, Catullus with somewhat disproportionate brevity, and a chapter or two should have been given to Plautus and Terence. All this might be put right by adding a hundred pages, which, after all, would not make too thick a volume.

“The delicacy and interestingness of the criticism in certain places I say little about, because these are chiefly shown in the chapters on Lucretius, most of which I had read and liked, as such criticism deserved to be liked, before; and also because the pre-eminent merit of the book, in my eyes, is not that it contains ingenious and eloquent passages, but that it is, in the main, throughout *true*.”

Mr Jowett again wrote: “The more I read Lucretius, the more I feel persuaded that a splendid thing may be written upon him. It is an

unwrought mine, at least, to any person of philosophical or poetical feeling. I hope you will accomplish the work, and make it clear who ought to be Professor of Latin at Edinburgh. . . . I have read most of your testimonials. I was especially glad to see Tennyson's, which is very characteristic."

Tennyson's testimonial was written to Professor Lushington, as being easier than praising a man to his face, and I here quote it:—

"Tell Sellar I am glad to hear he is a candidate for the Edinburgh Latin Professorship, since he is not only one of the best Latin scholars living, but one of the finest. I mean one of the most keenly and critically sensitive to the individual beauties of each author, as I have found by conversing with him, and by reading some of his essays. Moreover, he is such a thoroughly good fellow that I wish him to succeed in whatever he sets his heart upon: and if I say this rather to you than to him, it is only because I cannot so well praise a man to his face."

The election to Edinburgh took place in the spring of 1863, and my husband received the following letter from Mr Jowett:—

“I suppose I may congratulate you by this time on the result of the election at Edinburgh. Indeed, your success gives me the greatest pleasure. I think you have got all that a man can desire in life—a good wife and children, a good income, and a good position. Don’t be too contented! I hope you will always maintain a revolutionary element about University reform.

“I am very desirous that Campbell should succeed you at St Andrews, not because he is a friend of mine, but because I do not think you are likely to get any one equally good. He is a thorough student of Greek, and excellent in Greek prose and verse composition; also I think he would have a great aptitude for dealing with your students, judging from the infinite pains which he bestowed on their Northern brethren at Queen’s. Had he remained there he would have made the college a different place.”

I may add here that the Master’s hopes were fulfilled in every way. Mr Campbell was elected to the Greek chair at St Andrews, and filled it with success and distinction for more than twenty years. They became our intimate friends, and many happy visits passed between us, in their beautiful little home at St Andrews, and in our different summer homes, and in Edinburgh. His

life has been full of literary activity, principally on classical subjects; and on the death of his dear and valued friend, the Master of Balliol, he became joint writer and editor, with Mr Evelyn Abbott, of the Master's life,—truly a labour of love, and crowned with success.

Since his retirement in 1895, Mr and Mrs Campbell have spent the winters in a charming villa at Alassio, loyally called "San Andrea"; and this summer, 1904, Mr Campbell has written a short life in a new edition of Thomas Campbell's Poems—a kinsman of his own—and received from Oxford the degree of Litt.D.

As we were to move to Edinburgh in autumn, it seemed unnecessary to take any place for the summer months, so we stayed on at St Andrews till we left it finally in November. To our minds few places gained less by summer or lost less in winter. A "livelier emerald" perhaps clothed the links, and the summer dawns and sunsets were very beautiful; but there are so few trees that there was very little more green perceptible in the landscape, and we felt that, after all, we had had the time that suited us best by spending our winters and not our summers there. It was a wrench to leave a place where we had spent ten very happy years, where four of our children had been born, and where we had many

dear and congenial friends; but these we felt we had "grappled to our souls with bands of steel," and that absence could not cool such friendships. It was a thing to be for ever thankful for that we had had such years there, "no fears to beat away, no strifes to heal"; and that whatever might lie in the future for us, this past was secure.

"Not heaven itself upon the past has power,
But what has been has been, and we had had our hour."

CHAPTER XIII.

"Such dusky grandeur clothes the height,
 Where the huge Castle holds its state,
 And all the steep slope down,
 Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
 Piled deep and massy, close and high,
 Mine own romantic town !"

—SCOTT.

"The grey metropolis of the North."

—TENNYSON.

1863.

IN November of this year began our life in Edinburgh, heralded by the birth, on December 7, of our fourth daughter, May Violet. We had taken a house in Melville Street for a couple of months, as the house we had bought in Buckingham Terrace — from which I now write — was not quite completed.

This Melville Street house was delightfully near Mrs Sellar's in Randolph Crescent, and there I spent most of my time. But one day, on returning to our temporary home, we found the central stucco ornament on the ceiling of our bedroom had fallen down. Had this happened at night, the conse-

quences might have been serious; so we moved at once to Swain's Hotel, Albyn Place, and the baby on the 7th December found her best welcome literally "in an inn." She was a pretty little baby, and was called May after an old aunt of my husband's, and Violet was a fancy of my own. My husband thought it a fantastic name, and said so to the old nurse, Mrs M'Cleerie, when he was going to register it; but her reply was, "Now, Mr Sellar, your wife has a bad headache, and there is to be nae 'harley-barleying': just do what she wants." So, accordingly, I got my way; and long years after I heard from an old genealogist, Dr Sprott of North Berwick, that Violet had been a great name in the Adamson family for generations, and that they were connected with my husband's family. The best known member of the Adamson family was an Archbishop of St Andrews in the sixteenth century, but I don't know that my husband would have been much more interested in this information than he was in the name itself! A relation he *was* interested in, from the heroic character of the man, was Sir John Moore, who was a second cousin of his father, and in this way: Professor Simson had two daughters; one married Dr John Moore, author of a novel, 'Zeluco,' which made a considerable noise at the time, and is said to have inspired Byron's

“Childe Harold,” and she was the mother of Sir John Moore. The other daughter married Dr Plenderleith of the High Church, Edinburgh, and their daughter, Jean, married Mr Thomas Sellar, my husband’s grandfather.

The University received my husband with the utmost kindness, and the much larger classes inspired him with fresh vigour. Teaching was always a pleasure to him, and though sometimes “teaching vocables”—as old Professor Pyper called it—to inattentive and very inaccurately-prepared students was not without its trials, still these were amply counterbalanced by the delight he felt when ardent young minds responded to his own, and embraced with avidity the new world of thought and ideas he opened up to them. No professor ever felt more interest in his students than he did, or followed their progress in after-life with more sympathy and, in the case of great success, with more pride. Their triumph was truly his; and I could not but feel how his heart would have responded to the following noble words of his much-loved friend, Professor Butcher—words spoken fourteen years after my husband’s death, at a banquet given in Mr Butcher’s honour in 1904, the year after he had resigned his chair:—

“But other benefactors there are, unknown and unrecorded, sons of Edinburgh University, who

might say to their *Alma Mater*, 'Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee,' and who have given her the quiet memorials of a student's life,—the example of patient and unobtrusive work, pursued often under difficulties, inspired by duty and lit up with courageous hope,—a college life of strenuous simplicity and hardness, of high ideals and unworldly aims. Men such as these have stamped their mark, the authentic impress of their character, on our universities of Scotland. The bequest they have left is of priceless value. How often has one wished to follow into later life those whom one has watched in the opening of their career! There is nothing more moving than the endless procession of students who pass under our eyes and go forth from our walls, generation after generation, bearing their new-lit torches,—go forth into the darkness of the future, some of them destined to name and fame and success, but thousands of others who can never win their way to that light, but of whom now and again we catch some unexpected glimpse which reveals them at their task, with torches still undimmed,—it may be in some lonely parish of their own land, or it may be at some distant outpost of the Empire."

Inspiring words! which must have stirred the hearts of many of his young hearers to still more

strenuous efforts, and moved at least one heart to quiet tears remembering the past; and filling all present with deep regret that such a voice, so powerful in influence over the students in inspiring them with great thoughts, being, as a critic of his writings has said, an *anima naturaliter Græca*, should henceforth be silent in the University he had adorned for twenty-one years.

But how far I have wandered from 1863! though the connection in my own mind is an unbroken one. During the session we had on many Saturdays six or seven of my husband's students to breakfast. I daresay to some it was rather an ordeal, and that they were glad when it was over; but my husband liked seeing something of them privately, and so becoming better acquainted with them and their aims in life: and I think the urbanity and geniality with which he entered into their views and aspirations, as far as a Scottish student can be induced to express them, must have impressed the more thoughtful of them. For the respectful attention they always gave him in class he was grateful, as anything like rowdiness was abhorrent to him. His interest in his third class, which was for the seniors, was very great, and the teaching of it a pure pleasure; for the quick intelligence of some of his students gave him back, he used to declare, his "own with usury." The great success

of some of these he lived to see and to rejoice in. Mr R. B. Haldane, and a younger brother full of promise,—who died while attending the University, and whose death he felt most keenly,—were especial favourites; and loyally has Mr Haldane repaid his affection, for at no meeting connected with the University has he neglected an opportunity of paying a tribute to his memory, and recording how much he believed he owed to all he had learnt in that senior class.

I have often thought how interested my husband would have been had he lived to see Mr Haldane head of the War Office, for though a man of peace himself, he took an extraordinary interest in military affairs; and professional soldiers, such as Sir Frederick Maurice, author of ‘The Balance of Military Power in Europe,’ were often struck with his minute tactical knowledge of historic battles.

Dr Hume Brown, now Professor of Scottish History, was an ardent student in whom he had great pride; and I remember how delighted he was with his ‘Life of George Buchanan,’ and the letter which accompanied it, in which Dr Hume Brown said it was my husband who had first awakened in him the literary ambition, of which this book was the first-fruits,—now followed by many other valuable histories and biographies. Dr Marshall, who has been for twenty-five years Rector

of the High School, was another in whose career he felt great interest. Dr Marshall took a scholarship at Balliol; and I remember the Master writing to my husband, "This is the strongest man you have sent us for a long time." Besides the strength he showed in scholarship, he was an apostle of the Æsthetic School,—though discarding all its affectation,—and had an instinctive knowledge and love of art and *bric-à-brac*, both of which had full scope in a little place he bought some years ago at North Queensferry,—a romantic spot, interesting historically, as it was from there Queen Margaret of sainted memory embarked for Edinburgh, and was hence called Queensferry. We rented this house, The Hope, for two seasons, and became much attached to it. Professor Pringle-Pattison, a distinguished student and afterwards a colleague, was one in whose society my husband found great pleasure; as he also did in Professor Hardie's, who now occupies the Chair of Humanity, after a brilliant career here and at Oxford.

Many years later another favourite student, after distinguishing himself in both the Latin and Greek classes here, has won distinction in other spheres,—Mr Patrick Duncan. He became Lord Milner's private secretary at the Board of Inland Revenue, who thought so well of him that when a treasurer was required to deal with the finances of the

Transvaal, he asked for his services there. This, I am told, proved to be the most successful of all Lord Milner's appointments at that time. Two years later, when the even more responsible appointment of Colonial Secretary was vacant, Mr Duncan was promoted to that office.

These are but a few of the men in whom my husband felt a deep interest, and who came under my own personal knowledge, but the list would be incomplete indeed did I not mention Mr Francis Jamieson, first a student, now school inspector, but for many years previously my husband's assistant, and this to him was a labour of love. The day after my husband's death Mr Jamieson wrote to me,—"He took my imagination while I was still a boy, and has possessed it ever since. No one can now ever kindle it in the same way. It was the charm he exercised over me which gave my work a zest it can never have again." Mr Jamieson will forgive me for quoting his words, but they went to my heart from their simplicity and truth, and I know how fully my husband valued his affection.

Two years after our settling in Edinburgh Professor Masson was appointed, on the death of Professor Aytoun, to the Chair of English Literature. He had filled a similar position in University College, London, and had also been editor of 'Macmillan's Magazine' for seven years. Besides being

a most popular and successful lecturer, he was the author of many books: his *magnum opus* was the 'Life of Milton.' Genial and friendly, he was an intimate friend of such men as Carlyle and de Quincey, whose works he edited; and many were the young minds he awakened to a knowledge and love of their own country's literature by his sympathetic enthusiasm. He resigned his chair in 1895, but he and his wife and daughters, after some wandering, have again settled down in Edinburgh.

In these very desultory and inconsecutive recollections I find I have mentioned some of the professors elsewhere, but here I should like to record the names of Professors Tait and Crum Brown. Peter Guthrie Tait, as he was then called, was at the Edinburgh Academy while my husband was there, though he was probably some years younger, but this made them start as friends when they became colleagues. It is not for me to speak of his fame in Natural Philosophy and Mathematics, as it is world-wide, and for ever associated with Lord Kelvin—the greatest scientific genius of the age. But it is as a kind and loyal friend that I remember him,—though one saw but too little of him, as no one could persuade him to dine out. Of his brother-in-law, Professor Crum Brown (for the two professors had married delightful Irish sisters), I had much more intimate acquaintance: besides, he was a half-

brother of our dear Dr John Brown. I do not think I ever met any one who had so much accurate and miscellaneous knowledge or so much vivacity in imparting it. As he lived near us in Belgrave Crescent, my husband and he used to drive up to college together every morning. Dr Crum Brown is now, I think, the Father of the College, and certainly no professor is more popular. I remember a curious little illustration of his wide and miscellaneous interests. One of our daughters was dining with them one day, and my husband said to her, "Two things are certain: you will have an excellent dinner and some unusual conversation." This was verified when she retailed the subjects of her host's table-talk,—Chinese folk-stories and the history of the Antiburgher Secession!

On the bench at this time were several judges with whom we were intimate,—their very names recall pleasant memories. Mr Inglis was the Lord Justice-General, and was recognised as the greatest legal authority Scotland had produced for long. He lived in a beautiful house in Abercromby Place,—indeed it was two houses he had knocked into one; and his fame for hospitality was nearly as great as for legal learning. His dinner-parties were celebrated and frequent. He eschewed the modern practice of having the names

of each guest put in what was thought to be the most appropriate place, for he said he always gave great care to the selection of his guests, so that *wherever* they sat they would have congenial neighbours. His beautiful old silver plate and china were as *recherchés* as the dinner itself, and, as I think is often the case where no lady presides, the guests seemed to be on honour to exert themselves. At one party I remember a guest told of the difficulties a distinguished host, a friend of his, had in India in marshalling his party to the dining-room,—the etiquette of precedence being there so rigid and the laws of it so difficult to follow. When no one moved to the dining-room after he had given the word of command, losing all patience he called out, “Oldest and ugliest go first!” All were then as ready to yield precedence to their neighbour as they had been before reluctant!

This anecdote was capped by another guest telling of the manager of a theatre in Paris who, having the evening before requested the ladies with hats to take them off in order to let their neighbours see something of the stage, found his appeal was in vain. The next evening he announced that all ladies over thirty-five were privileged to retain their hats. He had scarcely done speaking when not a single hat was visible in the theatre!

My neighbour, I think Lord Deas, on another occasion, at the Justice-General's, was complaining he had no leisure time, not even on the day of rest. "E'en Sunday shines no Sabbath-day for him," I muttered. The Lord Justice-General heard me and said, "Now, where is that from?" I said I thought it was Pope's, but could not remember where. The question went all round the table, eliciting many different answers—Pope, Dryden, Johnson, but no certainty. Before breakfast the next morning I had a note from Lord Curriehill—who apparently had sat up all night with Pope—saying he had found the quotation in the epistle to Dr Arbuthnot, being the prologue to the "Satires."

Lord Neaves was another judge, as humorous as he was scholarly and cultivated,—and he sang his own witty verses in the most dramatic and amusing manner: to have him at a dinner-party was to ensure its success. Each of his daughters, with whom we later became so intimate and have continued so to the second and third generation, has inherited much of his talents and tastes.

Lord Young was also a witty judge, a tithe of whose *bon mots* time and space would fail me to quote. One day, dining at his house, and some delay in handing round the soup having occurred, he whispered to me, "'Lord, make haste to help

us,' would be an appropriate grace!" A clerical deputation having waited on him, he asked what religious body they belonged to,—were they Free Church? "Well, not exactly," was the hesitating reply. "U.P.'s, then?" "That was nearer the mark, but they had differed from them on some points." "Then," said Lord Young, wearied with their indecision, "I shall write you down as split peas!" He was the authentic author of the following anecdote. A millionaire, not known as a pillar of the Church nor addicted to its services, handed over during his life a very large sum—£500,000—to the Church of Scotland, which Lord Young declared was the heaviest *fire insurance* he had ever heard of.

Mr Maitland, who had been Solicitor-General, and whose title on the Bench was Lord Barcaple, was another friend who made an impression on our minds from the simplicity and force of his character. He was a first-rate lawyer, but what was more interesting to *our* unlegal minds, he was full of intellectual interests, and had a very fine taste in literature; and now, in 1906, another interest is added to his memory, in the fact that his grandson, Mr Alexander Maitland, is married to our niece, Rosalind Craig Sellar.

Two young men who were distinguished at the Bar at this time were Mr Rutherford-Clark and

Mr Kinnear, both some years after to be raised to the Bench,—Lord Rutherford-Clark in 1875 and Lord Kinnear in 1888. The latter was created a Baron in 1897. He had been a student of my husband's the year he was in Glasgow, in 1851, and had greatly distinguished himself in the senior Latin class; and his scholarship made a great impression on my husband, who, later, considered an article on "Catullus" in the 'North British Review' a masterpiece, and one from which he often quoted extracts.

Lord Kinnear and Lord Rutherford-Clark (a most genial and delightful man) were so devoted to the works of Sir Walter Scott, that it was said if such a disaster were possible as some of the best Waverley Novels being entirely lost, they could almost between them have rewritten them from memory. What a blessed possession such a minute knowledge and memory must have been! It would indeed be an ungrateful memory in me if I passed over the name of a judge whom we delighted in, Lord Manor. "Scholar and gentleman" was the expression that naturally rose to one's mind on meeting him: he was so gentle, so refined, and being a Dundas, eloquence came naturally to him. He read widely, and was devoted to poetry, but preferred the elder poets to the modern ones, and found Tennyson's "In

Memoriam," I remember, culpably obscure! I wonder what he would have thought of some of the minor poets who came after Tennyson, who loved to envelop their want of thought in mystic language! "Having nothing to say, they cared greatly how they said it!" Two of Lord Manor's sons remain in Edinburgh. The younger son has been raised to the Bench under the title of Lord Dundas; and his no less clever elder brother was for some years Crown Agent, and is as distinguished for his conversational powers as for his legal acumen and literary taste.

Lord Manor prided himself on never having given in to what he thought the barbarous pronunciation of Latin in England, and stuck to this even during his career at Oxford, and he thought he met his reward when, on one occasion, a very eminent Norwegian clergyman came to England on ecclesiastical business, and having "no English," Latin was the only available means of communication. When he was introduced to Lord Manor he exclaimed, "You are the first person I have met in England whose Latin was not like an unknown tongue to me!"

We did not see much of Lord Moncreiff during the first years we were here, but became intimate with him and his family later; and a happier and more united one I have not known. His manner

had something of the punctilious courtesy of an earlier time, but this could not conceal the humour he had inherited, and had in his turn handed down. An evening spent with him was always a pleasure. I remember his once coming here to dinner, and, having mistaken the hour, rather earlier than the other guests. For this he apologised, and I said, "Pray don't, for it will give you an opportunity of settling a legal point which is greatly disturbing the Episcopalians of Edinburgh. Do you or the Bishop of Edinburgh take me down to dinner to-night?" "Most assuredly I do," was the answer. "The Bishop here is only the head of a Dissenting body, not a Lord Spiritual."

When, some years after, Lord Moncreiff retired, I used often to go and sit with him and hear interesting accounts of his life in London when he was Lord Advocate. He had some fine Raeburn portraits; and of these pictures his son, the second Lord Moncreiff, told me a few years later that a London agent, who had come down to Edinburgh in the hope of picking up art treasures, had offered him more than twice as much for his grandmother's portrait as he did for his grandfather's. "Ah," I said, "Death has adjusted the balance, and if we are the inferior sex in life our pictures rank higher in the realm of art."

CHAPTER XIV.

“The gallant Frith the eye might note,
Whose islands on its bosom float,
Like emeralds chased in gold.

‘Where’s the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land.’”

—SCOTT.

“Thy sons, Edina, social kind,
With open arms the stranger hail.”

—BURNS.

1864.

IN January 1864 we took up our abode in 15 Buckingham Terrace, and this has been our stationary home ever since. The children joined us from St Andrews and—nearly as important an article—the furniture! and soon we felt settled and comfortable. And now I feel much more difficulty in chronicling events, if one can use such a word in the annals of an uneventful life, partly because, by some curious freak of memory, the farther off things are, the more clear is the remembrance of them, and partly because life in Edinburgh soon became the common property of

the family, and what was peculiar to oneself is what one least cares to write about. Mrs Sellar's home being in Edinburgh made it a centre for all her large family; and Alexander, who had gone to the Scottish Bar, lived with her, and his great ability and delightful gift of humour and many-sided character made his companionship a constant delight to my husband.

We did not know many people when we came to Edinburgh, but the universal kindness and hospitality we received soon removed all feeling of strangeness: it was as if the freedom of the city had been given us, and made us citizens of no mean city. Its romantic beauty Time cannot wither, rather indeed adds to it, as I felt when, for the first time, I ascended Arthur's Seat in 1902, and felt sorry I had not done so often—

“When I was young, ah! woful when;
Ah! for the time 'twixt now and then.”

Where we received so much kindness it would be invidious to single out particular friends, but of those who were strangers to us when we came to Edinburgh, none were more truly kind than Mr and Mrs T. G. Murray; and this friendship has gone on to the third generation. Their only child, Graham, was then a boy at Harrow; from there he went to Cambridge, entered the Scottish

Bar, and married, when he was twenty-four, Mary, a daughter of Sir William Edmonstone,—a charming girl of seventeen, who has become the leader of society here, and the most gracious and considerate of hostesses. The time would fail me to chronicle all her husband's subsequent successes,—from a brilliant tenancy of Lord Advocate and M.P. for Bute; a seat in the Cabinet as Secretary for Scotland; and finally, Lord Justice-General and Lord President of the Court of Session (the highest honour the Scottish Bar has in its gift), and a Peerage under the title of Dunedin—the ancient Gaelic name for Edinburgh, who may well be proud of her son.

His father was a man of great capacity and judgment, and any advice he gave, either in public or private, was held to be conclusive. No man's word carried greater weight. His kindness, hospitality, and charity were boundless, and when he died it was felt there was no one left to fill his place. His devoted wife lived to see and rejoice in the great success of their son, and found much happiness in the love and affection of delightful grandchildren. Mrs Murray had the strength of mind and conviction of an older generation, a strenuous and unswerving sense of duty, a clearness of judgment and intellect of almost a masculine type, but no woman could have

more strictly followed St Paul's advice, and been a greater keeper of home. She adorned no platforms, but the poor and needy rose up and blessed her; and many a missionary in a lonely land was cheered by her letters of sympathy and encouragement. She died in April 1906, and left a great blank in the hearts of all her friends.

Mrs Murray was one of seven sisters, all women of marked character and ability, though with one voice they would have declared that their mother, Mrs Tod, was more remarkable than any of them. The sister known most intimately in these early days of our Edinburgh life was Joanna Tod, who as the only unmarried daughter lived with her mother in the family home in Ainslie Place. Mrs Tod was a striking-looking old lady, with most beautiful eyes and a very distinguished bearing. She was a sister of the Mary Duff who has gone down to history as Byron's first love. Miss Tod found scope enough for her shrewd head and gentle heart in her task of being a dutiful and attached daughter, and was no less devoted to a dear blind friend, with whom she spent all her spare time.

After her mother's death, which was shortly followed by Miss Stirling's, she became engaged to Mr Abdy Fellowes, a half-brother of her brother-in-law, Admiral Fellowes. I was often

their guest in their charming country house in Berkshire, and used to feel that it was like a page out of George Herbert's life, when, on coming down before breakfast on a summer morning, I saw the dear middle-aged couple walking across the lawn from early morning service, so full of cheerful peace were the two faces. Yet truly attached as she was to the Church and country of her adoption, Mrs Fellowes remained a shrewd and humorous Scotswoman in her judgments. Lady Grant—perhaps the closest of all her friends—used to tell how on one occasion she and Mrs Fellowes had gone into the parish school during the religious instruction, given by the presumably young and rather foolish curate. He was discoursing to the children on the significant importance of Lady-Day, illustrating it with the crudest symbols on the black-board. "Do you happen to have a 'cutty-stool' about you?" whispered one indignant and amused Scotswoman to the other—alluding, of course, to Jenny Geddes.

With another of the Tod sisters, Mrs Maconochie, and her husband and children, we were intimate at a rather later period. At that time they were living at Gattonside, a charming place on Tweed-side. Mr Maconochie was a delightful host, an excellent teller of anecdotes and humorous stories, and one whose early memory went back to the

great days of Edinburgh wits and judges. I remember his attributing his knowledge of Shakespeare to frequenting the theatre during the lesseeship of Mrs Henry Siddons and her brother, Mr William Murray. It was of Mrs Maconochie that Dr Brown once said, "She is a woman to write sonnets to." She had—to use another of his expressions—"those unforgettable dark eyes such as one sees once or twice in a lifetime." There was a feminine grace about her tall slender figure, and an almost girlish freshness and sweetness in her manner. It may have been the invalid life she led that in some ways kept her so young. Never was there a woman so hedged about by tender observances as she was by husband and sons. To young people she was irresistibly attractive. There was a corner at the back of her sofa occupied night after night by some lad or girl from among her guests, glad to confide their thoughts and experiences to so eager and affectionate a listener. Her earnest piety and unworldly goodness were delightfully combined with sober shrewdness and ready sense of humour.

Another member of this same family, Louisa, was also a great friend, though for some years we did not see so much of her and her gallant husband, Admiral Fellowes,—a man of most striking appearance, very tall, very handsome, and with the

delightful charm and *bonhomie* typical of a sailor. For some years he held an appointment at Chatham, and they lived in the Admiralty House; and generously did he and his dear wife dispense hospitality there. To the deep regret of all who knew him, he died somewhat suddenly at Gibraltar in 1886, when he was in command of the Channel Fleet, and it was by telegram that she heard of his death. Other sorrows were to follow. The year after her husband's death her second son, who was in the Navy, and bade fair to follow his distinguished father's steps, was cut off; and some years after her youngest son—a beautiful youth of twenty-three—died quite suddenly. “Break not, oh woman's heart, but still endure!” And she has endured with such patience and sweetness as to elicit the love and admiration of all who know her.

One of the best known men of social Edinburgh in these days was Mr Henry Davidson. He lived at Muirhouse, about three miles from Edinburgh (a house most beautifully situated, overlooking the Firth of Forth, whose charms I think have been too much ignored), and with its Scotch firs like stone pines, and its stone balustrades, reminds you always of an Italian villa. Mr Davidson was highly cultivated, musical, artistic, well read, and was most excellent company. He had a quick wit

that brightened but never wounded,—he was far too courteous and kind for that. I remember a funny little anecdote of his once coming down the stairs of his own house and meeting a young woman going up whose face he did not know. “Who are you?” he said. “Please, sir, I’m between the cook and the housemaid.” “God help you!” and he passed on. Mr Davidson was father of the present Archbishop of Canterbury, as well as of the pleasant representatives he has left here.

His brother, Sheriff Davidson, had something of the same ready repartee. Dining with us one day, one of our daughters told him of the difficulty she had in teaching the boys at a Sunday-school to repeat hymns correctly: for instance, they would say, “Thus spake the sheriff,” instead of “the seraph.” “I am not surprised,” he said; “they are really synonymous terms”! Probably the parents of these boys were more accustomed to the visits of the sheriff’s emissaries than to the more heavenly visitants!

The Noël Patons were an interesting element in our society,—a most harmonious couple, as good as they were handsome. Sir Noël, who was Limner for Scotland, and a personal friend of Queen Victoria, was a prince of courtesy, and when with him the noisy hurrying world seemed far away, and one felt transported into a purer,

nobler atmosphere of poetry and art, which was his native element. He had surrounded himself with beautiful objects of art, many of historical value, and he had one of the finest collections of armour in Scotland. But the gem of his collection was his delightful wife. There was a great charm in her affectionate manner and talk, — so sympathetic, so free from egotism, that a morning spent in her company was always a delight and refreshment. And now, after so many years have passed, and both have gone to their rest, the remembrance of her as one of the bravest spirits I have ever known is vividly impressed on my heart. Her children adored her, and in her last illness so like herself was she that one of her sons told me there was nearly as much laughter as tears in her sick-room.

“And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea,”

must have been the feeling in her unselfish heart.

Close to us, in Buckingham Terrace, lived a delightful couple, Captain and Mrs Sinclair, with whom we were very intimate, and their boys—who were of the same age as some of our children, and were dear friends of theirs—were in and out of our house continually. Captain Sinclair was an ardent Conservative, a Jacobite at heart, and his

house was filled with Jacobite relics. Mrs Sinclair was a skilful musician, and a most staunch friend. I have often wondered what these parents would have thought if they had lived to see their eldest son, Jack, Secretary for Scotland in the most Revolutionary Government this country has seen! Probably the political dismay they would certainly have felt would have yielded to parental affection and to their pride in their boy's success; and I am quite sure they would have succumbed to the charms of Lady Marjorie, Jack's wife. Charlie, his brother, in his lovely home on the Kale water, in Roxburghshire, staunchly upholds the family traditions.

It would be strange to write about Edinburgh and take no notice of one of her most remarkable sons—R. L. Stevenson. I had been his mother's bridesmaid, and I stayed with Mr and Mrs Stevenson in 1851, a year after they were married, in the house their baby was born in, 8 Howard Place, and a fractious little fellow he was! though decidedly pretty with his dark eyes and fair hair. This uncommon combination he inherited from his mother,—from her also his light heart, which carried him bravely through the many years of delicacy that would have depressed most people into thorough invalidism. This was almost my first visit from home, and it was an intense

interest to me to watch the development of my girl friend into a wife and mother, and to study the character of her grave scientific husband. He delighted in her livelier spirits, for, left to himself, life was "full of sairiousness" to him; and had it not been for his strong sense of humour, which was a striking trait in his character, the Calvinism in which he had been brought up would have left its gloomy mark upon him.

Among the pictures on the wall there was a fine engraving of David Hume, whose writings, in spite of his opinions, he greatly admired; "but," he said, "I shall take that down when the boy is old enough to notice it, for I should not like him to think Hume was one of my heroes." He could not guess how far his son was to travel from the orthodox paths, and yet always to bear about him the indelible mark of the Shorter Catechism!

The Stevensons took me to dine one evening with his brother, Alan Stevenson, to meet the daughter of Thomas de Quincey. I thought Florence de Quincey a lovely girl. She was dressed in a pale-pink muslin, and had long black velvet ribbons hanging from the back of her head. This may not now sound very elegant, but it was, and so was she, and "the mind, the music breathing from her face," made her a creature that once

seen could never be forgotten. Mr Alan Stevenson made a great impression on me, and I thought I had never met a more interesting man. He was one of those men who, as has been well said, "pass beyond the facts of science to the truths of science." He was rather sad-looking, as if the weight of this unintelligible world hung heavily on his spirit, which was of a highly imaginative order. Science was his forte, but poetry was his passion. Both powers came into play in the perpetual warfare he waged with the awful forces of Nature while building lighthouses on almost impossible and inaccessible rocks all round the coast of Scotland, — a work which culminated in the splendid triumph of the Skerryvore Lighthouse, so graphically described by the late Duke of Argyll in his most interesting autobiography published this year (1906). Wordsworth had been as a guiding-star to Mr Stevenson from his youth upwards, and one easily understood the affinity of two such high austere souls, also the impulse that made Mr Stevenson write to Wordsworth, telling him how much he felt he owed to him in life. Mr Stevenson showed me a little frame with a lock of Wordsworth's hair, round which he had fastened laurel leaves,—

"Those laurels greener from the brow
Of him who uttered nothing base."

Of Louis himself, when we came to Edinburgh and later, we did not see much. Our children were, I think I may say, clever and lively, but their ways were not his ways, and to a youth so eccentric no doubt they appeared shallow and conventional, as he—with his long hair and black shirt, a freak of his—appeared to them affected, not to say intolerable! I think I ought to mention here that later, when they became acquainted with his works, he had no warmer admirers than every member of our family. I remember his mother telling me when he was a lad that he would sometimes go off for two days at a time—no one knew where; and in extenuation of this conduct he would tell his mother that she must pay the penalty of having given birth to a tramp!

He must have been about eighteen when Professor Fleeming Jenkin came to Edinburgh as Professor of Engineering. Mrs Jenkin gave me once an interesting account of the beginning of her friendship with Louis,—one of the happiest influences in his life. She had been returning her first calls,—a weary business to one who used to say that nothing tired her but the conventionalities of life. Dusk was falling, and one name, Mrs Thomas Stevenson, Heriot Row, remained on her list. She hesitated: the thought of home was very alluring, but she resolved to finish all her calls at once. She found

her hostess sitting in a room lit only by the fire-light. Mrs Stevenson would have rung for lights, but Mrs Jenkin assured her that she preferred the cosiness of the dusk. Into the conversation suddenly broke a young voice, and Mrs Jenkin became aware of the figure of a youth, half-hidden in the window recess. So interesting did the conversation become that Mrs Jenkin lingered under the charm of this unseen interlocutor till she suddenly realised that she would be late for dinner. The young man accompanied her to the door, and under the gas-light in the hall she saw the slender figure, long hair, and brown eyes with which we are all familiar. "I hope you will come and see me," she said, shaking hands. "When shall I come?" "To-morrow," was the flattering response. When her husband remonstrated with her on being late, "Never mind," she said; "I have seen a young poet."

At this time, of course, none of the books were written which were to make him famous. Mr R. L. Stevenson acted in several of the plays by Mr and Mrs Jenkin, produced on their little stage,—a delightful form of entertainment, and of a far higher order than most private theatricals.

Many years after this, when his name was famous, his mother told me that she had a scrap-book into which she pasted all notices of him and

his works (it must, indeed, have been a large book!), and for a motto she prefixed—

“Speak weel o’ my love,
Speak ill o’ my love,
But be aye speaking!”

Nothing makes one believe more in the wit and humour that Professor Wilson must have possessed than the amount of these qualities in nearly all his descendants! Notably so in a pair of cousins, who were among our great friends,—Bessie Wilson, a daughter of his eldest son, and Coggie, a child of his eldest daughter, Mrs Ferrier. Bessie Wilson we did not know till after we had been several years in Edinburgh. There was something in the quality of her mind and character that bridged over the gulf of years that separated us, and she and my husband and I became devoted friends. One summer she went with us to Switzerland, and proved, in spite of the proverb, that *three* is sometimes the best possible company! But then it is not every one that has her charm of sympathetic interest in all that we saw or did, her brilliant conversation, and last, not least, her handsome presence, which attracted every one we met. She was a first-rate *raconteuse*, and to so observant a mind, and one so full of infinite variety, life possessed the deepest interest.

Of her cousin, Coggie Ferrier, what can I say?

She has inherited much of her mother's wild wit and, perhaps, somewhat reckless humour and wonderful powers of mimicry. All this is known and appreciated by those who have met her even in the most casual manner, but only those who are most intimate with her know what a heart of gold she has, and what capacity for sacrificing herself for the good of a friend. Our acquaintance began in our early St Andrews days, when she was a child; and now, when she lives in London, that social Charybdis that sucks up so many of our best and brightest, our meetings are not so frequent as we should like; but the bond of auld lang syne is a very strong one, and never fails us.

Many years later I had another friend in Edinburgh whom I went often to see. The fever of *bric-à-brac* hunting was on me, and old Mrs Begbie had a little shop in Rose Street of that kind. She was a delightful woman, clever, well read, and full of interest in her artistic trade. Her father had been a bookseller, and she—having a taste for literature—browsed freely on the books in his shop, and listened eagerly to the literary talk occasionally heard there. One day, when a little girl, she came home with a prize from the dancing-school, and an author and poet, who was at the time with her father, gave her as a further reward a chain and medal. This was Robert Pollok, the author of a

poem called 'The Course of Time,' which had a considerable vogue in its day; but ungrateful Time in its *real* course has relegated the poem to the limbo of forgotten things, and I doubt if any one of the present generation ever heard of it.

Mrs Begbie kept up her taste for literature. She had an immense admiration for Archbishop Trench's works, and I remember her delight when I brought his daughter, Mrs Butcher, to her shop, and she at once recognised the likeness to the beautiful picture Romney had painted of Mrs Butcher's grandmother. What happy days Mrs Butcher and I spent in prowling over old shops and frequenting sales! On the evening of one of these days we were dining at Palmerston Place, and my husband asking what "culpable extravagance" was, Professor Butcher said, "What our wives are always on the verge of"!

A constant and delightful visitor at Palmerston Place was Miss Blanche Trench. She and Mrs Butcher were a fascinating pair of cousins whose names, Rose and Blanche, were two "sweet symphonies." Handsome, graceful, and with a quite singular charm of manner, they would have been remarkable in any society, and certainly they shone with something like southern radiance among our northern lights. Once when Mrs Butcher bound her abundant auburn tresses with

a chaplet of vine leaves, Lady Grant said she looked like a beautiful Bacchante converted to Christianity. Miss Blanche Trench played charmingly on the guitar, and looked a perfect picture as she sat singing to her delighted audience.

The summer of 1864 we spent in the Lake country, in a nice old house near Ambleside belonging to Kate Dobson's grandmother, Mrs Harrison, *née* Wordsworth, a cousin of the poet, with none of his gifts but far more than his graces, for she was quite a beautiful old lady. The Tom Sellars had taken a house in the neighbourhood, and there were constant meetings and much happy intercourse for parents and children. The Tom Arnolds, too, spent that summer at Foxhowe, and I well remember Mary, their eldest daughter,—the future celebrated Mrs Ward,—a fine gipsy-looking girl, whose thick black hair was a constant difficulty to her to keep in becoming order! Even then she had shown literary capacity, and was making an index for her father's book on English Literature,—not an easy task for a girl of fourteen.

We made many little expeditions in the lovely Lake country, and altogether it was a very happy summer, though my husband felt a more bracing climate would have been a better preparation for him and for his winter's work.

In February 1865 a little boy was born, whom

we christened William Grant, and Sir Alexander Grant and Dr Brown were his godfathers.

That summer we spent at Tullymet, a very pretty place in Perthshire, at the entrance of Strathtay, and not far from Strathtummel,—a fine, breezy, healthy country. At Tullymet there was a charming old-fashioned garden, and a home farm, which was a supreme delight to Walter.

It was here we began reading the Waverley Novels aloud to the children, and I remember my husband becoming so excited over ‘The Antiquary’ that he would not close the book till two hours after our audience should have been asleep! I had felt it was high time to introduce them to good literature, for the children’s stories of that day were, many of them, unwholesomely edifying; and that summer I had seen with considerable amusement my little girls undertaking on Sundays the instruction of some of the farm children, quite as old as themselves and quite as wise: but they, at any rate, put themselves above their pupils in position, for they each mounted a tree and delivered their instructions from that elevated rostrum!

Andrew Lang came to see us there; and I think of all the different places that we took for summer, Tullymet was his favourite. Here, too, we had a visit from Mr T. H. Green, who had stayed with us in Edinburgh the year before,

when he lectured on "The Commonwealth" at the Philosophical Institution. Mr Green was naturally silent, and his instinct was rather to shun society; so it was unfortunate that there was an evening party while he was with us,—still more unfortunate that the ladies' cloaks were taken off in his room, to which he could not, therefore, retire for refuge. Towards the end of the evening, seeing him looking rather dejected, my husband, to cheer him, said, "Only two cloaks now, Green, in your room." "Till there are *none*," was the sombre reply, "it is all the same to me." On his arrival at Tullymet, Eppie, a child of seven, thought it incumbent on her, for the Master's sake, to entertain another Balliol man, and, undeterred by his somewhat irresponsible manner, exerted all her powers of conversation on him; and I well remember the kindly perplexed smile he turned on me, quoting, "and panting Time toils after her in vain." Mr Green told the children how his father, in his efforts to instil the virtue of self-control and patience, used to read aloud to them in the evenings, stopping at the most interesting and exciting point; and he especially remembered how, when reading in 'The Antiquary' the thrilling account of the duel with Lovel, he suddenly closed the book at the sentence "Captain MacIntyre's bullet——" and they

had to wait with what patience they could command till next evening before they knew what the bullet had done!

Mr Green was Fellow of Balliol and tutor in philosophy. His lectures were very remarkable, and his personal influence even greater than his influence as a lecturer. This was not acquired by any peculiar grace of speech or manner. His strong and simple character seemed to need no words to express it: he lived his thoughts, carrying his convictions into practice. Mr Jowett often spoke of him as one of his best and dearest friends. "*Sit mea anima cum illo*," he said, after Green's funeral in 1882. Eleven years later the Master died, and his remains were laid in St Sepulchre's Cemetery, separated only by a single grave from that of Mr Green. This account of Mr Green I take from the Master of Balliol's '*Life*,' written by Mr Evelyn Abbott, a dear and intimate friend of both. And here I may record that it was Mr Green's much-loved wife who watched over the death-beds of all these three men. "*Be near me when my life is low*," was the desire of them all. And surely no greater or more touching tribute could be paid to any mortal than the wish, when all earthly things are fast fading, for the help and comfort of so good and sympathetic a friend.

CHAPTER XV.

“ And some we loved, the loveliest and the best
 That from his vintage rolling Time hath prest,
 Have drunk their cup a round or two before,
 And, one by one, crept silently to rest.”

—OMAR KHAYYÁM, *translated by E. FITZGERALD.*

1864-1868.

WE had spent the summer at a pretty little place, or rather a little place in a pretty country, Cray, lying between the Spittal of Glenshee and Glenisla. My husband had not been very well, and we went up for a short visit to Brahan Castle, in Ross-shire, a place his brother David had taken for the summer; and from there he went on to Sutherland, where John had a shooting in Strathnaver, and he thought the change and occupation in the open air would set him up. But it did not do him much good, and the doctors strongly recommended his taking an entire rest from his work, and advised his spending the winter abroad. An old Balliol friend, Mr Harvey, afterwards Rector of the Edinburgh Academy, kindly under-

took the management of my husband's classes; and as he was a first-rate scholar, my husband's mind was comparatively easy, though it was a trial to him giving up his students into alien hands. For ourselves, we secured the most perfect travelling companion in our friend Kate Dobson. She had had the rarest and most ideal education for a woman—intimacy with a scholarly father. She had carried Latin and Greek to the point of familiar pleasure in the literature, and on this, as on other subjects, was the most sympathetic companion to my husband. Strong and an excellent walker, she could accompany him on expeditions that were too long for me, and was equally at ease if he were silent or conversational. Best of all, perhaps, she excited and encouraged in him a vein of humour which, while it rendered her speechless with amusement, lightened many an hour of depression for him.

In November, therefore, we all started for Bonn, and, like Wordsworth's little heroine, "we were seven"—ourselves, Kate, the three little girls, and Walter. We had a horrible passage to Flushing; and all night the line, "But our flower was in flushing when blighting was nearest," rung in my head, and how profoundly I wished our vessel was there too! We first went to the Hôtel Royal at Bonn, but after a month we thought it would be

quieter and less expensive to board in a family, and we went to two old ladies, Misses von Salomons, where we were very comfortable, and they were most kind. Miss von Salomons had a great admiration for my husband, and said one day, in the tone of paying him an extreme compliment, that he was not in the least like an Englishman! "Then, what country would you say he belonged to?" I asked. Afraid if she said German or Prussian *we* should not like it, she very cleverly replied, "A Courländer." And as none of us had ever seen a Courländer, we had to be content, feeling in this case *omne ignotum pro magnifico est*.

A brother, Herr Clement, came after a time,—pompous and silent, a Roman Catholic, yet not so devout but that he invariably forgot all the fast-days till the meals were well over, and was then filled with voluble remorse. Here, too, we met Mr Smart, now minister of Chirnside, whose kindness to our children then, and to our dear Frank later, I shall never forget. He used to take the children for long days' skating,—a form of amusement which requires active, not passive, guardianship; and so gained at once my present gratitude for their safety and the place in their memories sacred to those who provide the pleasures of childhood. My husband knew several of the professors, and we received much kindness from the von Sybels,

which I repaid in a novel way by saying to Mrs von Sybel that her daughter was *sehr verwachsen*, which, I believe, means deformed, while I had meant to say, was "very well grown"! However, she read my thoughts, though my words belied them, and was very gracious.

At Bonn we ran across a distant kinswoman and old friend of mine, a Mrs Gray and her husband, a doctor in the Indian Medical Service. As a girl she had lived much with my aunt and elder cousins, and had not only a memory that retained everything, but a power of narrative that made the most ordinary occurrence picturesque. This came as easily to her pen as to her tongue. At the end of this winter we left her on excellent terms with her German hosts, but during the summer I received a letter of ten pages from her, describing the estrangement and rupture between the two families with such liveliness that we eagerly seized the sheets from each other's hands. My husband was at this time reading Balzac for the first time with great admiration. He declared that "l'Affaire Gray" was worthy of a place in the *Comédie Humaine*.

Mrs Gray had a charming placidity of manner, which contrasted as oddly with her husband's alternate high and low spirits as her short round figure with his height and handsome looks. He

was an excellent whist player, as good as my husband himself, and many evenings were pleasantly spent at the card-table. My husband used to say of himself that, though he could read when he was four, he knew his cards long before he knew his letters.

We stayed in Bonn till the end of March, and then Kate, my husband, and I started for a short visit to Rome. Of Rome, what can one say that is not well known and hackneyed? We were there at Easter, and so I—for my husband's interests were entirely in classical Rome—came in for the various spectacles at that season. I could not help being struck with the flippancy of a very handsome Polish countess, a Roman Catholic, in our hotel, who hurried away, saying she must see one or two pilgrims' feet washed, and then she would fly to the *cæna*! It was curious, when the silver trumpets were blown and some relics were held up to view, to see the rapt, ecstatic devotion of those around us. The evening we arrived in Rome we went to the Coliseum, that we might view it aright in the moonlight, and very striking and impressive it was; but I am afraid in my mind thoughts of the martyrs and wild beasts were swallowed up in the contemplation of the loveliest girl I think I have ever seen, walking up and down with a handsome man, evidently her

lover. And my happiness was great when next morning I discovered she was in our hotel, and we soon became great friends. She was a Miss Rose Russel from Boston, and her lover—for she was engaged to him—was a German Baron, of a very old family, but I forget his name, and I heard he had died a year or two after they were married. Of her I never heard again, but the memory of her loveliness remains fresh in my mind.

My husband not being very well, the sights and remains of ancient Rome, though deeply interesting, were rather a strain and fatigue to him, and he often said he would like to go back and visit it again when he would be better able to enjoy it. One expedition I remember we made which was a source of very deep interest to him—a Horatian pilgrimage,—going to Tivoli and Vicovaro, where we slept, by no means in a “lordly pleasure-house,” for the house was more like a stable than a hotel; but the beds were clean, though the sheets were very coarse, and the mattresses stuffed with the husks of Indian corn: but—we were in the country of Horace! For the first time my husband trod in that poet’s footsteps, and travelled by roads familiar to him: looked on the valley of the “swift Digentia,” now called Licenza, where, beyond question, lay

the Sabine farm which Mæcenas had given to the poet. My husband had with him the genial essay, "*La maison de la campagne d'Horace*," by M. Gaston Boissier, which he greatly admired, and found most useful in identifying places. And with this and Horace's own poems—a book which was a constant companion—he seemed to realise the life in that Sabine villa, and the poet's growing attachment to its simplicity and charm. "The man who was once graced by fine clothes and shining locks, whom the money-loving Cinara preferred to his rich rivals, who would imbibe Falernian at midday, now is pleased with a frugal supper and a nap on the grass beside the stream."

We went from Vicovaro, partly driving, partly walking, to Rocca Giovine, beautifully situated on a precipitous rock. I remember being very much struck by the whole bearing of the women, sunburnt and looking far older than their years. Indeed the place seemed full of grandmothers and small children; the missing link—the mother—apparently non-existent! These women had a dignity of carriage and a freedom of movement that was most impressive: nearly all of them wore coral beads round their dark sunburnt throats. The villa consisted of such scanty remains that it required a good deal of imagination to reconstruct it. Near the Chapel of Madonna

della Casa is a spring now called Fontana degli Oratini, perhaps the Fons Bandusiæ of the poet?

On our way to Rocca Giovine we were overtaken by a man and a mule, the latter heavily laden. The man in the large Roman black cloak of the country, draped round him with a grace no Englishman could emulate, was so remarkable a figure that I felt sure he was no common peasant, and I begged Kate Dobson (who was the linguist of the party) to ask him what his profession was. It was scarcely a surprise when he answered "*Una poeta*"! He certainly looked one of the tuneful choir more than most of his brethren. He had been very well educated at Rome; had gone to Mexico, and had there written an epic on the tragic death of the Emperor Maximilian. He was much interested to hear my husband was a Professor of Latin, and there and then they began a conversation in that language; and one heard quotations from Horace hurtling in the air under the shadow of Mons Lucretilis, and almost in sight of his own Sabine villa,—the stranger from the barbarous North being no whit behind Horace's own Italian countryman in love and admiration for him, and, naturally, with a more complete knowledge. And here, surely, was a living proof, should such be needed, that in prophetic vein, and in no idle

boasting spirit, had Horace written, “*exegi monumentum ære perennius*”; for what had brought these two strangers of different lands, education, and position—passing each other on an Italian highway—into warm and hearty sympathy but this very *monumentum*—his deathless poems? Colloquially the *poeta* was more at home in the Latin tongue, probably from the services of his Church being in that language, and his ear more accustomed to the sound.

The journey back from Rome is rather blurred in my memory; but I well remember the beauty of the swift-flowing Rhone, emerging fresh and blue from its bath in the lake, and the exquisite cleanliness and luxury of the hotel at Geneva; but somehow it seemed smug and commonplace after the dear dirty divinity of happy-go-lucky Italy. While we had been in Italy, Miss Janson took the children to Karlsruhe, where her mother lived, and they all joined us at Château d'Oex, a very pretty valley in the Canton de Vaud. It was not what Andrew Lang calls “a professional beauty in scenery,” but very home-like and pleasant to live in: and here we first made the acquaintance of Mr Alfred Benn, who was so often to come into our lives in after-years. He is a remarkable man, an excellent classical scholar, and equally at home in science. So when we were

in any difficulty on any subject, we had but to "turn it up in Benn" to have our minds enlightened. Since this time Mr Benn has become known in England by his scholarly book on the Early Greek Philosophers; and as I write this he has just published his *magnum opus*, the 'History of Rationalism,' which promises, I am told, to become a classic work on the subject. Our first meeting was rather curious. He and his mother and an Italian greyhound had arrived one afternoon, and were sitting in the drawing-room when we came in from our own rooms in the *dépendance*. We were puzzling over a double acrostic, made up of quotations, and there was a difference of opinion about one, when Mr Benn's voice broke in with "I think you will find it in Shelley's 'Epipsychidion.'" Balaam's ass speaking could scarcely have surprised the prophet more than this knowledge of Shelley in a stray visitor in a Swiss pension surprised us. Mr Benn told us afterwards that when we left the room and my husband said, "Don't leave the 'Ring and the Book,'" he muttered to his mother, "These are no common tourists who have got the 'Ring and the Book'!" I think it had been newly published then.

It made a great difference to my husband having Mr Benn's companionship and sympathy

in his studies, they generally being in accord on these subjects, though sometimes there might be a difference, as I remember once, years after, when they had gone a little excursion in the Bavarian Tyrol, and Mrs Grey, Florence, and I joined them at Berchtesgaden. I found them barely on speaking terms, because of some difference of opinion about Lucretius! But this was a very temporary estrangement, and time would fail me to tell of the many times we came across him at different places abroad, in London, and at Kenbank; and of the faithfulness and loyalty of his friendship, extended in the summer of 1905 to my granddaughter Molly, when she was in Florence,—a place that has been Mr Benn's home since his marriage in 1887. A helpmeet, indeed, his wife proved herself, for she was nearly as learned as he was, and deeply interested in all literary subjects and in art—in which she was no mean proficient: skilled, too, in household ways, which has now more space for development, as they have settled themselves in a beautiful Florentine villa. This I have not seen, and probably never shall; but I often think of her, of her charm of manner, and of the beauty of her soft melodious voice: and her letter each Christmas, telling of all they had done during the summer, I always look forward to as a treat.

We spent nearly all the summer at Château d'Oex. Here I saw, for the first time, whole meadows starred profusely with the white narcissus, scenting the air and delighting the eye. Indeed, the greatest delight of these months of the early summer was to follow the succession of lovely Swiss flowers from the valleys up to the bare heights. We engaged a master from the National school in the village to teach us botany. With Swiss thoroughness, this excellent Monsieur Pichart began every analysis with the question, "Fleur visible ou invisible?" And so far the subject offered little difficulty.

Our daughter Eleanor had not been very well, and the doctor at Vevey strongly recommended a winter in the South. So before we returned home she was settled at Mdlle. Vincent's at Vevey, where she made the acquaintance and life-long friendship of Alma Whately, a granddaughter of the Archbishop. This friendship was further strengthened in after-years by Miss Whately's cousin, Henrietta Wale, marrying William Arnold. At Château d'Oex, Florence, who was always zealous and enterprising, over-walked herself, and was obliged to lie up entirely; and hearing the Charles Arnolds from Rugby were at Zimmerwald—a beautiful place in the Bernese Oberland—we went there and had a very pleasant time,

till we all set our faces homewards. Florence was forbidden to walk, so our first effort on arriving at a railway station was to get a porter to carry her. As few of the porters spoke English, I gave the order, as I thought, in good German, and bade them "Tragen die Jungfrau," which made them stare, not sure whether I meant the mountain or the Virgin! Of course "Tragen das Fräulein" was what I should have said.

A great sorrow met us on our return to London from abroad — the death of our beloved Zibbie Cross, who had married a year before Mr Bullock, who afterwards took the name of Hall on inheriting the property of his uncle, General Hall, at Six-Mile-Bottom, Cambridgeshire. She had given birth to a fine boy at her friend Miss Thornley's house, near her own old home at Champion Hill. He survived, is now married, and has children of his own; but she died and left not her like behind: and this was the deep and permanent feeling of all who loved her, which meant all who knew her. To those who had not that privilege, no words could convey what she was. To know her was a liberal education; and when she died, life could never again mean quite the same thing to her family and her friends.

I wish there was an English word equivalent to the *galantuomo*, bestowed on King Victor

Emmanuel by his countrymen, for that is the expression that naturally comes to one's mind in thinking of Henry Hall. He, Charles Bowen, and Alexander Craig Sellar had all been at Rugby and Balliol together—"the Triumvirate," we used to call them: each was remarkable in his own way, and they remained the closest friends till death parted them, none of them reaching old age. There was something of the knight-errant about Mr Hall—a spirit of adventure, a lover of lost causes, a chivalrous devotion to his friends and his peerless wife. Some years before he married he went to Mexico and wrote a little book, 'Across Mexico,' telling of many places and scenes no Englishman had hitherto visited. He had also fought with Garibaldi, and in the battle of Monte Suello with such gallantry, that he was personally and cordially thanked by the General.

After his wife's death, feeling action imperative, he went to Sedan to administer the fund got up by 'The Daily News' for the behoof of the poor people who had suffered so terribly in the Franco-Prussian War; and so great was his efficiency and active sympathy that the French Government of that day—1871—presented him with the Legion of Honour.

Six-Mile-Bottom had in the time of his uncle, General Hall, been celebrated for its splendid

partridge-shooting, the Duke of Cambridge shooting with the General each autumn; but it was not in this direction that Henry Hall signalised his possession. Schools, co-operative stores, and comfortable cottages for the labourers sprang up all over the estate, and his house became the rendezvous for the most intellectual and spiritual residents in Cambridge University, from which it was only distant six miles.

Of one of those whom I have said were called “the Triumvirate” this seems a fitting place to say a few words. Mr Charles Bowen, who became Lord Bowen, has been described as “perhaps the most popular man that was ever at Balliol.” In writing to Sir Robert Morier in 1878, I see the Master says of him, “I think you knew Bowen, but you hardly know all his merits. He always seems to me one of the most gentle and honourable men I have ever known,—a man of genius, converted, perhaps crushed, into a lawyer, and probably the greatest English lawyer of the day.” With every word of this my husband would have agreed, for though Lord Bowen was ten years his junior, and consequently a contemporary and much more intimate friend of Alexander Sellar, my husband often said he felt the same affection for him as for his own well-tried associates, and found as much delight in his companionship as he

did in their society. He delighted in his scholarship, his wit, his interest in politics and in literature, and considered his poetical translation of Virgil's *Æneid* a most admirable piece of work, and with as much of the spirit of the original as a translation could be expected to give.

Once, in Oxford, when Lord Bowen, Dean Stanley, the Master of Balliol, my husband, and Mr Sandars were breakfasting together—all Balliol scholars, and congratulating themselves on being so!—Dean Stanley said if they were to go in for the examination now, he did not believe they would pass. “Yes,” said the Master, “Bowen would.”

His witty sayings are remembered by his friends. When Dr Lushington's partial condemnation on the Colenso case was reversed by Lord Chancellor Westbury's judgment, Bowen wrote on the margin of his copy of the Chancellor's deliverances, “Hell dismissed with costs.” A riddle he once made was, “Why is a step-father an inexpensive article?”—“Because *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.*”

All who met him were struck by his great capacity and brilliancy, but few knew the depth of his affectionate heart. In Alexander Sellar's long illness, lasting for some months, Lord Bowen

went constantly to Parham to see him, and wrote to him every day. Lord Bowen did not long survive his friend, and in his illness Mrs Craig Sellar became to him and his wife the comfort he had been to her husband and herself.

CHAPTER XVI.

“All that life contains of torture, toil, and treason,
 Shame, dishonour, death, to him were but a name.
 Here, a boy, he dwelt through all the singing season,
 And ere the day of sorrows, departed as he came.”

—R. L. STEVENSON.

“Her children rise up and call her blessed.”

1870-1875.

IN the spring of this year we were made very anxious hearing that scarlet fever had broken out at Marlborough, and this was increased when our dear Frank took it,—mercifully it was of a mild type. My husband would not hear of my going up to him, as I had never had the fever; but he went, and after staying a short time with the house master, Mr Bell, he and Mrs Knightley — whose boys were great friends of Frank, and had also had the fever—moved them all three to Clifton, where they underwent quarantine: and in May my husband was able to bring Frank to join us in London on our way to the Black Forest, where we had decided on spending the summer. We settled

ourselves at St Blasien, a very imposing-looking place. It had once been a church and monastery, and was now turned into a hotel. I think we were the only English people there; but it was a very pretty country, full of clear running streams, where Frank got some fishing and Walter pursued the chase of butterflies,—a taste he had learnt at Château d'Oex. Andrew Lang, too, joined us; and my husband went and met Nellie coming from Vevey. So we were a goodly family party, and had not to depend for company on visitors. There was one young German couple who interested us, a Herr von Göler and his wife from Karlsruhe. He was A.D.C. to the Grand Duke of Baden, and had come to St Blasien for a month's holiday; but they had not been there a week when one morning he came to my husband, and in an awe-stricken voice said he had got a wire, "Krieg erklärt," and he had to return to Karlsruhe at once. This was the beginning of the terrible Franco-Prussian War, at which the world gazed aghast for eighteen months. It came as unexpectedly on the A.D.C. as it did on us; and I remember we took charge of the one-year-old baby (who could sing but not speak!), while nurse and parents hastily gathered together all their possessions and then hurried off home that afternoon.

When in Karlsruhe in 1901 I called on the von

Gölers, sending up my card with "St Blasien, 1870: Karlsruhe, 1901" written on it. I was most warmly welcomed, and found the musical baby was now married and the father of several babies! When the Freiherr came in I thought the thirty-one years had dealt gently with him, for he was a very fine-looking soldierly man; and when I complimented him in bad German on his appearance, "Ach," he replied, "aber ich fühle so alt." "Just the reverse of me," I said; "ich bin so alt und ich fühle so jung!" But to return to 1870. Soon the *Kellners* all went off to the war, and the young men of the village followed, till there seemed no one left but anxious women and children. One had never been brought face to face with war before, and we thought it would be well to leave St Blasien and go to Switzerland. We went first to Zürich and then to Felsenegg, above the Lake of Zug, where we stayed for some time, then proceeding to Engelberg, a beautiful place not very far from the Lake of Lucerne. Here we met Mr Benn again, and he and my husband had many mountain expeditions. We returned home by Karlsruhe in August, and went to the hospital, where it was a touching sight to see German and French soldiers who, a short time before, were enemies trying to kill each other, now playing chess, draughts, and other games in the most amicable manner.

As we passed down the Rhine on our way home, there were not many outward signs of war, but there was an unrest all round, and many rumours of battles and disasters, all of the latter on the French side: they were ill-prepared for a war which had been entered upon with such a culpably "light heart" by Louis Napoleon. But this is a domestic, not a military or political, survey of the times, so I pass on.

In the spring of 1871 the doctors all thought that a sea voyage and a year's residence in a milder climate would be of the greatest advantage to Frank, who had outgrown his strength but not the evil effects of the scarlet fever. So it was decided he should go to Australia to his Uncle Robert and Aunt Matilda; my dear father sent his own man, Matthew,—an excellent servant and most skilful nurse,—to attend to him; and they sailed from Tilbury in the *Joshua* in May. We had stayed with the Octavius Smiths at Princes Gate, and John Sellar went with us to see him off. When did he ever fail to speed the parting and welcome the coming guest? And how thankful we were for the upholding of his kind sympathetic spirit, for of all temporary partings surely the saddest and most heart-aching is with the loved ones who "go down to the sea in ships"! In a moment they are out of sight and with a gulf of

waters between us, perhaps never to be crossed again,—as was the case here. But, thank God! the future is not revealed to us, and hope whispered that this voyage would do so much for him. Yet as we rowed away and looked at the slight young figure in grey looking over the bulwark till he was borne out of our sight, our hearts felt very heavy. On our return dear Mrs Smith was most kind to us, for she had loved the boy ever since he was a baby at Ardtornish.

That summer we had taken a small house in the North of Mull, close to Glen Gorm, which stands out like a lighthouse on the farthest northern point, with a glorious view of the Western Isles. The correct placing of North and South Uist was a constant subject of speculation with my husband when we dined at Glen Gorm, for he generally felt gravelled for lack of matters in conversation. Mrs F. and her daughters, though really clever women, were somewhat arid in talk, and whenever I heard the word South Uist I knew my husband had come to the end of his tether!

Among the books we read that summer was a short 'Life of Julian Fane' by his friend Lord Lytton (Owen Meredith), in which he mentions Mr Fane's devotion to his mother, and how no birthday of hers passed without his sending her a sonnet in celebration of it. "How different," I

said, "from my prosaic children, none of whom greet me in this manner!" But on my birthday, which happened a few days after, I found what—from its writing—I thought was a begging letter, but it turned out to be a Birthday Ode by my daughter Eppie, aged twelve:—

"I've seen with grief her hair grow white,
And wept some tears at this sad sight;
Few has she, but some London lotion
Has set the growing powers in motion."

I denied the veracity of her facts, and thought her humour was greater than her poetic gifts!

While we were at Sorn my cousin, Constance Hamilton, came round with her yacht and carried off my husband and our daughters Eleanor and Eppie to Skye. And this was the first of many visits they paid to Dunvegan and its handsome chief. The Macleod some years after married a young Austrian countess, and going on board Mrs Hamilton's yacht she exclaimed, "Ach, I will be often with you *in ghost!*" meaning in spirit. I think it was on this occasion that Eppie, suffering curious pains in her limbs, saw a local doctor, who declared it was "rheumatic gout." "How can so young a child have such a thing the matter with her?" my husband asked. She looked up quizzically and said, "'If *gouty* deeds my father pleased,' would not that account for it?"

I cannot remember many circumstances of that summer, except the unparalleled beauty of the sunsets, and the remark the Ardtornish manager made when we told him we had taken Sorn, and hoped the air would be very good. "Air!" he replied; "why, there's naething but air!" And certainly sea and air, and the view of distant islands, and the strange feeling that there was nothing but sea between us and America, did constitute a great charm, though probably in these restless days of motor cars and steam-yachts the life there would have been voted very slow.

We returned to Edinburgh in October, and I was thankful my husband had his work to do, for the accounts from Australia became more and more grave about our dear boy. Only those who have similarly suffered know the additional pang that absence gives,—the awful longing to see and hear and be near the loved one, that can never be granted, but which eats into one's heart. On the 8th of January 1872 we got a telegram to say that all was over and he was at rest. The end had come quietly, and no one could have tended him more lovingly and carefully than his uncle and aunt, who were indeed devoted to him. What the loss of our first-born was to us I cannot and will not attempt to say. There never was a gentler soul, or one more pure in heart, and now "he sees

God," and one knows "it is well with the child." But nothing can entirely remove the sense of loss and all the possibilities of "might-have-been" which, perhaps, "alone can fill desire's cup to the brim." He "rests by the long wash of Australasian seas," far from his own immediate kindred, but near him now are the ashes of the kind uncle and aunt who supplied the place of his own parents. In his last dear letter to me he said, but without dwelling on it, he had been very ill, but that he was better, and that he hoped soon to come home. And this wish was fulfilled, but not in the way he anticipated, for it was to a home not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, that he was called.

Matthew, the servant who had nursed him so devotedly, returned to England at once, and came to see us, bringing with him the dear boy's small possessions. And all who have gone through this trial know the anguish of it,—the contrast of the durability of "mute, insensate things," and the quick confusion to which the young spirit has succumbed,—a heart-breaking experience.

During the years 1874-75 we passed through that autumn which comes in all families when the older generation one by one begins to pass away. I have already told how gently death came to my father in June 1874. When, in the ensuing

February, my husband's mother was taken from us, death came in as lovely a guise.

She had spent the summer of 1874 with us at Kenbank. My husband was busy with his volume on Virgil, and I remember with what eagerness she listened to his reading aloud from the MS.—her characteristic reverence for learning combining with her intense affection for her son to fill her heart with proud satisfaction.

In September she returned to her own house in Walker Street. There was no pain nor sickness, only a gradual failure of the bodily powers. She had always been the best of correspondents, and now she still sat guiding that unwearied pen of hers; but so dim had her sight grown that she sometimes failed to notice that she had no ink on her pen. She got into the habit of handing her letters to the grand-daughter who lived with her to have them corrected.

For some days before she took to her bed she had written diligently, but had never asked "to have the press corrected,"—her own phrase. A few days later she sent for her blotting-book and showed us six letters addressed to her sons. Only two were finished, but all were begun, so that no one should feel neglected. Life was dear to her among all her children and grandchildren, and when she first felt her strength going she had some days of quiet



From a photograph

by Rodger, St. Andrews, 1850.

MRS SELLAR.

sadness. Then she realised that this was an occasion for her instinctive delight in giving, and grew quite cheerful, looking round her room and deciding to whom she might leave all her little possessions. One of my daughters was not very strong that year, and “Grannie” was eager that she should enter at once into the possession of her sealskin. When I tried to put this off she said decidedly, “No, the cold weather is coming: besides, if she waited till I were dead she would not wear it at once.”

For three months the dear old lady lay in her room, her bodily powers gradually failing, but nothing clouding her mind nor weakening her immense power of loving. One of her grandchildren was attending my husband’s lectures on Latin literature, and, for love of the lecturer, the old lady insisted on having notes read aloud to her. On one occasion, after a long pause, she said, looking puzzled, “I can’t remember whether there were two Scipios called Africanus or one.” When satisfied on this point she quoted a passage out of Addison’s ‘Cato.’ The sound old eighteenth-century culture instilled into her almost seventy years before by her revered aunt, Miss Young, was alive in her up to the last!

But her main preoccupation was in the small happinesses she could give. She had been much

taken up with giving me a Christmas present, and to please her I had chosen a fine old silver buckle. The first time I went into her room with it on, she was lying with her face turned to the wall. "How are you this morning, dear Grannie?" "Very far through." Then with her habitual courtesy, turning painfully round, she added in a brighter tone, "But not too bad to admire your pretty new buckle!"

Her barrel of apples from America did not arrive till after the New Year, and though she was at the last stage of weakness she kept planning the baskets of apples to be sent to various families of children. "Has Percy Grant had his apples?" was among the last things she said.

Except Robert, the Australian, all her sons were in this country at this time. They all came and went constantly to see her: the best-beloved, Johnnie, came down twice a-week from London to be with her. Though she could not eat much, it was a pleasure to him to bring all kinds of little comforts for her. And she who counted that day lost in which she had given nothing, was always touched and surprised by gifts bestowed on herself. Once he brought her down a beautiful soft grey dressing-gown, and the first time she had it on I happened to slip unseen into the room. He was sitting beside her, and she was stroking

his hand, saying, "My dear Johnnie, my bonnie boy"; and then, with a funny little touch of humour she added, "Would it be profane to say 'Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me'?"

To save trouble to the household her sons lived at the Club or in hotels; but this fact (which would have vexed her hospitable heart) was concealed from her, and she would give eager and particular instructions about their meals.

Brought up in the school of Presbyterian Moderatism, her piety was cheerful, humble, and reserved, and drew its strength from certain chapters of the New Testament, and its emotion from the beloved Scottish Paraphrases. These we read to her the last thing before she was left for the night, but if her maid happened to come into the room at the time, she would motion to the reader to stop, and make anxious inquiries if there were "rizzured" haddocks and other essentials for the gentlemen's breakfast. Then with a little apologetic sign she would say, "'Let not your hearts with anxious thoughts be troubled or dismayed'—but I wish I were sure that my sons were quite comfortable!"

Four sons, two daughters-in-law, and three grandchildren were in the room when she gently breathed her last. Her hand was clasped in Johnnie's, and my own name was the last she

uttered. I have always been glad to remember that the tenderest expression of affection in the Scriptures was used by a daughter-in-law to her mother-in-law.

It was a great regret to us that our dear Dr John Brown was at this time away from home, and unable to be with her and us. A few weeks after her death he came to see me in Walker Street, and I noticed how sadly his eyes dwelt on the writing-table where she was accustomed to sit. Then he said, "I used to tell her that she would die some day writing to John : she did far better,—died with his hand in hers."

CHAPTER XVII.

“Where the kingdom of Galloway’s blest
With the smell of bog-myrtle and peat.”

—A. LANG.

“Kenmures have fought in Galloway
For Kirk and Presbyt’rie ;
This Kenmure faced his dying day
For King James across the sea.

It little skills what faith men vaunt,
If loyal men they be
To Christ’s ain Kirk and Covenant,
Or the King that’s o’er the sea.”

—A. LANG.

1872.

It was with a heavy heart for the loss of our boy, whose death in Australia, as I have related, took place at St Kilda, near Melbourne, on the 8th of January, that a couple of months later we began the somewhat wearisome process of looking out for a house to which we could go in summer, as we were rather tired of having a new place every season. And the pleasant arrangements of a Scottish University enable the professor to have an unbroken holiday, which he can—and in this case did—devote to writing on his own subject, and

not to the *otium cum dignitate* which is sometimes supposed to be the great object. It is this leisure, giving them time to lay in what they have afterwards to give out, which induces many a distinguished scholar to come from a Southern to a Northern University. My husband, by mere chance, heard one day from a friend that, driving the previous summer in Galloway, he had seen a cottage, beautifully situated above the banks of the Ken, near the little upland village of Dalry. Mr Horne was so enthusiastic about the beauty of the country, and the name of Galloway had such a pleasant sound in our ears, that we determined to make a pilgrimage into this *terra incognita*, accompanied by our eldest daughter Eleanor.

The station at New Galloway, nine miles from Dalry, rather depressed us, and we felt we had come to the end of the world. Our spirits were not revived by the intelligence that we must either walk to New Galloway (five miles off), whence we could get a carriage to take us to Dalry, or wait four hours at the station for the Dalry omnibus which met the next train. "They also serve who only stand and wait" is a noble line, and useful in the conduct of life, but not carrying much comfort to one stranded in a lonely railway station. So we accepted with gratitude

the kind offer of an old friend of my husband, Mr Kenmure Maitland, who had come by the same train, but was more fortunate in having the Kenmure carriage to meet him, and in this he proposed to drive us up to New Galloway. The drive along the banks of Loch Ken is very lovely, soft and peaceful in a singular degree; and indeed peace seemed to me the characteristic of the whole country, especially of its lovely hills, but, except the distant view of the blue Carsphairn hills, the Kells range—which is such a feature at Dalry—is not visible from the road along the lake. At the avenue at Kenmure Castle Mr Maitland got out, as we were still a mile from New Galloway, where we were to get a carriage for Dalry.

We were much struck by this avenue, which was exactly like a lofty green cathedral aisle; and I remember Mrs Gordon, whose home it was, telling me later that, when she was a child, so thickly had the upper branches intertwined themselves that a boy had climbed across them. But decay had begun, and when I saw them last year—thirty-three years later—the top branches had broken off, and though still beautiful it was an unroofed aisle. Probably there is truth in the old saying that lime-trees take a hundred years to grow, a hundred to flourish, and a hundred to decay,—rather a sad celebration of

their tercentenary. My husband had sat on the box of the carriage and heard from the old coachman all "the clash of the country," especially of its leading spirit, Mr Kennedy of Knocknalling, who "made a' things go when he came down."

The drive from New Galloway, leaving the lake, crosses the Ken, where it flows gently and smoothly through fertile meadows, though farther up the glen it rushes like a Highland torrent over rocks and boulders and between cliffs. The course of few rivers of so short a length shows such a variety, and always beautiful. The village of Dalry straggles up a hill, and not far from the top of it we found Kenbank, the house we were in search of. Dalry is situated in the heart of the Covenanting country, and from there had sprung the resistance to Prelacy which culminated in the "Pentland Rising." The situation was all we could desire. A farmer and his family were in possession, living in the kitchen wing, and the dining-room was utilised as a granary! But we saw possibilities of making it a comfortable house for summer residence, and went home with the intention of taking a lease of it, which we did, and set about furnishing it as quickly as possible, as we decided to go there in May.

Climate is perhaps not the strong point in any of the most beautiful parts of Scotland, but this

first summer happened to be a very fine one, and we all became attached to our little summer retreat, and continued so till we left it twenty years after. The village was ten miles from the railway station, to which an omnibus went every morning, returning in the evening, and that kept us in touch with the world, without destroying the primitive flavour and originality of the people. Many warm friends we made among them, and the absence of years has never diminished the interest they take in everything that concerns our family. Of the neighbours who received us with such kindness that we soon ceased to feel strangers, I should like to record some memories of dear old Mrs Gordon and her family. She was the last lineal descendant of the historic house of the Gordons of Kenmure and Lochinvar. On the death of her uncle, Lord Kenmure, her brother Adam had succeeded to the title, and she received the rank of a viscount's daughter. On her brother dying without children she succeeded to the property. *À propos* of Lord Kenmure, years after this, on one of our pilgrimages to Craigenputtock, we called on an old farmer, Murdoch by name, who, in his youth, had known Burns well. He told us how, as a lad, he had rowed the boat in which this Lord Kenmure had taken Burns and a clerical friend over Loch Ken. They landed on a rather

difficult part of the shore, and Burns jumped into the water and carried the clergyman on his back, Lord Kenmure calling out, "Well, Burns, I never thought to see you priest-ridden!" It was on this visit that Burns, riding along the wild hill-road from New Galloway to Newton-Stewart in a fierce thunderstorm, composed his famous "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." His ballad, "Kenmure's on and awa'," dates from this same time. Burns also, some years later, wrote the following lines on Mrs Gordon's aunt, a Miss Davies, who was a beauty, but extremely *petite*:—

"Ask why God made the gem so small,
And why so huge the granite;
Because He meant mankind should place
The greater value on it."

Old Murdoch told us more about Burns: much has escaped my memory, but I remember when I bewailed Burns's intemperance he broke out with "I wunner to hear a sensible woman like you talk such d——d nonsense!" A fellow-feeling in this matter had made him "wondrous kind" to Burns! As we were on our way to Craigenputtock, I asked him if he had ever seen Carlyle. He replied, "Na, na; he aye keepit folks aff the road—him!" A variant of Carlyle's own expression, "Slamming the door on nauseous intruders."

Mrs Gordon's early education had been given to

her by an old French *émigré*, a Chevalier of the Legion d'Honneur, who lived with her uncle, and he had instilled into her such a love of Froissart's 'Chronicles' that she declared she knew them as well as she knew her Bible. She used to tell, as characteristic of this gentleman's mingled naïveté and pride, that while he was reduced to making his nightcaps and waistcoats out of his wife's old gowns, he would accept nothing from Lord Kenmure except the payment due to him for teaching French to the young people. From this preceptor she had perhaps also gained something of the French charm of manner which, united with her inborn Scottish vigour and capacity, made her a most gracious and interesting châtelaine. She lived a great deal in the past, and so imbued one of her granddaughters with her own interests that the younger woman almost came to feel herself her grandmother's contemporary. One of my daughters, going down to Kenmure after a long spell of wet weather, was greeted with, "Oh, Florence, it is quite bewildering to see any one so modern. Grannie and I haven't come down later than the '45."

Mrs Gordon used to relate a curious psychical experience she had once during her life in India. She was up at a hill-station, having left her husband at his station in the plains. She awoke one night thinking she heard him calling "Louisa,

Louisa, come to me." She went to sleep again, and again distinctly heard his voice, so she insisted on starting at once to rejoin him, and found him *in extremis*. He had been bled: his native servants had deserted him: a bandage had slipped, and but for her arrival he must have bled to death. He lived two years after this. She had many curious stories of seeing apparitions. She returned to Scotland, and at her brother's death resumed her maiden name, and was henceforth the Hon. Mrs Bellamy Gordon, and her home was the beautiful, historical old castle of Kenmure. It stands upon a conical hill round which the approach winds, and commands a beautiful view of lake, river, and hills. The garden, which is the pride of the country, is surrounded by a very high beech-hedge, and within its boundary is the old bowling-green on which the Lord Kenmure of that day and Lord Nithsdale were playing in 1715 when they were called away to join the ill-starred Rebellion, in which both were taken prisoners and put in the Tower of London. Lady Kenmure rode, with short pauses, night and day to London to entreat for her husband's pardon, but without avail, and he was beheaded on Tower Hill. Lady Nithsdale was more fortunate in rescuing her husband from prison by dressing him in woman's clothes to personate her maid Betty; but a

story so well known I need not repeat. Two bowls, one with a large K and the other with an N, remain at Kenmure to recall that time. How many happy hours have we all spent in that beautiful old garden ! And never did we leave Kenmure without being laden with flowers, fruit, or game, and sometimes all three. Dear old Mrs Gordon was never so happy as when giving ; and one day, when she was not very well, and I went to her room to thank her for all the things we were taking home, she said, “ Am I not a happy old woman, my love, to have things to give ? ”

Mrs Gordon had the dignified simplicity suitable to the last direct descendant of an old historic house, living on in her noble old castle ; but her greeting was so cordial, her talk so vivid, her whole presence so gracious and responsive, that it was only gradually that one noticed how carefully punctilio was observed. Up to the end she would rise from her chair to greet the youngest guest. She would never send a verbal message instead of a note, nor write a note without some touch of wit or courtesy. Her experience of life and of varied fortune had given her a larger outlook than the unquestioning conservatism that one might have expected to find in such surroundings. Once, after listening to some younger people expressing rather prejudiced views, she said to me confidentially,

“You see, my dear, I am a bit of a Radical.” If her own politeness was too perfect to be obvious, nothing disturbed her more than any one paying her fussy attentions. Once, when an officiously civil guest had left the room, she said, with a sigh of relief, “Now, my love, pick up my ball: I haven’t dared to raise my eyes for half an hour, lest —— should offer to do something for me.”

Of her stories of her childhood one remains in my memory because of her manner of telling it. “My love, I once did something for which I feel I can never be forgiven. When I was very young my father was in charge of the Coastguard, and we lived at Portpatrick, and I went to a dancing-school at Stranraer with the children of the neighbouring gentry. But on the great day, once a-year, when all the world came to see us dance, the children of the towns-people joined our class. There was among them one little boy with golden curls whom we all admired very much, but he always chose to dance with a pretty little girl, the child of a shopkeeper in the town. I think the master must have been a bit of a flunkey, for he said, at the opening of the exhibition, ‘Now, little Missie Gordon may choose her partner.’ I looked for the boy with the golden curls: he was standing beside his little partner, and—oh, my dear!—I carried him

off, and *she* cried; and I don't see how I am ever to be forgiven!"

Feeling, and even what we call sentiment, were stronger in her than in any one of her age I have ever known. Mr Ruskin was a kinsman of her grandchildren, and on one occasion paid a visit to Kenmure accompanied by his cousin, Mrs Severn, and her husband. After dinner we were all sitting listening to Mrs Severn's charming singing of "There grows a bonnie brier-bush in oor kail-yard," when I noticed Mrs Gordon get up and leave the room with a little air of agitation. One of her granddaughters slipped out after her, and on her return I asked if anything were the matter. "Dear old grannie, I found her in her room a little overcome. 'I haven't heard that song,' she said, 'since I heard it sung by the only man I ever loved.'"

Another time, but this was many years later, when we were all dining at Kenmure previous to our returning for the winter to Edinburgh, we proposed playing games with pencils, and one of the games was to draw from a bag a question, and then a noun, and write the answer in verse bringing in the noun. She at first refused to play, but we insisted she should try. She drew "Which is best, beauty or talent?" and the noun was "fancy

ball"; and before any of us were ready with our halting rhymes and answers she had written—

“Beauty at a fancy ball!
Talent there's no use at all;
And yet we freely must confess
In both we do admire a dress (address).”

Considering Mrs Gordon was past eighty, I think this was rather a remarkable production; but her head was as good as her heart, and she is one of the people who dwell very vividly in my memory, and whose friendship I valued highly.

I think there ought to be a clause in the thanksgiving prayer for the best and dearest we have known on earth, also for the great beauty that Nature has spread around us so lavishly,—the two things that have given us the most enduring happiness “while here we sojourned.”

Mr Kennedy, who was the proprietor of Kenbank, the cottage we had taken, justified all the coachman had said of him,—he did “make a' things go.” He was a very handsome man, “ruddy and of a fair countenance,” with the keenest, most penetrating eyes under a pent-house of shaggy black eyebrows, which gave his face a very distinctive look. His strength and energy were as the strength of ten. “Time could not wither him.” He hunted, he shot, he danced, all equally well: was clever, shrewd, humorous: had a fund of anecdote, and

told a story in the most racy manner. His hospitality knew no bounds, and if he met us on the road his first words would be, "Come and dine with me to-night." And very often we did dine; and how lovely the drives home in the moonlight by the river were! Exciting, too, in later years, for one of our dear little horses, Punch, had a curious dislike to the sound of laughter, which certainly made his name inappropriate! And as we seldom made a quiet exit from Knocknalling, as soon as he heard Mr Kennedy's laugh he would rear and prance in rather an alarming manner. One day, indeed, he broke the traces, but that being done—he having "no vice," as the coachman said—remained quite quiet till a new trace had been put on.

Knocknalling is a beautiful place, four miles up the glen from Dalry, and embosomed in the forest hills,—the Ken on the one side of the property and the Pulharrow stream, which takes its rise in Loch Dungeon, on the other. All who have lived in this part of Galloway feel its charm, but it is difficult to describe it to those who have not had that advantage. There is something of the Border country in it and something of the Highlands: it is lonely but not sad, soft and yet wild. Oh, for an hour of Walter Scott! Had he seen it, and re-created it, all the world would have loved it, as those did who lived in it.

Just opposite Kenbank was Glenlee, the place that had given the territorial title to Mr Millar when, as Lord Glenlee, he went on the Bench. It had been bought by Mr Wellwood Maxwell, but he had died the year before we came to the country, and his widow and children were living there then, and we became great friends—a friendship that has gone on to the present day ; for though Glenlee has passed into alien hands, Mrs Maxwell has built a cottage near New Galloway, and her daughter Kitty, Mrs Alfred Courtney, has a lovely little house quite near, and their warm greeting is now one of the pleasant features of a visit to that dear country.

The only other property near us was The Holme, belonging to Mr Augustus Spalding ; but as he was a confirmed bachelor, he preferred living in a smaller house he had built, close to where the Ken runs into Loch Ken and for ever loses its name and character, for when it emerges it has become the river Dee, the junction taking place near Parton Station. The Dee itself, a longer and more important river, takes its rise on the other side of the Kells range, which presents a very different “soul’s face” from what it shows on the Glenkens side, where perfect peace seems to dwell on its soft blue outlines. On the Dee side it passes through desolate moors, under weird threatening

hills,—the scene, one feels sure, though he “names it not for fear of inquisitive tourists,” of Mr Buchan’s powerful story, “No-Man’s-Land,” in ‘Blackwood’s Magazine’ for January 1899. As a friend remarked, after reading that story, “anything might happen among those gruesome Galloway hills.” Mr Spalding let The Holme every summer, which gave us a variety of acquaintances, but he himself did not come down from London till the shooting season, which we regretted, as we left early in October; for he had great social abilities, was a brilliant actor and a most genial friend. Robert Paterson, who was the original of “Old Mortality,” did much of his self-chosen and pious work among the tombstones in the Glenkens; and there is a stone monument of him and his old pony in the grounds of The Holme, near the Garpole burn.

That first summer my husband and I left the children with Miss Schwab, their clever governess, at Kenbank, and went to Edinburgh, to old Mrs Sellar’s house in Walker Street, on the 14th of September, and on the 17th was born a little boy, whom we called Edmund Francis, after our old friend Professor Lushington and the dear boy we had lost. The children joined us in our own house in Buckingham Terrace in October, and we all settled down for the winter, greatly comforted and cheered by the presence of our little baby boy.

CHAPTER XVIII.

“Fast yellowing phantom birches shake,
 In dreams I hear the Ken ;
 On those dear hills might musing break
 To music once again.”

—J. W. MACKAIL.

“Or where, amid the empty fields,
 Among the bracken of the glen,
 His yellow wreath October yields
 To crown the crystal brows of Ken.”

—A. LANG.

1873-1889.

WHEN spring came round again we felt the comfort of having a place of our own to go to, and the more we saw of the Glenkens the better we liked it. Though so far from the beaten track, there were many excursions to be made from it; and being inland, there were roads in all directions for driving, and rivers and burns innumerable holding out occupation and hopes—generally illusive—to the patient angler, who often was obliged to sit “by some trottin’ burn’s meander” the livelong day and return with an empty basket; but to have done this and “no’ think lang” was surely a happiness

in itself, and makes one cease to wonder that philosophers have so often been followers of the gentle art, from Izaak Walton downwards. Another advantage the angler has is that the too constant rain, which depresses the spirits of other men, fills the rivers, and, in consequence, his heart with hopes of better luck. I am afraid the Ken was "fair and false," it looked so beautiful but was not prolific in fish.

Up the river, about a mile in the Earlstoun property, was a waterfall called the Salmon Loup; and it was fascinating to sit on the banks overlooking it and see the salmon so gallantly flinging themselves up the fall. Some attained their end at once; many fell back, but, nothing daunted, renewed their efforts with a perseverance worthy of human emulation. A visit to these falls was our regular Sunday afternoon walk: it was also the scene of many picnics. There was a small tarn near Kenbank called Mossruddock, in which trout were sometimes caught. One afternoon Andrew Lang was fishing there, and John, our gardener,—quite a character,—was fishing at the other end. Andrew had been whipping the water for some time with no result, and looking up saw the sun setting in unwonted glory behind the western hills. "By Jove, what a sunset!" he exclaimed. "Hae ye gruppit yin?" came in a

stentorian voice from the other side of the tarn. "I said *sunset*, not a *trout*," was Andrew's irate reply.

Lochinvar was a place we often went to: it now belongs to the Oswalds of Auchencruive, but was originally part of the Kenmure estate, and Lochinvar was the second title in the Kenmure family. "A king may make a belted knight," but the force of genius can go farther, for that mighty potentate, Sir Walter Scott, has *immortalised* the name Lochinvar in his spirited ballad, known all over the English-speaking world. There is no great beauty in the little loch situated in the middle of a bare moor, unrelieved by trees; but when the sun is shining and the heather is in blossom there is a charm about it that is as sure as it is inexplicable. There was a nice cottage by the side of the loch belonging to the gamekeeper; and many a tea-picnic we had there, bringing the provisions, and getting what Hannah More called the "tea equipage" there, and the milk and cream.

I remember Mr Henry Craik (now Sir Henry Craik) and his wife going with us to Lochinvar; and the conversation turning on "hard cases," I said, "What would you do if some one pronounced a word wrongly and you were obliged to repeat the word,—would you say it as they did, or rightly?" "Most certainly I should say it

rightly," replied Mr Craik. "Yes," I said, "slurring it over as much as possible?" "Not at all," broke in Mrs Craik; "he would lay *great emphasis* on it!"

It was in 1873 that the annual Cattle Show took place in New Galloway, and we were all there. Mr Kennedy gave me 2s. 6d. as a prize for having the handsomest baby in the county. "That puts me on a par with you," I said, "who have the handsomest son." In the summer of 1905, when I saw Mr Murray Kennedy at St Peter's Church in London, walking up the aisle with his pretty daughter and only child, who was about to marry the Master of Sinclair, so handsome did he look that I thought, even after thirty-two years had elapsed, that my friend still held the field!

We had a visit in the summer of 1873 from Mrs Ferrier and her daughter, Coggie. I can only remember one characteristic saying of Mrs Ferrier's. My husband had gone on a short cruise with my cousin, Mrs Hamilton. I knew they were going to Arran, so my economic soul was rather disturbed by getting a telegram for which I had to pay 2s. 6d. (New Galloway being then the nearest telegraph station), telling me they were at Lamlash. "Pretty expensive," I said, "to pay 2s. 6d. for 'piper's news'!" "Yes, indeed," replied Mrs Ferrier; "wire back 'We have had

lamb hash for luncheon'!" This wild play on words was so like her! Years after, when she was paying a visit to a friend on Loch Lomond, and was laid up by a severe illness for some weeks, at a time when astronomers were all greatly excited by the strange movements of the planet Venus, Mrs Ferrier, now sufficiently recovered to be taken home, was carried in a chair to the carriage, and meeting another guest on the stairs, exclaimed, "This is the transit of Venus!"

This summer we had a flying visit from our dear young friend, Tom Wyer, who arrived early one morning before we were up, but I knew well where I would find him,—in the nursery with the baby! And there, of course, he was, when an hour later we met. I have never known any one with such a passion for young children, to which all my youngest ones could bear witness. He had as fine qualities of brain as of heart, and had passed high in the Civil Service, and was on his way to India for the first time, when he came to wish us good-bye.

Through all these happy summers at Kenbank a crowd of welcome visitors filled the house and overflowed into the Norwegian hut in the garden. Like all Scottish people, we counted many of our kinsfolk among our friends and frequent guests. My cousins, the Macdowalls of Garthland, were of

that convenient age, old enough to be my companions, young enough to be the dear friends of my children. They had inherited disciplined character and religious instincts from a family which counted Mr Erskine of Linlathen and Hay Macdowall Grant among its kin, but their more philosophical turn of mind and instinctive liberality of view came, I used to think, from their mother, my Aunt Isabella.

The eldest daughter, Maria, was head of her father's house, and faithful kinswoman of a vast relationship, and had her hands full of practical duties, yet she found time to make her reputation as an admirable translator of German books. The next sister, Eleanor (my god-daughter), is the heroine of one of the few stories of gipsy prophecy which has been fulfilled. An old "spaewife" had told her, as a girl, that she would marry a fair man from the South, and "find twa doos in ae nest." This was fulfilled when she married her cousin, William Ingilby, brother of Sir Henry Ingilby, Bart., of Ripley Castle, Yorkshire, and had twin boys. Both these boys entered the army; and when I saw their mother during the South African War, with her two sons at the front, I was reminded of Mrs Browning's Italian poetess with her pathetic cry of "Both, both my boys!" I was the more deeply interested in her

anxiety, because our own elder boy, Walter, was all through this war. He was wounded at Karee Siding, and was obliged to be in hospital three weeks; but beyond this he has, mercifully, never felt the smallest inconvenience from the wounds.

The Macdowalls belonged to a very old Galloway family; and when at Kenbank a young Balliol man remarked the curious likeness of Anna Macdowall, the youngest sister, to an antique painting at Balliol, supposed to be a portrait of Devorguilla, she expressed no surprise, for the Macdowalls, if not descendants, at least counted kin with the foundress of Balliol!

Another dear friend, Louisa Laurie, was a cousin in the third or fourth degree, as far as blood was concerned, but almost one of ourselves in the kinship of nature. Her mother, Miss Finlay of the Moss in Stirlingshire, had been my father's cousin, and I recognised in Louisa the essential Finlay qualities I had loved in him,—restfulness, humour, and a contemplative passion for nature. Her strong prejudices in favour of all that is Scottish, Presbyterian, and old-fashioned (strongly held if humorously maintained), were a challenge and a delight, first to my husband, and then to my sons.

When I think of the rush of young life through the house, I sometimes wonder how my husband managed to write the books he was engaged on

during these summers. I had planned and carried out a little study for him on the ground-floor; and from the garden or the lawn-tennis ground we could see the "good grey head" bent sedulously over the manuscript. In 1877 he published the volume on Virgil which he had been engaged on for some years; and though, of course, I am no authority on these matters, I believe, from what I have heard, that it still holds its place as a valuable book on the subject in Oxford and elsewhere. At meals, and on his walks, he liked nothing better than the talk of bright and lively girls,—the Macleods, Miss Alma Whately (a granddaughter of Archbishop Whately), Miss Theresa Clive-Bayley, Miss Alice Robertson (afterwards married to Mr Maconochie, now Sheriff of the Lothians): all felt the attraction of his gentleness, his love of being loved, his delightful humour.

We kept up, to some extent, the fast-vanishing fashion of reading poetry aloud on Sunday evenings; and in a letter to Kate Dobson my husband described himself as reading "'Obermann' once more to a languid and disgusted family"!

There were some visitors whom he claimed as his special property. Ernest Myers was one, a Radical in those days of a very philosophical type, the translator of Pindar, and a most perfect reader of poetry. Another was Mr W. P. Ker, whom in

1878 my husband was fortunate enough to secure as his assistant for one year. Mr Ker had been a distinguished scholar of Balliol: he was already engaged on those Italian, early French, and Icelandic studies which, later, went to make him one of the best equipped of literary critics. So sound and sympathetic was his classical scholarship, that my husband, in his last illness, said more than once, "I do wish W. P. were to be my successor in the Latin chair." His scholarship and keen sense of humour appealed to my husband, and they worked very happily together. This friendship culminated in Mr Ker's seeing my husband's last book, 'Horace and the Elegiac Poets,' through the press: it was all but finished in 1890 when he died. For this and all the kind things he has said and done, I personally owe him a debt of gratitude. My thanks are also due to Professor Butcher and Mr J. W. Mackail, to each of whom I know it was a labour of love.

Andrew Lang was, of course, a constant visitor; and though the too frequent rain was a trial, and gave rise to the family proverb, "a regular Kenbank day," still I think he loved the country, and two of his poems, "Ballade of his own Country," with the refrain, "With the smell of bog-myrtle and peat," and "The Grass of Parnassus," are especially dear to me on this account, although all

hold a place in my heart. *À propos* of proverbs about the climate, one day, years after this, when we were very anxious to go a long drive to the foot of the Carsphairn Hills, the morning looked so unpromising that we consulted John, the gardener, as to our chances of having a fine day. He looked wise, and turned round to see the "airt" of the wind. "Yes," he said, "it will be fine—the wind blaws frae Doon to Dee; had it been the opposite way there would be rain." Lady Grant, who was with us at the time, said, "There must be some old-world rhyme about this"; and when she came down ready for our expedition, she declared she had found it.

"Gin the wind blaws frae Doon to Dee,
Brawly buskit may ye be :
Gin the wind blaws frae Dee to Doon,
Pit aff, pit aff your braw new goon !"

She *had* found it, but in the same way as Sir Walter Scott found so many of his mottoes,—not in the pages of "old plays," as he called them, but in the ready working of an imaginative brain.

In 1874 or the following year Andrew Lang and his handsome *fiancée*, Miss Nora Alleyne, paid us a visit. From Grannie downwards we were all greatly taken with her; and she has remained the constant friend of every member of the family ever since. To me, personally, she has always

shown so much kind consideration that I feel grateful to her, for to one so well informed and so strictly accurate, my untidy mind—content with vivid and striking impressions and feelings—must often have been a trial!

So constant a visitor was Charles Maconochie, that he called himself the “hardy annual.” That ignorer of titles, John, the gardener, called him “Chairlie Maconochie,” adding, “I aye liked him; he never forgot to ask after the state o’ my stōmach.” He was moved to this, no doubt, by John having confided to him that, “for the health’s sake” of that valuable organ, he “began with 9 dozen o’ peels and finished up with 12s. 6d. worth o’ bottles, and was nane the better for either!” Charlie talked with my husband, who had a great affection for him (I have often thought how he would have rejoiced in his eventually becoming Sheriff of the Lothians), shot with Mr Kennedy at Knocknalling, fished—with more or less success—with the boys, and was ready and helpful in any “ploy” or entertainment that happened to be proposed.

As the children grew older, many entertainments of varied kinds were held in the village, to the great delight of the inhabitants as well as of ourselves. One time it was a lecture on Brittany by Dr Wilson of Sweetheart Abbey, who, with his

clever wife (a half-sister of Dr John Brown), came over to help us. Being a great friend of Ruskin, she had taken his advice and made many excellent sketches of their travels in France. These she had enlarged, and they made a very attractive accompaniment to Dr Wilson's most interesting lecture.

It was proposed that the next entertainment should be of a more frivolous nature, and we actually attempted a dance! The town-hall of those days was small and inconvenient; the lamps were more effective in emitting the strong odour of petroleum than in transmitting any brilliancy of light; the floor—well, it was more accustomed to hobnailed boots than dancing-slippers! But the day before the ball a large party from Kenmure joined the Kenbank family, and they danced all afternoon, declaring that was the only possible way of polishing the floor! I think their motto was, "What's the odds so long as we're happy!" And that they were, for it was a less *blasé* generation than the present one. John, the gardener, dressed in his best "funeral blacks," insisted on handing round the refreshments, and gave the finishing touch to our innocent entertainment. I was struck by a sentence I met the other day in a delightful book about Ireland by Mr Filson Young *à propos* of similar entertainments of this date in country places there: "The simplicity and homeli-

ness of those jovial days saved them from the social blight which too much artificiality and civilisation spreads, and kept their humanity sweet and wholesome."

Our next attempt at entertainment took a much higher range. We had Miss Mary Wakefield—most inspiring and delightful of singers!—with us, and morally it seemed selfish to keep the enjoyment of such a musical treat to ourselves. So we looked about for a charitable *motif* for having a concert, and found an appropriate one in the loan library of the village, which stood much in need of new books. I think the result was £18; and considering the extreme pleasure we gave and got, and the low price of the tickets, this was thought very satisfactory. I cannot recall who assisted Miss Wakefield, but any assistance more or less counted for "padding," so enthralled were the audience by her magnificent voice and her vivid radiant personality.

In one of these summers we had a delightful visit from Mr and Mrs Robert Shaw Stewart, friends of old standing, who never failed us in sympathy, in joy, or in sorrow. His buoyant spirits and genial nature found enjoyment in our simplest pleasures, though he did once say we were so eccentric our house might be mistaken for a lunatic asylum! "Perhaps that is the reason," I said,

“you are so at home in it.” I remember his going with us and Captain Chater to a fancy dress dance in the neighbourhood of Castle-Douglas. I had a bad headache; but as in those days a chaperon was a necessity—now very much done away with,—I braced myself to accompany them, putting on my card, “*Dame de Moyen Âge*,” which admitted me in my ordinary evening dress. The way was long—sixteen miles in a closed waggonette. Mr Shaw Stewart’s elbow went through one of the windows in the energy with which he declaimed some original nonsense verses; but we considered this a pleasant diversion, as it gave us more air. On arriving, we found our host’s house beautifully decorated with auratum lilies; but the scent was so powerful that my headache became unbearable, and I had to seek refuge in my hostess’s bedroom and lie down. In little more than an hour her maid asked me if I would mind going into another room, as her lady was feeling so ill she was obliged to go to her bed! At 3 o’clock the welcome summons to go home came, and I staggered down to the carriage. And the motley crew we presented as, with draggled fancy dresses and wearied bodies, we faced the interminable drive in the early dawn—meeting the milkmaid singing blithe, if rather out of tune, and the mower whetting his scythe—

must have been a humbling sight ! Mrs Shaw Stewart congratulated herself on having chosen the better part of staying at home with my husband.

Andrew Lang and Miss Alleyne were married in 1876, and henceforth became constant visitors till we left the country in 1891. Many reminiscences of those days call up smiles and laughter when we talk of them among ourselves; but it would be “chronicling small beer” indeed, to write them down for any but the participants. One time—but that was in his bachelor days—after leaving Kenbank, I received the following post-card from Andrew Lang:—

“ Sur le pont de Carlisle
Le vent et la pluie !
Sur le pont de Carlisle
M. Lang s’ennuie ! ”

A funny invitation he also sent me on a post-card, when I was in London one spring, and he happened to be left *en garçon* for a few days,—

“ A weary lot is mine, fair maid,
A weary lot is mine,
When dinner but for one is laid,
And I alone must dine.
I’ll ask my Rider¹ to the feast,
Uncork my oldest wine
(Which you’ll not care for in the least),
If you’ll but come and dine, my dear,
If you’ll but come and dine.”

¹ Rider Haggard.

I did go, and a very pleasant evening we had; and I was much interested in Mr Rider Haggard, whose books were then making a considerable sensation. Later he came and stayed with us in Edinburgh when lecturing in the Synod Hall, and I took him to see Mr Stewart, the cab proprietor, who, I knew, was an ardent admirer of the originality of his novels. Mr Stewart was delighted to see him, and, with characteristic unconventionality, declared he was like a splendid harlequin bursting in through an open window on the staid literati of the day!

In 1881 a theatrical entertainment was attempted, and I think I may say it was a great success. "Sweethearts" was the piece, new then, though hackneyed now. The heroine's part was taken by our daughter, Eppie, whose striking likeness to Mrs Kendal was remarked on. We did not know her at that time; but years after, Mrs Kendal and her charming husband became intimate friends, and their yearly visits to Edinburgh are times of rejoicing. She had been struck by the likeness between herself and Eppie, and she told me that one evening Mr Hare said to her, at the end of an act in a play in which they were both acting,—“Madge, there is a lady in the stalls who is extraordinarily like you.” “Oh,” she replied, “I know her well, and will send and ask her to come round.”

The hero of "Sweethearts," Captain Chater, afterwards colonel in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, was quite an exceptionally fine amateur actor, and belonged to the dramatic company, "The Strollers." The gardener in the play was Vereker Hamilton, now an artist in London, and one in whose strong and stirring battle-pieces the military strain that both brothers inherited from their father comes out. He was our guest at the time, and so was his brother, Ian (afterwards General Sir Ian Hamilton), invalided home from South Africa after Majuba Hill, where he had been badly wounded in the hand and wrist; but with his arm in a sling, and with his handsome face and gallant bearing, he looked indeed an ideal young hero. And the promise of his early career has been more than fulfilled in every action of his distinguished life. I found I was by no means the only person who was struck by his bearing; for one day, taking him down to Kenmure to see old Mrs Gordon, she exclaimed, "Well! it is satisfactory to meet a hero at last who looks like one."

I think I may add here a very characteristic remark of Dr John Brown's. Ian, some years before this time, was staying with us in Edinburgh, and was reading a book in a corner of the drawing-room. Dr Brown called, and had been talk-

ing to me: he crossed over, and, putting out his hand, said (not having spoken to him before), "Well, good-bye; I hope you're as good as you look."

At these theatricals Ian sat with our little boy Edmund on his knee. Edmund was dressed in a Pyrennean suit which we had brought him from Lourdes that summer, and very picturesque and handsome they both looked. When applause was being given in no stinted measure, Ian made Edmund clap his unwounded hand, and so the two swelled the chorus.

In September the following year, 1882, our daughter Eppie was married by Principal Tulloch, in the parish church, Dalry (I believe it was the first marriage that had ever taken place there), to Cecil Scott Arkcoll, barrister in London.

One of these summers—and as these are not historical notes I may be allowed to play wild havoc with dates!—Mr MacCunn brought down an Oxford reading-party to Dalry, Mr Leveson Gower (the "my dear George" later of Mr Gladstone's celebrated letter) and Mr Shoebridge. He returned the following year with Mr Hodgson and Mr Boulton (later the editor of the 'Songs of the North,' and then full of enthusiasm for music, poetry, and the beauty and romance of Scotland). This was a very happy time, and it bore important

fruit, for Mr MacCunn returned several years afterwards with his friend Professor—now Sir—Oliver Lodge; and when we came back from Italy, where we had gone for a short visit, we found he had proposed, and was engaged, to our daughter Florence. They were married in September 1887, in the parish church of Dalry, by the Rev. Mr Walker, and a happier marriage was never celebrated there or elsewhere. I am always glad to think my husband saw his little grandson, who was born the following year.

I cannot end this chapter, which gives but a faint recollection of the happy days we spent at Kenbank, without mentioning a family with whom we were so intimate that few days passed without our meeting. Mrs Maitland, on the death of her mother, Mrs Gordon, of whom I have already written, took the name of Gordon on inheriting the estates. She also inherited the spirit of kindness and hospitality always shown at Kenmure; and though she had not so much of the abounding vitality that characterised the elder lady, there was something very attractive in her gentle refined ways, and in the deep and quiet interest she took in literature and art. She had so much of the instinctive love of beauty, that a temporary London lodging, when she inhabited it, took on a grace by no means natural to it. Her eldest

daughter, full of romance and originality, returned to the "faith of her fathers," and became a Roman Catholic. Just before she joined that Church she was in a small town in Belgium, and on the counter of a bookseller's shop she saw a manual of devotion written by a lady of the Kenmure family, and a collateral ancestress, who had become an abbess in Belgium. I do not say this had anything to do with her conversion, but it was a curious coincidence. Miss Maitland has written several Catholic stories, some of which have been translated into German.

Of Eleanor, a younger sister, my heart would say much, for she was dear to all who knew her; but after some years of delicate health, in which she spent the winters abroad, she faded away, leaving the memory of a sweet unselfish life in the hearts of her friends. Jean, the youngest daughter, was as keen an Episcopalian as her sister was a Roman Catholic. From her initiative efforts in securing a resident clergyman for two months in each summer, and regular services each Sunday in the town hall, has arisen the beautiful little Episcopal church, St Margaret's of Scotland, now erected in New Galloway. Colonel Gordon Maitland predeceased his mother, and Kenmure Castle now belongs to his brother, James Maitland Gordon.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Among men of letters are to be found the brightest specimens and the chief benefactors of mankind. It is they that keep awake the finer parts of our souls ; that give us better aims than power or pleasure, and withstand the total sovereignty of Mammon on this earth. They are the vanguard in the march of Mind."—CARLYLE.

"Great thoughts, great feelings came to them,
Like instincts unawares."

—LORD HOUGHTON.

1874-1879.

THOUGH the following slight reminiscences of the Master properly belong to Scotland and his visits to it, there is no great unsuitableness in adding them to these Balliol Memories, for it is in his own college home—the place he loved most on earth—that one's imagination most often pictures him.

I think it was towards the end of the year 1872 that Mr Jowett preached at the Old Greyfriars' Church, in Edinburgh, on the so-called opposition of science and religion,—an opposition which he thought would tend to disappear as both were better understood. By a comparison or contrast of Bunyan and Spinoza he illustrated the opposition of faith and reason, and dwelt on the hope that the dissensions which divide the

Christian world may be, and indeed are being, healed. He summed up with the conviction which more and more, as his life drew to a close, appealed to him, that those who do the works of Christ are Christians, whatever name they may bear.

It was on this visit that he lectured at the Philosophical Institution on Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' a subject peculiarly dear to his heart: he once said he had read the book fifty times! He took the keenest interest in Dr Hill's edition of Boswell's 'Life,' which is dedicated to the Master as "*Viro Johnsonianissimo*." Of 'Rasselas' he thought very highly, and agreed with Boswell that we might all read it with interest once a-year. "It is the Vanity of Human Wishes," he said, "delineated in a sort of prose poem or idyll." He was interested when I told him my father had given 'Rasselas' to me when I was ten years old, and when, for love of the giver, I think I must have pretended to like it more than I really did!

We had some people to meet the Master at dinner when he was here; and though most of them liked him, and all were impressed by him, I never thought a dinner-party was the place where he shone most, and he seldom inspired strangers to be at their best with him, owing to his own silence and want of quick response. One night he

dined out with some friends, and took down Miss Jex Blake, the pioneer of medical education for women,—a clever woman, but an inveterate talker. A fellow guest, after dinner, apologetically hoped she might not have been too much for him. “Oh no,” he said; “*lex* is the Latin for law, and, I suppose, Jex for jaw.” I only heard this anecdote quite lately, and it may be apocryphal.

The Master also preached at Elie, in Fifeshire, in the parish church, that summer or the following one, when he was staying with Sir Alexander Grant and his family. The request from the minister came quite unexpectedly, and the Master had only one sermon with him, “On the art of conversation”—not quite appropriate to his audience, mainly “fisher-folk”! Lady Grant declared it was difficult to keep from laughing when she saw the old fishwives holding their hands to their ears, or, as they called it, “sharpening their lugs,” to hear the eternal gospel, and getting what many of them must have thought to be a “stone” when they were asking for “bread”!

One of the Fellows of Balliol for whom my husband had an immense admiration, which was shared by all who knew him, was Mr Henry Smith. He was Savile Professor of Geometry, and, with his kind and genial sister, lived in Oxford,

and was the Master's right hand in all the management of the college. His memory is green in the hearts of the few contemporaries who still survive him, and his witty and humorous sayings linger in Oxford as specimens of the livelier conversation of an earlier day. "Surely Ruskin has a bee in his bonnet?" asked some one of him. "A bee! oh, a hive of them! but they buzz so sweetly it does not matter." After reading Darwin's 'Origin of Species,' Mr Smith found himself inditing the following verse:—

"Oh, glorious stream of tendency,
We raise our souls to thee,
Who out of primal jelly-fish
Hast made such folk as we!"

Another time, on entering the room in which he generally lectured, he found it filled with cases of stuffed birds. As there was some idea of turning it into a natural history museum, he exclaimed pathetically, "Am *I* not of more value than many sparrows!"

One more story I remember. A Mr Simon, who chose to pronounce his name *Simōne*, was dining with Mr and Miss Smith, and she said to her brother, "Why does he not pronounce his name in the usual manner?" "Oh!" he replied, "he is afraid lest Satan should desire to have him, and sift him as wheat!"

In June 1879 we paid a visit to the Master of Balliol at Oxford, and met M. Tourguénief, the Russian novelist, who was also a guest at The Lodge, and was to receive the degree of D.C.L. the next day. He was a very striking-looking man, of great height and powerfully made. His face was of the leonine type, and his manner was so gentle and kind that we at once became friends. He was very easy and eloquent in talk, and spoke much of happiness. "If it did not come, why pursue it? It is like health: when you don't think of it, it is there. Happiness has no to-morrow, no yesterday; it thinks not on the past, it dreams not of the future." He gave a terrible account of Russia: 28,000 of the best of the youth of the country in prison or on their way to Siberia; constitutionalists turning nihilists in their despair,—he seemed to see no ray of hope.

He told us of an extraordinary dream he once had. He dreamt he was in a large hall, with an iron door at one end of it. The hall was crowded with people, and a strange whisper went round them, coming from no one knew where, announcing that each individual was to knock at the door, and it would be opened to them by some one whose age would be of the number of years the inquirer would still have to live till death called

him hence,—“*chacun rencontra l'âge de son mort.*” Just in front of Tourguénief was a radiant-looking girl of eighteen: a child of three came out to meet her. A great reluctance seized Tourguénief, but the crowd behind pressed him forward. The door opened; no one came out, but as it closed he heard the wail of a new-born infant. He awoke cold and trembling, and so vivid had the dream been that for some days he felt like a man doomed to an immediate death.

At the luncheon at All Souls, after the degrees had been given in the Theatre, he sat next me, and as he was by far the most striking figure there, I felt quite proud of my position! In a letter Mr Jowett wrote to a friend at this time I see he says, “Tourguénief was as pleased as a child at the honour which was conferred upon him, not least at the red gown of the D.C.L., which Henry Smith and others subscribed and bought for him.”

At this time M. Tourguénief lived in Paris, exiled from his native country. The Master of Balliol, who afterwards often saw him there, told me he never failed to ask after “that amiable lady,”—perhaps my friends will not easily recognise *me* under this sobriquet! M. Tourguénief died in 1882.

It was in 1885 that, on one of our numerous

visits to the Master of Balliol, we met Lord and Lady Sherbrooke. Lord Sherbrooke's appearance, from his great height and from his fine head and features, would in any case have been striking, but as he was an albino it was naturally very marked and distinctive. His eyesight was defective, like that of all albinos, and this must have been a terrible handicap to so active and vigorous a brain. He took me down to dinner, was most copious and interesting in talk, and told me much of his early life, referring especially to this matter of eyesight. After he had been some time at the Bar he consulted several oculists, and all agreed that in a few years—not more than seven—he would almost certainly become blind. As he had married in 1836, he felt it was doubly incumbent on him to work while it was “day,” and make provision for the future; and as there was more prospect of making money quickly at the Bar in New South Wales, he and his wife sailed for Sydney in 1842. A trip to Australia in a P. & O. steamer of the present day is a very different experience from a long voyage in a sailing-vessel fifty years ago, and it reminded him, he said, of Dr Johnson's dictum that “a man in a ship is worse off than a man in jail, for,” said he, “the man in jail has more room,

better food, and commonly better company, and is in safety." Lord Sherbrooke had been his own best oculist, for he invented a protection to his eyes that had served him well till the time I speak of, when he was seventy-four! These spectacles, if they can be so called, were like very thinly beat-out silver bowls of teaspoons, with a hole in the centre of each not bigger than a pin-hole, and this concentration of focus suited and preserved his eyesight.

He spoke of his own statuette on a match-box, by Pellegrini, which was on the Master's writing-table, and asked if I knew the couplet in 'Punch,' written at the same time,—

"Ex luce lucellum,—the proverb you know;
But if Lucy can't sell 'em, what then, Mr Lowe?"

The humour of this so appealed to him that he told the story with relish, though I heard afterwards that the failure of the Budget of 1871—so absurdly due to this trivial tax—was one of his bitterest disappointments. He had been made Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1868. When we met him, age had not withered his wit and humour, but had mellowed the stinging sarcasm which so often scathed his opponents, and gave rise to many squibs, such as the following one,

written by a Member of Parliament, but anonymous as far as I know:—

“ Here lie the bones of Robert Lowe,
Where his soul's gone I don't know :
If to the realms of peace and love,
Farewell to happiness above ;
If haply to a lower level,
I can't congratulate the Devil ! ”

His memory was marvellous. Two or three years after this time we had all been much exercised in finding out *where* Scott had written his glorious lines,—

“ Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife !
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.”

I referred for help to our friend Mr Alfred Benn, and for the first time he failed me ; but he said Lord Sherbrooke, in a very striking speech he had made some years before, had quoted them with great effect, and from him I could get the required information. I did not like to trouble him, so I wrote to Lady Sherbrooke — a very charming woman, who devoted her whole life to her husband,—and on her asking him the question, he at once said, “ You will find it as the heading to the 34th chapter in ‘ Old Mortality.’ ”

It was at Balliol, too, that we had a delightful meeting with Dean Stanley. His was a most

attractive personality: his face, though sad and worn,—for this was not long after his wife's death,—was especially refined, and when he smiled it seemed illuminated. One had heard many stories of his absence of mind, such as taking a lady in his own house down to dinner, and, forgetting the main object, leading her to the front door to put her into her carriage!—a proceeding she energetically resisted. But if his mind was sometimes absent, his manners never were. He talked much of his wife and their supremely happy life together. I told him I had once been at the Abbey, and how kind Lady Augusta had been to me, talking much of Dr John Brown, and of his and her great friend Mrs Ritchie, Thackeray's daughter. The conversation then turned to Edinburgh, and he asked me if I had ever heard Dr MacGregor preach. I said I had, and added, "Do tell me who persuaded you to go and hear him when you and Lady Augusta were on your way to St John's Episcopal Church in Edinburgh some years ago. For, travelling down from London, one of our fellow-travellers—a striking-looking man in a velvet skull-cap—spoke much of various preachers in England and Scotland, and said he had had the good fortune to come across you on your way to St John's, and had persuaded you to go and hear Dr MacGregor instead, and this, he believed, you had done, and had been delighted.

Ever since I have wondered who he was, so now do tell me." "Cook," he replied, — not one of those who, when in too great a majority, "spoil the broth," but one who is the guide and mainstay of the tourist who cannot look after himself!

Another time we again met the Dean at Balliol. Our daughter Eppie was with us, and was next the Dean at dinner, but not taken down by him. In the middle of dinner the Master, beside whom I was sitting, asked his butler to bring him paper and pencil, and he wrote down something for him to take to the Dean. I noticed the Dean's amused smile as he got the note, and nodded to the Master, who then told me he had written, "Pay attention to your neighbour,—she will repay it!" He did as he was told, and made it a very pleasant evening for Eppie, whose feathers had been rather ruffled by her partner, who, on her having said she did not care much for Dickens, replied, "Ah, well, I am not surprised. My wife there, who is a very clever woman, but with no sense of humour, can't bear Dickens." The insinuation that she had no sense of humour was most mortifying to one of so lively a spirit.

A great friend of my husband since the Balliol days when they were both undergraduates was Mr Francis Palgrave, so widely known later as the editor of the 'Golden Treasury of English

Lyrics,' published in 1861. Perhaps no single book of its size has ever given more pleasure to countless numbers of people in both hemispheres. Dr John Brown used to give it as a wedding-present "for honey-moonlight reading"! In preparing the 'Golden Treasury,' Mr Palgrave had the inestimable advantage of the intimate friendship and critical taste of Mr Tennyson, though it was Mr Tennyson's modesty in barring the inclusion of any of his lyrics that led Mr Palgrave to exclude all living authors from the collection.

He had been brought up in a very intellectual *milieu*: his father, Sir Francis Palgrave, was a well-known historian and antiquarian, and his mother—a daughter of Mr Dawson Turner—was a woman of remarkable culture and brilliancy of mind. Her influence tended to foster in her son his innate love of art, which was so strong a feeling in him, at a time when it was by no means so developed as it is now, though possibly this new development may be something of a fashionable fad! Mr Palgrave became quite an authority on art, and all the best engravings which hung on the walls of the Master's house at Balliol were chosen by him. He was one of the first who "*preached* Blake"—as one of his friends said—as painter and poet. To judge from the Publishers' List of the present date (1907), Blake seems no longer "caviare

to the general." As a poet he thought "Blake's verse narrow in range, and at times eccentric to the verge of madness; but whatever he wrote, his eye is always straight on his subject." He used to compare Blake's soul with Fra Angelico's, each living in the all-pervading presence of the spiritual life. His pictures, he thought, showed immense power and originality, though often out of drawing and grotesque; but some, such as "Job in Misery" and "The Morning Stars singing for Joy," were beautiful. Later, in a letter to Mr Gladstone in 1876, Mr Palgrave "confessed with pain that the high place which Blake had held on the strength of a few of his works is not sustained by the sight of his collected 'Opera.' There is much puerility, much almost sensational spiritualism, much even (I suspect) of commonplace, concealed by eccentricity of manner." And he continues, "On Saturday I am to see the Flaxmans at Christie's privately. These will be, oh, how much higher a sight than Blake's 'glorious incompleteness'!"

I have dwelt on this side of Mr Palgrave's intellectual development because he alone of all my husband's friends possessed this keen interest in, and knowledge of, pictorial art. No less was he deeply interested in all literature—classical, Italian, French, and English; he was a brilliant talker, and became quite absorbed in his subject; and as these

subjects ranged over so many fields of literature and art, it was easy for him to find a sympathetic audience. He travelled a great deal on the Continent, and Italy was the country of his soul. No man ever had a happier married life : his was a deeply affectionate nature that only a wife and children could fill, and he was fortunate in finding perfect satisfaction in both. His work was in the Privy Council Office, which threw him among congenial friends ; and in 1880 he was made Professor of Poetry at Oxford, succeeding his and our dear friend, Principal Shairp. Here he was in a post for which he was eminently fitted, and which he enjoyed. He concluded his term of office by a series of lectures on "Landscape in Poetry," which he afterwards brought out as a most delightful book. When my husband's 'Virgil' came out in 1877, he wrote, I remember, a delightful letter to him, from which I quote : "Except in regard to a very few points, the book has given me more immediate pleasure and a stronger anticipation of enduring gain than anything I have read for a long time. In short, you have made me look for your volume on 'Horace' with an interest which I have wholly ceased to feel in the 'births of time,' which may be reserved for Tennyson or Browning or Mrs Lewes."

Mr Palgrave wrote a volume of poems and a volume of hymns : one beautiful hymn I especially

remember, beginning, "Star of Morn and Even." He died in October 1897, exactly seven years after his wife's death. His daughters live now in Carlyle Square, London, surrounded by the beautiful engravings collected by their much-loved father. The eldest daughter has written a delightful Biography of him, from which I have gained some of the information I have noted down, and I am glad to be indebted for this to one of a younger generation, for whom I have a great affection.

Two more Balliol men—Lord Sandford and Mr Cumin—who, like my husband, had also won Snell Exhibitions, were intimate friends of ours. Lord Sandford was a son of Sir Daniel Sandford, the eminent Greek Professor at Glasgow University, and from him he inherited a knowledge of the classics which would have made him a distinguished scholar had he not preferred to devote himself to the Education Office. He was a most genial and delightful man, with a sunny disposition and affectionate heart. Raised to the Peerage in 1891, under the title of Baron Sandford of Sandford, he died two years later on the 31st December 1893.

Mr Cumin hailed from the north of Scotland, and had a good deal of pawky Scotch humour, which made him excellent company: all his friends were devoted to "Pat Cumin," as he was always called. I saw most of him in 1865—I think it was—when

he came down to Edinburgh for a few months on some Trust Commission. This was after his marriage to Mrs Northcote, a charming widow, whom all his friends welcomed and appreciated. Mr Cumin was a "genial gourmet," and the day after his marriage he told his wife that he had ordered for dinner a widgeon, cooked in some very *récherché* and appetising manner. "Oh," she replied, "I do wish you had not taken the trouble: I hate *all fish*!"—thus betraying an ignorance and incompatibility of taste in gastronomy quite incomprehensible to her husband. Mr Cumin's work, like that of Lord Sandford, was in the Education Office, and, like Lord Sandford, in the discharge of his duties he met many clever interesting people, and made many fast friends.

A very notable couple we met at Balliol were Mr and Mrs Fawcett. There was something heroic in Mr Fawcett's determination that his blindness should never be allowed to interfere with his career in life. And nobly was this resolve fulfilled, for he had become Postmaster-General, and those who heard his able speeches, full of statistical information, had difficulty in believing that since he was twenty-five—when the accident had occurred that cost him his eyesight—he had been stone-blind. But his brave clever wife had been eyes and much more to him, and there was something pathetic in

the thought that he had never seen her; but her mind and heart were to him a kingdom. His memory was wonderful in small things as well as in great. There was a large dinner-party that day at Balliol, and he asked me to tell him who were all there, and where they sat. I did so, and during dinner he spoke to the different people, directing his face to where they sat, exactly as if he saw them.

No memory of Balliol would be complete that did not record the great friendship we had with Mr Strachan-Davidson, Senior Fellow of Balliol, whose gentle and faithful heart has smoothed the path and cheered the lives of so many of his friends. Though he was so much younger than we were, that made no difference in the sympathy and warmth of our friendship; and the many meetings we had at Balliol, Headington Hill (where, for a time, he and Mr Evelyn Abbott lived), and at Kenbank, but drew the bonds closer. Mr Evelyn Abbott had been a splendid young athlete and devoted to cricket. He met with an accident while running in a hurdle-race, did not take proper care, and insisted on playing soon after in a cricket-match in which he made over a "century." This violent exertion on the top of his previous mishap changed the whole tenor of his life, for from that time he was unable to

walk a step. But nothing could conquer his indomitable spirit or cloud his clear vigorous brain, and he continued to do the work of tutor to the college with marked acceptance. Mr Strachan-Davidson, with that devotion to his friends which is so strong a characteristic of his, did all that was in human power to lighten Mr Abbot's burden in "that long disease, his life"; and I often used to feel when I parted from them that I did not know which I admired most,—the splendid pluck of the one man, or the noble unselfishness of the other. In these last years, each time I have been at Oxford Mr Strachan-Davidson has met me, and given me the keys of Balliol gate, so that I might go in and out when I liked. And I hope this has greatly impressed the porter, whose intervention was thus rendered useless!

CHAPTER XX.

“There is but one society on earth :
The noble living and the noble dead.”

—WORDSWORTH.

1870.

EVEN a slight acquaintance with remarkable people leaves an abiding happiness in the memory, and in the case of George Eliot this was heightened when, in 1880, she married my cousin, John Cross. I think the first acquaintance his family made with Mr and Mrs Lewes came about in rather a curious way.

Mrs Cross and her family were living at Weybridge, and one day in October 1867 a fire broke out in their house. It was got under before doing any very great harm, though it was the cause of strange aberrations on the part of some of their neighbours who rushed in to help, and among other things threw out the bedroom china on to the lawn, thereby *insuring* its destruction ! and saving some useless things, while nearly all their valuable books were destroyed. Obligated to leave their smoking—

also soaking!—house for the night, Mrs Cross and her daughters took refuge in a little country inn, the “Hand and Spear”—now enlarged beyond all recognition,—and here they found their old friend, Mr Herbert Spencer, with Mr Lewes: the two were making a walking tour in Surrey. I have often heard my cousin describe this evening as one of the most brilliant and delightful she had ever spent. The things of the mind and spirit always appealed to her much more than material things. This was their first acquaintance with Mr Lewes, with whom they were afterwards to become so intimate.

My cousin, Zibbie Cross, of whom I have written elsewhere, had just then published a small volume of poems, ‘An Old Story, and other Poems,’ which had been kindly received by the press, and much valued by her friends, as showing a part—but only a *part*—of her wonderful personality, for no words (not even her own) could fully express that. On Mr Lewes’ invitation Zibbie went shortly afterwards to see George Eliot, and never did she forget the affectionate manner in which the great authoress greeted her. Zibbie had a charming gift of music, and had composed a setting to a poem of George Eliot’s from ‘The Spanish Gypsy’ (“Through the woods, the pillared pines”) so effectively that the authoress, I believe, was much moved on hearing it.

The first time I saw Mrs Lewes was some years

later, when Eleanor and Emily Cross took me one Sunday (the day she received visitors) to The Priory, St John's Wood. Nothing could exceed the kindness and graciousness of her manner, and no one could resist the charm of the earnest, deep, musical tones of her voice and the constantly changing expression of her impressive countenance : but of this the pictures of her give little idea. There were several people of more or less importance there ; and though the very fact of my being an " unknown quantity " made her only the more gracious to me, I felt unwilling to engross more than my own share of a conversation which all those around me were craving to hear. Her great friend, Mr Henry Sidgwick, was there, I remember. This was the first and only time I ever saw him ; but having read his ' Biography ' this last year, 1906, I am not surprised that so pure and noble a soul should have greatly impressed all who knew him intimately.

Mr Lewes, then so full of life and brilliant and witty conversation, died in November 1878, leaving Mrs Lewes very desolate and lonely, though no one ever had more loyal and devoted friends. But at such times the heart knows its own bitterness, and not the dearest friend can intermeddle with it : the first battle *must* be fought alone. After a time, life (which she had always found so " in-

tensely interesting") and the love of her friends asserted themselves. I met her again in the autumn of 1879, suddenly and unexpectedly, in a picture-gallery. John Cross was with her, and she asked me and my daughter Eppie, who was with me, to go and see her at The Priory next afternoon, which we did. I love to think of the comfortable cosy hour we spent with her. It was the last time I saw this great writer and wonderful woman. Eppie asked her if she would write her name in a birthday book she had brought with her in the hope of securing this valuable autograph, and I remember the sweet smile with which she said, "My dear, I would like to do anything to give you pleasure, but I was obliged long ago to register a vow that I would never sign my name for such purposes; and if you only knew the number of books that have been sent me from all parts of the world, you would understand and forgive!"

She spoke much of the Cross family, and of all the love and interest they had brought into her life, adding that she had never met any one who had impressed her more with love and admiration than their dear mother, who had died the year before. On the 6th May 1880 Mrs Lewes was married, in London, to John Cross; but, alas! after little more than six months of supreme happiness

she died on December 22, at the beautiful house in Cheyne Walk which he had so carefully prepared for her.

In April 1866 there was great excitement in the Edinburgh University, as on the 29th Carlyle—whom the students had elected as their Lord Rector—was coming down to give the accustomed speech on that occasion. He was the first Lord Rector who had been elected on purely literary merits, and it was well known how much he disliked display and publicity of every kind. Indeed he had at first refused the honour unless the necessity of a public speech was withdrawn, but that being impossible, he finally consented; and Mrs Carlyle being unable to accompany him, Professor Tyndall undertook to look after him and manage everything. I remember that morning Principal Sir David Brewster calling here, partly to give us two extra tickets he had, and partly to let off his agitation and anxiety, for he had just heard that Carlyle was not going to read his speech, and he—perhaps judging from himself—felt an extempore speech would mean fiasco and a complete breakdown.

The meeting was in the Music Hall. The students and men completely filled the lower part, whilst the gallery was given up to ladies.

I was fortunate in getting a front seat; and it was a sight I shall never forget as the Chancellor and the Professors brought in the Lord Rector in his heavy robes, which, characteristically, he cast aside as soon as he began to speak, and stood before us, a world-famous man, in his plain everyday clothes. World-wearied he looked, as with weak voice he turned to address the students of the same University in which he himself had been a student fifty-six years before. Few but those beside him could have heard a word of the address; but absolute silence reigned, as "in soft earnest language, made picturesque by the form in which it was expressed, he proceeded to impress upon them the elementary duties of diligence, fidelity, and honest exertion in their present work as a preparation for their coming life." But for this noble address one must go to his own published works. He wound up with Goethe's hymn, which he had called to Sterling "the marching music of the Teutonic nations," and he finished with the words which, to the end, were so often upon his lips, *Wir heissen euch hoffen*.

I think this was the most impressive scene I have ever witnessed: no one who was there could ever forget it, and it seemed burnt into one's memory, when ten days after one heard of his wife's tragically sudden death in London. This

news reached him by telegram in Dumfries, where he had gone to stay with his sister. Mrs Carlyle had been so relieved, and felt so proud, when Professor Tyndall had wired to her the words, "A perfect triumph"; but her previous anxiety had, as she expressed it, "tattered her to fiddle-strings," and the sudden relief was scarcely less trying to her always highly-strung nerves. She expected Mrs Oliphant and Principal Tulloch and his wife to dine with her that evening, and in the forenoon was taking her usual drive in the Park, her little dog running beside the carriage. Some one driving carelessly drove over it, and the scream it gave made Mrs Carlyle jump out of her carriage and take the poor little dead body in beside her. After driving once more round the Park, the coachman was astonished at not getting any orders, and looking into the carriage saw her motionless. The shock had killed her.

We were in London in the summer of 1880, and one day I took my courage in my hands and went to call at Cheyne Row, ostensibly to ask for Miss Aitken, who had been brought by her uncle, John Carlyle, to see me two years before, but really in the hope I might possibly see Carlyle himself. Miss Aitken was not at home, and the maid said

if I would call the next day I would see her. "But I go to Scotland to-morrow." "Oh, if you come from Scotland, perhaps the master will see you!" She left me to inquire; and, like Bob Acres, my courage oozed out at my finger-ends. She returned and said Mr Carlyle would see me, but she hoped I would not stay long as he was weak, and was going out for his daily drive in a few minutes. When I entered the sitting-room, so often described that it seemed familiar, I thought it was empty, but I saw the coverlet on the sofa move, and on going nearer, Mr Carlyle—shrunk and attenuated—was under it, with his face to the wall. He put out his hand over his shoulder to shake mine, and on my asking him how he was, he answered, "Waiting for my latter end." "I hope without pain and discomfort," I said. "With a considerable degree of both," he replied. He then asked about my husband, and referred to his visit to Edinburgh as Lord Rector, and again to our having met last at the station at Dumfries, in the midst of "screaming engines and other infernalities."

Seeing him so weak and exhausted, and hearing the brougham come to the door, I bade him farewell, hoping the mighty brain in that poor frail body would soon be at rest; but he lived

on till February of the next year, 1881, and was buried—not in Westminster Abbey, which had been offered but refused, and not in the grand old parish church of Haddington, where lies the restless passionate heart of the wife he mourned with such touching affection and remorse, but—among his kinsfolk, in the dreary little kirkyard of Ecclefechan.

CHAPTER XXI.

"We are fond of talking of those who have given us pleasure,—not that we have anything important to say, but because the subject is pleasing."

—OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

1884.

CENTENARIES of all kinds are common now, but this, the Tercentenary of Edinburgh University, was, I think, among the first of the kind. It was planned and most admirably carried through by Sir Alexander Grant. I remember well how much cold water was thrown on the idea: "It would be a fiasco;" "A perfect failure;" "No one would come," &c., &c. But, undeterred, he went on with the arrangements, and had the satisfaction of seeing the undertaking a great success. People distinguished in Arts or Science came from all parts of the world; and for once the bleak walls of the University and the Synod Hall (where the largest meetings were held) looked down on an assemblage of men gay as a parterre of tulips, in their coloured robes of office and orders. It was a wonderful sight, and the sound of many

tongues suggested the Tower of Babel. Many houses opened their doors to the strangers, but none had a more delightful "consignment"—if I may use such a word—than ourselves, for they were all dear and old friends, as well as most distinguished men,—Max Müller and his delightful and handsome wife, Sir Robert Morier (at that time Ambassador at Madrid), the Master of Balliol, and Mr Munro of Cambridge.

We had two dinner-parties, I remember, but at neither of them could I be present. Owing, I fancy, to all the anxiety I had gone through about Edmund at Moffat, where he had been so ill, I had more than usually bad attacks of headache, and there was no fighting against them. And hard as it was to lose so much of the society I delighted in, I had no anxiety as to our guests being neglected, for our daughter May, in the absence of her sisters, rose to the responsibility of the "honours thrust upon her," and was ably assisted by the excellent Mrs Max Müller. I remember her telling me that at home she was called "General Jackson, always ready for action," and if I would only tell her whom she was to take to a ball that was to succeed one of the dinner-parties, she would manage everything for me. And so she did—and so well, too, that she left no room for any regret for my absence.

It was delightful to see the Master of Balliol and Sir Robert Morier together, for I think of all his many friends and former pupils he was the one who came nearest to his heart. Large in body and mind, he had a robust humour that was very attractive; and there was a simplicity and distinctness about his utterances that one does not generally associate with a diplomat. Easier and more delightful guests than the Max Müllers could not have been found; and he looked quite resplendent in the uniform of the French Academy, and covered with orders. No one ever bore honours more lightly, or made himself more agreeable to any stranger he might be introduced to. For myself, I can only say my affection equalled my admiration. There was something singularly lovable about him; and the many times we met afterwards, both at Kenbank and Oxford, but deepened this impression.

“In the personalities that most attract us we cannot measure the qualities, we can only allow ourselves to be guided by the charm, that indefinite gift of the gods, which lies we know not where, and is we know not what.” And I think this very well describes the influence he exerted over all who came in contact with him. There was a serenity and benignity in his expression, and yet underlying all a sense of sadness, as if

uncertainty and evanescence lay not far from the happiest life. The death of his eldest child, a girl full of promise, in her sixteenth year, had told heavily on his affectionate heart; and years after the time about which I am writing, he lost very suddenly his beautiful, gifted, and most attractive daughter, Mary, who had been married for two years to Mr F. Conybeare. Mercifully he was spared the sorrow of the untimely death of his youngest and last remaining daughter, Beatrice, the bright happy wife of Mr Collier Fergusson, as he predeceased her by a few months. His devoted wife has written a most interesting biography of her distinguished husband in which the personal pronoun has not once been used! Indeed she, Lady Burne-Jones, and Mrs Creighton have done much to disprove the common axiom that a widow is not the person to write her husband's life.

In 1904 I paid a visit to Mrs Max Müller in the house at Oxford, which was such a full and happy one when last my husband and I had been there together. Materially all was unchanged. The beautiful chalk drawing in grisaille, picked up by Mr Max Müller in Florence for a few francs, and considered by many experts to be a first sketch by del Sarto himself, looked down from the walls; the marble bust of the Emperor

William II.—a present from himself,—the gigantic proportions of which were, on its arrival, a cause of perturbation not unmingled with laughter, filled a corner of the room; but the spirits that had made the fulness of life, and filled the house with music and charm, were all gone, yet so vividly was their bodily presence realised that at no moment would it have been a surprise if they had entered the room. And I think we both felt, in the words of his own national poet, Goethe,—

“All that is present as from far I see,
And that which died is all the world to me.”

But I have wandered far from the doings of the Tercentenary, and the happy time we had together in Edinburgh. Mr Max Müller went one day to call on Mr Stewart, the cab-proprietor on the Dean Bridge, because I told him that he had few more ardent admirers of his works, and that a visit from him would indeed be a red-letter day; and Sir Robert Morier, who had accompanied Mr Max Müller on the visit, said one of the most striking recollections of Edinburgh would be his having met there a cab-proprietor who had read and understood Max's books!

Mr Munro of Trinity College, Cambridge, was considerably older than the other men of the party, — a grave and weighty man, for whose

scholarship my husband had boundless admiration. Between them there existed a great bond of affection, strengthened by their common love of Lucretius! Of Mr Munro it might truly be said what Bishop Creighton wrote to Mrs Humphry Ward of her father,—“He was one of those who are determined to keep themselves unspotted from the world. Surely nothing is more precious than the life of the student, the scholar, the thinker, whose chief aim is to be true to the best he knows.”

One of my daughters here reminds me of a little incident I had quite forgotten. Mr Munro and Sir Robert Morier were men of about the same size, but one had his waistcoat with the modest V suitable to a college don, the other the expansive shirt-front of an ambassador; so, when their waistcoats were interchanged, there was consternation on both sides, and when they finally appeared in the drawing-room, she says I greeted them with, “I believe you have had some difficulty in securing your *vested* rights!”

One afternoon we were all asked to an “At Home” at Professor Masson’s, to meet Mr Browning. The crowd was immense, the Massons having been put in the difficult position that all hosts of celebrated guests experience, of either offending friends by not asking them, or half killing the victims by asphyxiation! The latter having,

luckily for us, been chosen, Professor Masson said he must introduce me to the great man. In vain did I plead that *that*, at least, he might be spared. However, the introduction was made, and I could not help saying, "Oh, Mr Browning, would you not rather be a dead dog than a living lion?" And I remember his bright good-natured smile as he answered, "Not at all; I think it is very kind of any one caring to meet me." And he went on to say what a splendid gathering of people we had collected in Edinburgh, and what a fine setting the romantic old town made. We did not see any more of him at this time, but years after we stayed at the Master of Balliol's with him; and one could not know him without loving him,—he was so frank, so cordial, and with an utter absence of the self-consciousness which must have often poisoned the life of his great brother poet, Lord Tennyson. Between the two there existed that cordial admiring friendship that is so admirable, and perhaps too rare, among contemporary poets: yet as I write this I remember, with contrition, Wordsworth's line "The Mighty Minstrel breathes no longer," in the beautiful "Elegiac Lines on the Death of James Hogg," and the exquisite sonnet—

"A trouble not of clouds or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height;"

—lines that cannot be read with dry eyes. I remember one evening when I was going upstairs with Mr Browning at the Master's lodge he put his arm in mine and pointed out photographs from some pictures by his son which hung there, and spoke of his being glad he had devoted himself to the sister art, and had not taken to poetry—"three of us would have been too much!"—and he hoped there was a great future for him in painting. I did not say to his father that I had seen one picture of his in the New Gallery which, in my poor opinion, did not promise future fame,—a naked woman in a wood, which he called Joan of Arc, and I thought *Stark* would be a better title!

Mr Browning was very funny when speaking of the Browning Society, and said they often found a meaning in his verses which had certainly never entered his own head. He was as clear and simple in his talk as he was sometimes the reverse in his poems; and one often regrets that he who *could* write so lucidly and with thrillingly intense power did not always take the trouble to "beat his music out." As Lord Tennyson said of him, "He has plenty of music in him, but cannot get it out: he has intellect enough for a dozen of us, but he has not got the glory of words." One of Tennyson's grandsons—Lionel Tennyson's boy—was a godson

of Browning, and bore the somewhat overwhelming name of Alfred Stanley Browning. Mr Browning told us how he had written to him on his birthday, sending him some little gift, and tried to justify his godfatherly relationship by some good advice, ending with "You have three names, one glorious, the other good, and the last that of an old friend who feels a great interest in you." The child replied, thanking him for the present, and adding, "But are not you, too, *rather* glorious?" Just as he told this a great bunch of roses was brought in, left at the door for Mr Browning. "You see," I said, "other people besides little Tennyson think you are 'rather glorious.'"

Though not staying with us, there was another visitor to Edinburgh at this time whom we saw a good deal of, and who made an indelible impression on our memories,—Colonel Yule, soldier, scholar, and translator: a distinguished member of the Hakluyt Society, and editor of the works of Marco Polo. His appearance was as striking as the quality of his mind and character was exalted, and in any society he would have stood out as a man of mark. He was a great friend of Mrs Baird Smith, and my intimacy with her made him very kind to me. Before he left Edinburgh he gave me a beautiful photograph of himself from a portrait, noble and dignified as that of a Venetian

senator. I saw him once or twice after this in London: I think it was early in 1890 that he died. Almost immediately before his death he was unanimously elected a Member of the French Academy, and there is something very touching in the reply he dictated with his dying breath,—

“Reddo gratias, illustrissimi domini, ob honores tanto nimios, quanto immeritos: mihi robora deficiunt, vita collabitur, accipite voluntatem pro facto. Cum corde pleno et gratissimo moriturus vos, illustrissimi domini, saluto. YULE.”

The following sympathetic commentary on these words appeared in ‘The Academy’ of March 29, 1890:—

“Moriturus vos saluto

Breathes his last, the dying scholar,
Tireless student, brilliant writer:
He salutes his age, and journeys
To the undiscovered country.

Moriturus vos saluto

Breathes his last, the dying scholar,
And the far-off ages answer
Immortales te salutant.

There await him with warm welcome
All the heroes of old story,
The Venetians, the Ca Polo,
Marco, Nicolo, Maffeo,
Odoric of Pordenone,
Benedict de Goes, seeking
Lost Cathay, and finding Heaven.

Many more whose lives he cherished
With the piety of learning ;
Fading records, buried pages,
Failing lights and fires forgotten,
By his energy recovered,
By his eloquence rekindled."

No better description could be given of Colonel Yule than in the words of his lifelong and devoted friend, Mr Coutts Trotter : " Personally, his simplicity and humility were alike marked and touching, though his presence had all the personal dignity of one who knew he had long and steadily followed a lofty ideal. He had the old Scottish sense of the seriousness of life, and of the importance in all things of being on the side of truth and right."

It was a privilege to have known, even thus casually, one of such an exalted type, and in 1905 it was delightful to come upon the following words in Lady Burne-Jones' admirable life of her husband : " A beautiful figure in the memory of those days, 1882, is that of the celebrated Oriental scholar, Colonel Yule, for he was the very image of Colonel Newcome, only with learning added thereto. Occasionally he came along and dined with us, and then he and Edward would spend all the evening talking together of far countries and ancient travels."

But again I am wandering away from the Tercentenary, and losing myself in later memories, and

though there is a thread of continuity in my own mind, I can scarcely expect my grandchildren to follow it if they should ever reach so far in a narrative often of so little interest to them. Indeed, one of them has frankly declared the most important event will be the record of her birth! Shall I cheat her and pass it over unrecorded?

The Tercentenary lasted for nearly the inside of a week, and during that time there was a banquet given to the distinguished guests, and ladies were admitted to the gallery to hear the speeches, but to this I was unable to go. Another evening there was an illumination of Princes Street and the Castle rock, with a large bonfire on the top of Arthur's Seat. Few cities can boast of such a situation for an illumination, and it certainly was a very beautiful sight. It was impossible to move together like the clouds, so we divided into couples, to meet again when the spirit or fatigue moved us to return home. To our daughter May's great content Sir Robert Morier fell to her lot; and for long after she used to tell of the delightful time they had spent together, and of the witty and amusing stories he had told her.

The weather, though cold and east-windy, was dry and bright,—there was no rain to damp either the earth or our spirits; so at the end of the week we felt like the old Scottish lady after

her dinner-party, "Weel, it's ower and *wi* credit." I think all the visitors went away satisfied, and felt a new interest in Scott's "own romantic town"; and the inhabitants had their minds stimulated and exhilarated by contact with so many brilliant intelligences, and were grateful to Sir Alexander Grant for having planned and carried out such an enterprise. We little thought then that this was his last public undertaking, though even at that time his wife felt anxious about him; and as soon as quiet was restored, she took him to Bath. There he improved a little, but always had a sense of fatigue and lassitude; and the end came suddenly, when, on his return from dining with Lord Moncreiff one Saturday in November, he had a stroke of apoplexy. He never recovered consciousness, and on Sunday evening passed quietly away. Dr Maclaren had come down in the forenoon to tell us how ill he was, and I intercepted the Fettes boys coming out of church, and took poor Percy Grant to his home where his father lay dying. Ludovic was at Oxford, and Julia (who was coming down from England that night) saw at Carlisle the notice of her father's death in 'The Scotsman.' Sylvia was at St Leonard's school at St Andrews, and heard of his death by telegram on the Monday morning. None of these his children had known he was ill.

Of such shocks and sorrows one cannot write, though one can never forget the quiet heart-broken wail of his stricken Madonna-like wife, "Twenty-five years of perfect happiness all over!" I had seen their first meeting at Abbey Park in 1857, and now I was witness of their last parting in 1884, and the breaking up of one of the happiest homes I have ever known; and even after so many years, the allusion to the bare facts fills my heart with thoughts too deep for tears. Perhaps the saddest part of old age is the outliving so many of our best and dearest friends.

"Melted the crowd that with me moved along,
Dumb the first echoes that around me rung."

On the other hand, I most gratefully acknowledge all the love and sympathy that has been shown me in no stinted measure by so many of the younger generation, and for all the memories which "thrill in my soul and make me young again."

Le roi est mort, vive le roi! is true of all official positions as of kings; and rather heartless though it sounds, still I suppose it is necessary to appoint for every vacant post an immediate successor. The University was fortunate, after Sir Alexander Grant's death, in securing for the Principalship Sir William Muir, who had retired from the distinguished and important position of Governor of

the North-West Provinces of India. He and Lady Muir, with two unmarried daughters, took a large house close to Edinburgh—Dean Park House, one most eminently suitable for the boundless hospitality they showed, not only to all connected with the University, but to the citizens of the fair city that was henceforth to be their home,—hospitality dispensed with the ease and courtesy learnt, no doubt, in the semi-Court life they had led in the East. Everything connected with the students was of deep interest to Sir William Muir, and very grateful they felt for his constant kindness. Lady Muir was equally interested in the young women who attended the University classes, and has left a lasting record of this in the Muir Hall for Women Students in George Square. After her death, which did not take place till some years after this devoted couple had celebrated their golden wedding, their daughter Mary, widow of Mr Robert Arbuthnot, became head of her father's house, and most genially and gracefully did she dispense its hospitality; and certainly no father was ever more tenderly and lovingly cared for. A few years before her mother's death, their elder daughter Jean had become the wife of that distinguished soldier, General Wauchope of Niddrie, whose death at Magersfontein, South Africa, cast a gloom over all Scotland.

CHAPTER XXII.

“I am most gladly in debt to all the world; and to earth, my mother, for her great beauty.”—*From ‘The Road Mender.’*

“Times and places new we know,
 Faces fresh and seasons strange,
 But the friends of long ago
 Do not change.”

—A. LANG.

1885-1886.

IN the autumn of 1885 my husband's health again broke down, and arrangements having been made for Mr Allen, of Queen's College, Oxford, to take his class, he and Florence went to Cannes for a few weeks; but the climate did not suit him, so he and a friend travelled in Italy till we joined him at Lucerne, in April 1886, where we found him with the Lewis Campbells and the Bishop of Ripon and his wife. Our daughter May had gone with the Macleods to Schwalbach, and joined us from there. I went to the station to meet her, and the Bishop accompanied me, and insisted on carrying her travelling-bag for her. I reminded

him of this and other more interesting and important facts when Flora Smith and I spent a most agreeable afternoon with them at the palace at Ripon in 1903. I think he was like Bishop Fraser of Manchester, who is reported to have said he "liked his bishop's sleeves as small as possible."

From Lucerne we went to Axenfels, higher up on the Lake, and liked it very much; but after a fortnight there we crossed to Seelisberg, on the other side, as being a better place for long walks and expeditions. The house—from which there was a most beautiful view—had once been a monastery, and was now a hotel. Here we made the acquaintance of Signor Minghetti and his wife, an unforgettable couple! If one had had to guess their nationality, he, unquestionably, would have been thought to be the English one, so quiet and undemonstrative was he in manner, while she was so full of vivacity and gesticulation. But, indeed, she had the blood of many nations in her veins, for one grandmother had been Scottish (one of the Minto family) and another grandmother Austrian. Her father, Sir Richard Acton, was English, and her mother Austrian.

Madame Minghetti must have been beautiful, and still retained much of the charm of her youth. She had lived most of her life in Naples, and married an

Italian prince, whose name I forget. This was not a happy marriage, and many years after his death she went, as she herself told me, "from her *vie orageuse* into the beautiful, dignified, well-ordered life of Signor Minghetti,"—adding, "and he has been both husband and father to me." He at this time was far from well, his face bloodless as a statue, and we felt instinctively the end was not far off; but his intellect and brain were as clear as ever, and my husband and he had much interesting talk together. He spoke with great frankness of the political and ecclesiastical condition of Italy, and said one great obstacle to the welfare of the kingdom was the hostility of the bishops. Priests were the slaves of the bishops, and the bishops were slaves of the popes. (I see M. Waddington, in a letter from Rome written in 1880, quotes Minghetti as saying, "The most absolutely liberal man he had ever known was Pio Nono, but what could he do once he was Pope?") Signor Minghetti lamented that there was not sufficient public opinion to alter this state of affairs; and when asked how such a public opinion could be formed, he replied, "I cannot tell; it is enough for us that it does not exist." Liberal-minded and far-seeing himself, the state of his country was often perplexing and disquieting to him, and he seemed gladly to take refuge in literature and classical studies.

He told us what an admirable scholar Queen Margherita was, and what pleasure he had in reading 'Virgil' with her—an author to whom she was devoted. He said he had spoken to many English scholars on classical subjects, but whenever they quoted in the original he was quite unable to follow them, and it was as if they spoke in a strange tongue with which he was unacquainted. My husband repeated some lines from 'Virgil,' with the pronounciation given in Scotland, and Signor Minghetti said he could follow and understand them quite well, the sound of the vowels being the same; but beyond that there was the subtle difference of sound belonging to each of the foreign accents through which the Latin was interpreted. There was something singularly attractive in his gentle courteous bearing, and it was with real sorrow—though not with surprise—that a few months later we heard of his death. A short time before this Madame Minghetti sent me a photograph of him, and I wish she had added her own.

While we were at Seelisberg a great fête, in memory of the Battle of Sempach, took place at Lucerne, and May and I took an early steamer to see the procession. On our way down, at one of the villages where the steamers stop, whom should we see on board of one of them going to the head

of the Lake but Mr Mackail, on his way to visit us at Seelisberg! We could only, in dumb show, telegraph signs to him to wait there till we returned, which we fondly imagined would be about dinner-time! All the usual times of sailing, however, being disturbed, we did not get a return steamer till midnight; but so lovely was the moonlight sail up the Lake, and the walk up the hill to Seelisberg in the "innocent freshness of the new-born morn," that it left us nothing to regret, except having lost some hours of Mr Mackail's too short visit. But we made up for it next day, and had much delightful talk; and I remember we sat for long in the balcony overlooking the lovely Lake, I working at some embroidery, and he reading aloud to me.

Mr Mackail brought with him a manuscript copy of a beautiful mediæval poem, "*Quia amore langueo*," copied from one of Furnivall's Early English Text Society publications, which had taken powerful possession of his imagination, and it greatly impressed me. The next morning I covered myself with glory by getting up at five o'clock to see him off, walking part of the way down the hill at the foot of which he was to take the steamer. From the day he first came to our house in Edinburgh (I think in 1874), a boy of fifteen, and looking far more like a young Greek than a Scotsman, we

had been fast friends, and we had followed every step of his triumphant progress in Oxford with the deepest interest. When at last he had taken every honour it was possible for Oxford to give him, he went to the Education Office in London, to the extreme disappointment of the Master, who wished to retain for Balliol the services of so brilliant a son. In 1888 he made an ideal marriage with the beautiful only daughter of Sir Edward Burne-Jones. Some months before he was engaged he took me to The Grange, the fine old house in West Kensington, which had once been the home of Richardson the novelist, and introduced me to his friends there. This was a red-letter day for me, and was the beginning of a friendship which has been a great happiness in my life; and now that, alas! that happy home—The Grange—has passed away, with its beautiful, gentle Master, I am thankful to have known something of its charm,—the exquisite simplicity of the life led there, where ideas reigned supreme, and beauty was everywhere. No great man was ever more kindly or approachable: one felt at ease with him at once.

When staying with them in 1895 in their charming little cottage at Rottingdean, we had a long walk on the Downs, and I remember his saying he had no fear of death, but a horror of

age and decay of faculties; and from this, mercifully, he was saved, leaving the world in the plenitude of his powers, and all too soon, as his friends and the world felt. He was devoted to his grandchildren, and was much amused when I reminded him that one day, when he was dining at the Mackails', and playing with a mechanical toy I had brought Denis (who was not the least amused by it!), I advised Sir Edward to take it home with him, which he did. And Angela next morning, asking where the toy was, was told her grandfather had taken it. "What to do with it?" "Play with it." "Well," she indignantly exclaimed, "I am upside down disgraced by Bapapa!"

This same Angela has certainly not disgraced her family, for in 1905 she gained another scholarship at St Paul's Girls' School—in short, is running the same race as her father did; and one of my regrets at being so old is that I cannot hope to see the future results in her life. Some results I *did* see in her father's case, when in 1904, in Edinburgh University, where as a boy he had carried all before him, he received the degree of LL.D.,—the highest honour the University has to give, the outward and visible sign of what he had done for literature and scholarship. In 1906, a greater honour has been con-

ferred upon him in his election to the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford,—a position singularly suited to his talents and acquirements, and in which he succeeds another valued friend, Mr Bradley. His and his dear wife's family life have been a great happiness to me, and their children, who call me "Scotch Granny," have indeed been like another batch of grandchildren; and the spare bedroom, which was dedicated to their own granny and to me, has been christened "the granary," and many happy hours have I spent in this ideal home.

CHAPTER XXIII.

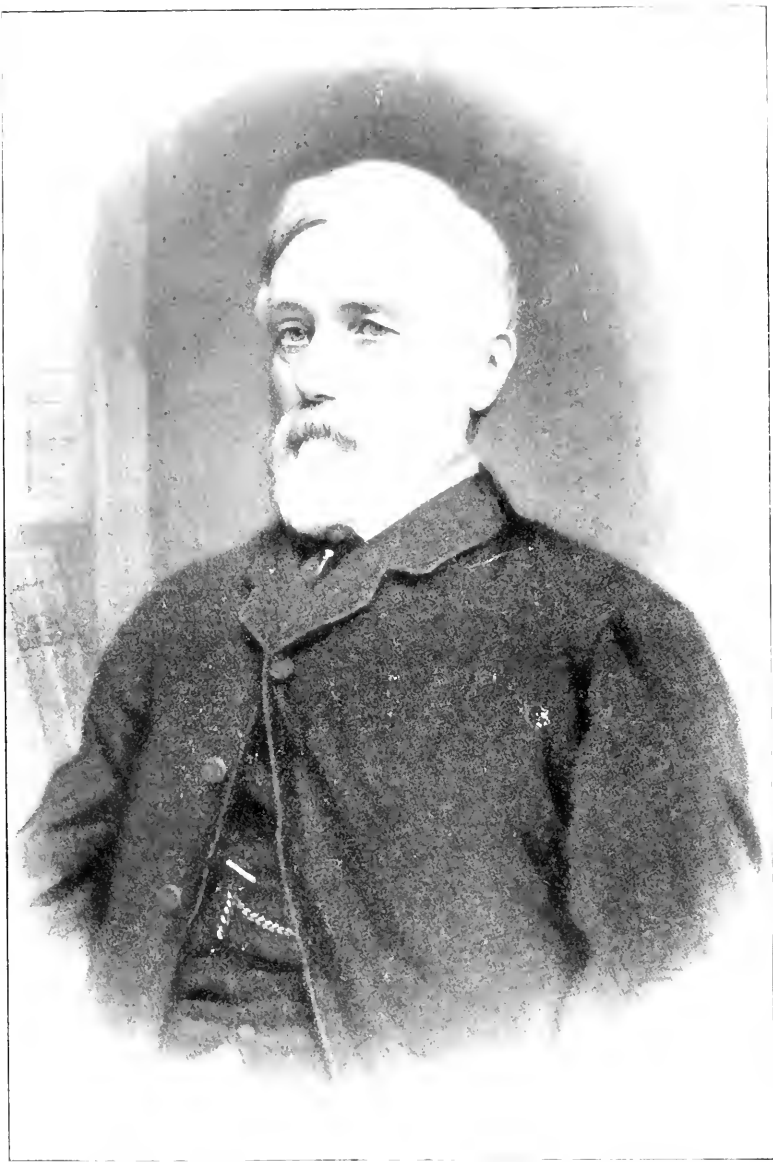
"Wherever I may wander I shall write with my tears, 'Oh, my friend, your place is empty!'"—*From a Persian Poet.*

"Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onwards."

—MILTON.

1890.

As soon as we could get away from Edinburgh this year we went to Italy, as my husband was finishing the chapter on "Propertius" in his volume upon 'Horace and the Elegiac Poets,' and was anxious to ascertain, if possible, the exact spot in Umbria from which the poet came. We went directly to Perugia, where my cousin Constance and her daughter, Beryl Nicholson, met us. It was our first visit to Perugia, "beautiful for situation in all the earth"! We arrived when it was dark, and next morning, when we threw open shutters and windows, we almost cried out with delight, so wonderful and beautiful was the view. Certainly



From an engraving

A. Jamieson del. & sculp.

WILLIAM YOUNG SELLAR,
PROFESSOR OF HUMANITY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH,
1863 TO 1890.

a "city set on a hill," though rather fatiguing to get at, amply repays one by the extent of its views on all sides. Perugia has, besides its beauty, many interests, with its old mediæval buildings and its wonderful collection of Perugino's pictures.

We drove over to Assisi one day, stopping at the foot of the hill to see the Church of S. Maria degli Angeli, built on the site of the original Oratory of St Francis, where the roses still blossom on the bushes said to be sprung from the thorns with which St Francis castigated himself. A chorale was being played on the organ, and, to my astonishment, it was the well-known nigger song, "Way down upon the Swanee River," played very slowly; and I should not think any Italian worshipper would guess the source whence it came! Assisi struck me as a gloomy, sad, impressive place, but one that would require more time to explore than the one day we could give it. My cousin and I spent most of our time in the cathedral, while my husband and Beryl went farther afield in their search for the birthplace of Propertius, in which they found much interest but no great certainty. Indeed I think they felt as a young friend of mine did who, on making notes of a Greek History she was reading, began with, "Origin very muddled"! So with Propertius! But so

much was certain that the search brought them into "scenes of natural beauty and places of historic interest which were familiar to Propertius, both in his childhood and in his later life," and thus helped my husband to realise some of the influences which had acted on the poet's imagination.

One more day we stayed at Perugia, in which my husband and Beryl again went into the country, while my cousin and I spent it in investigating the old town. In the afternoon we found an old Jew who had some fine *bric-à-brac*, and my eye at once fell on a plaque of Gubbio ware—a Madonna and child that still haunt me. A little corner of the plaque was broken off, which I thought accounted for the comparatively small price asked for it—100 francs. This was far more than I was prepared to spend, but I felt I *must* have it, and to make up for the extravagance would shut my eyes to all further temptations! But, alas! when I was arranging about the money I found he had said 1000 francs, not 100 as I had thought!—so the plaque may be still there as far as I am concerned.

The next day, on our way to Siena, we drove along the Lago Trasimeno, my husband delighting in it for its many reminiscences of Hannibal and the sanguinary victory he gained here over the Roman Consul Flamminius, B.C. 217, and I enjoying its natural beauty, its wooded olive slopes and lovely

little islands. We spent a day at Siena: the country round seemed arid and stony, rather like the "riddlings of creation," but the town was very striking, though most of the buildings, being in alternate black and white marble, did not appeal to me so much as the simpler self-coloured stone would have done. I may be speaking as a fool, and one day's knowledge of any place is apt to leave false impressions which a further acquaintance would remove.

We spent two or three days at beautiful Florence—a place one never ceases to have a longing to see again; but we could not stay longer, as my husband had been recommended to try the waters at Wildbad. We did go there, and a very pretty little place it is, and we met some pleasant people; but a *Bad-Kur* has no eventful history, and we were not sorry when time was up and we could leave.

On our way home *viâ* Strasburg we stopped at Paris from June 9th to 11th, and joined Mr and Mrs Butcher, who were staying at a little exclusively French hotel on the other side of the river. I think the sight of these dear friends did my husband more good than all the waters of Wildbad or the wonders of Florence. Their arrival in Edinburgh in 1882 had given a new lease of life to his professional work, for in Mr Butcher

—young enough to be his son—he found the perfect sympathy and understanding he had enjoyed in the old Oxford days, and which till now he had thought could never come again, and in Mrs Butcher the grace and charm and sweet consideration that brightened his social life. The next day, after going to the Louvre, we lunched at a café, Mrs Butcher ordering the meal, and with that unique gift she possessed of turning everything she touched into favour and prettiness, converting a commonplace little luncheon into a feast for the gods! Later in the day we made a beautiful, and I don't think often thought of, expedition (still under Mrs Butcher's guidance) by steamer to Meudon, where in the balcony of the hotel overlooking the river we dined. It was dusk when we returned to Paris; and the sail there, under innumerable bridges, with the red and yellow lamps reflected in the river making a perfect illumination, was dream-like or pantomime-like, according to the mind of the beholder! The next day, to our great regret, we had to return to London, as my husband was to proceed almost immediately to Dublin, where he was to receive the degree of LL.D. from Trinity College. He never saw these dear friends again, but, thank God! the future is veiled,—how else could life be borne?

After a couple of days spent in London with our

daughter Eppie, we went to Balliol College, Oxford. I think it was on this visit that there was one of the Sunday concerts, which, since Mr Farmer had gone to Oxford, was almost a weekly occurrence,—much to my husband's annoyance, as he hated music and loved good talk. When we all went off to the concert, leaving him, the Master lifted a book from the table, written by a friend of his for private circulation, and called 'Country Conversations,' telling me to give it to my husband to read in our absence. "Oh, no," I said; "he would think that almost worse than the music!"

From Balliol we went to the Max Müllers, and found there Principal and Mrs Story—a congenial friendship brought about by Mr Max Müller's Gifford Lectures in Glasgow in two previous years. Their hospitality was boundless: dinner-parties, luncheon-parties, garden-parties followed in rapid succession, Mrs Max Müller only regretting her house was not larger, so that she might have more guests. It was suggested that she had just added two stories and two cellars (Sellars), and that ought to satisfy her!

In London the Walronds came to see us, and that was a great pleasure, for my husband had almost a hero-worship for Mr Walrond, and used to tell how one day, expatiating on his *goodness* to Mr Matthew Arnold, he replied, "Ah, we were all good

at Rugby!" "Yes," said my husband, "but he has remained good!" After two days of London, my husband and our daughter May crossed over to Dublin, and were the guests of Professor Tyrrell, where they met many interesting people, and the reception my husband got when he received his degree much gratified him. I am sorry I do not personally know Professor Tyrrell, for I feel indebted to him for the very kind and appreciative way he spoke of my husband.

When they were in Ireland, Norna Arkcoll, my daughter Eppie's eldest child, then about seven years old, accompanied me to Liverpool to her aunt's (Florence MacCunn), where we had a delightful little visit, and on the way down to Kenbank, I remember, an old blind lady with her attendant was in the carriage with us. When we came to the Lake District I said to Norna, "Oh, do look at those beautiful hills!" "Hush, hush, grannie!" and seeing me look surprised, she added in a whisper, "If that old lady heard you, it would make her sorrier that she was blind and could not see the hills"!

My husband and May returned from Dublin the same day that we arrived at Kenbank, both delighted with their first visit to Ireland. Though feeling well, and with no premonition of danger, my husband felt it borne in upon him to get on

as quickly as possible with the volume of the 'Latin Poets' at which he was working, and he devoted himself very assiduously to his writing till the 16th of July, when we went to Edinburgh for the wedding of Sir Ludovic Grant and Ethel Lancaster. When we were in Florence in the spring of this year, I remember my husband coming to me with a beaming face and saying, "I have seen something delightful in the papers: Ludovic Grant is to be married to Ethel in July!" Then and there we went out to look for a present for them, and found a little antique chest of drawers, of which they were kind enough to approve when it arrived in Scotland; but my husband never quite got over its having been bought in a "pawnshop," as he would call it, though it was really a fascinating little den on the Ponte Vecchio.

Sir Ludovic Grant had been newly elected Professor of Law in the Edinburgh University; and later he became Dean of the Faculty of Law, in which capacity—when presenting the graduates for their degrees—he speaks with such grace and discrimination of their different characteristics that he has raised the ceremony from something that approached general and fulsome flattery to an intellectual pleasure for the audience. This charm and felicity of expression he inherits from both

father and mother. The uniting of two families we knew so well and liked so much was a great pleasure to all of us.

On our return to Kenbank we had a more than usual number of visitors, among them Professor Nichol and his daughter, whom we drove over to Craigenputtock, as the Professor was writing on Carlyle at this time. To my mind Craigenputtock is the dreariest place in the kingdom, and might well deserve the description of a property in the middle of Fife given by an old Scotsman to an English gentleman who had bought it without having seen it. Going later to Scotland to inspect his new possession, this gentleman asked a fellow-traveller if *he* knew it, and what it was like. "Weel," said the Scot, "if the de'il himsel' were tethered to it, you wud say 'puir fellow!'" Certainly Craigenputtock was "bleak without and bare within," and one thought with sympathy of poor Mrs Carlyle's life there, and her heroic efforts to make a loaf of bread that would suit her dyspeptic husband, cheered in the task by the thought of Palissy the Potter and his many failures before he achieved perfect success! But perhaps for the literary development of Carlyle the absolutely unbroken silence of the place and its freedom from "nauseous intruders" were necessary and salutary. I forget now Professor Nichol's

impressions of the place, but no doubt his description of it is trenchant and original.

On the 12th of August my husband, May, and I went for three days to Lord Stair's, at his beautiful place Lochinch, in Wigtownshire, where fuchsia and heather grow side by side, so mild is the climate. Lord Stair was a perfect type of an old Scottish nobleman—shrewd, humorous, most kindly; and one always felt a day with him was invigorating, so direct was his conversation, lightened up often by excellent Scotch stories admirably told. One little incident I remember. In our bedroom, under the gas bracket, there hung a printed notice, "Do not blow out the gas." On my asking Lord Stair, *à propos* of this, if he was accustomed to entertain *fools* gladly or otherwise, he replied that some English servants were so foolish that one had really blown out the gas, and as they had already had one fire at Lochinch they did not desire another; therefore he had put up this notice, which to most people would seem very unnecessary.

All August and most of September my husband was very well, taking long walks every day and greatly enjoying all the visitors that came, among them the Master of Balliol with his 'Plato,' Mr Strachan-Davidson with his 'Polybius,' Andrew Lang with his wife! and many other friends:

also Agnes Macleod, an especial favourite of my husband. This was not the first nor the last time she has been a ministering angel in our family, so it was meet and natural she should be with us in the great sorrow that was so soon to overtake us.

On the 24th of September my husband suddenly became very ill, and two days after we got a nurse, and the comfort we had in her no words can tell. Nurse Jeffrey is now the District Nurse at Moffat. A London doctor happened to be in the neighbourhood and saw him on the 28th, but on the following Tuesday I sent for Dr Maclaren, his Edinburgh doctor. I did not tell my husband I had done so, but took him, on his arrival, straight to my husband's room, who brightened up when he saw him and said, "Oh, Maclaren, this is kind of you!" and all that afternoon and the next day he was better.

His youngest son's arrival, too, was a great pleasure to him; and my daughter Eppie and her little girl Norna came, and the child said, "Grandpapa was delighted to see me," and when I told him this he said, "So I was." He spoke much of his elder son (who was with his regiment in India at the time), and of the confidence he had in his judgment and sense of right. He was for some days interested in the loving letters of inquiry I had about him; for

he loved to be loved, though I think he never knew how much the simplicity and transparent truthfulness of his character endeared him to so many. He sent affectionate messages to many of his friends,—the Master of Balliol, Mr and Mrs Butcher, Lord Kinnear, and others. He did not speak much, and for the first days lay mostly still and quiet. Once he said how perfectly happy the conditions of his life had been: nothing in them would he have changed except his health, but that had been a heavy handicap. He was very weary; but rest was soon to come, for after a few days of more or less unconsciousness he passed quietly away on October 12th, just as the sun set in crimson glory over the hills on which his bedroom windows looked. That sunset and all its associations will never be forgotten by me while memory holds its seat.

It was a beautiful autumn afternoon on which my husband was laid to rest. The rain of the previous night and early morning had ceased, and the Ken, swirling in full flood, swept past the wall of the churchyard, close beside which his "resting grave" had been allotted. The spot had always had an attraction for him, and a month before, when in full vigour and health, he had remarked on its extreme beauty and expressed a

wish that when his time came he might lie there, beside the Ken, looking towards the hills he knew so well, and near the Martyrs' Monument. This was a stone raised to the memory of three Covenanters, natives of the parish, who were slain.

In order to have the words of the burial service of the Church of England read over my husband's remains, it was necessary to ask permission of the Rev. Mr Walker, the parish minister, and his elders. This was instantly granted. All the shops were closed, and nearly the whole population of the village came to pay their last tribute of respect to one whom many loved and all esteemed.

The funeral *cortége* was met at the gate of the churchyard by an Episcopalian clergyman in full canonicals, and the beautiful words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," were again heard in the precincts of the parish church of St John's of Dalry. The last time they had been intoned was in the '15, when the headless trunk of Viscount Kenmure (executed for his share in the Jacobite Rising of that date) was brought down for interment from London. On this occasion his direct descendant, Mr Gordon Maitland of Kenmure, followed the funeral of his friend and neighbour, and when the last words were spoken he was the first to shake my sons by the hand in sincere and silent sympathy.



ST JOHN'S OF DALRY, GALLOWAY, 1900.

Here where no lovelier ground
Stands open to the mute perpetual sky,
The eternal mountains watching all around,
The pastoral river always rippling by.

J. W. M.

Incorrupta fides nudaque veritas—these are the words engraved on my husband's tombstone, and the sentiments had been as a beacon and a watch-word to him during his life. As the mourners turned to go, many must have felt what his old pupil and friend afterwards so strikingly expressed in the following lines:—

“Where nineteen summers' festal feet had gone,
The darkness gathers round thee, laid alone;
*And there, unchanged, unshadowed, lie with thee
Kindness and Truth and Magnanimity.*”

—J. W. M.

THE END.



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